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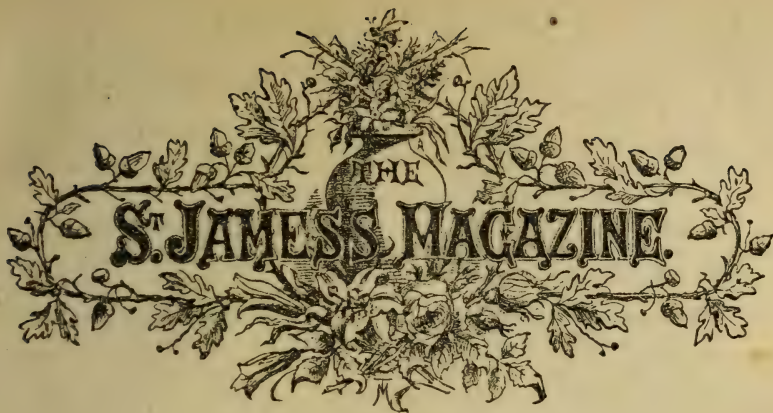
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THE MAN IN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SACKVILLE CHASE."

CHAPTER XIII.

SILVESTER LANGDALE ENTRUSTS ABEL BARNES WITH A COMMISSION.

WITHIN half an hour after Abel Barnes left Gray's Inn for the City, he returned to Silvester Langdale's chambers, but he found that that gentleman had gone down to the court at the Temple.

"Now, Severn, my boy," said Abel to his son, "you've been in this office long enough to know what ought to be done at a pinch in a matter of importance; so tell me, my lad, what I ought to do. You see, Mr. Langdale wants a fine hoss. He commissioned me to go and find him one; and, Severn, my boy, I've found him one that ain't to be picked up every day in the week, and all through our friend John Blagsby—you know John Blagsby of the repository; and he said to me, says he, 'Abel, you know I wouldn't deceive you—wot's the good? we've been pals together. Look at that hoss! he was bought at Horncastle fair last week, and if he's worth a bob he's worth a hundred and fifty pound. Now it strikes me that they'll be satisfied with ninety pound at most at the hammer; so my advice to you, Abel, is, that your governor should nick him at once. Go and tell him that you've got the speech all straight, and no flies; and he ought to stand a fiver to you, Abel, for putting him fly to such a chance.' And so I've made all the haste I could back to tell Mr. Langdale. Now, Severn, you ought to know, with your education and experience in this office, what ought to be done. Ought I to go down to the court to Mr. Langdale at once, and tell him the chance, or ought I to wait until he comes back himself? Come now, Severn, you,

as must know somethin' o' the law by this time, tell me what I ought to do."

Severn Barnes promptly answered that he thought Mr. Langdale would not like Abel to go to him at the court, because everybody would see that Abel was not Mr. Langdale's clerk.

"A good idea," cried Abel Barnes, gleefully. "You're his clerk, you know; suppose you go and tell him, and I'll stop and mind shop while you're gone."

"This isn't called a shop, father," said Severn Barnes, laughing.

"Perhaps not, but it might be; and mind you, Severn, a capital shop it is, I can tell you. But what do you say to your going down to the court?"

Severn Barnes hesitated for a moment, and then observed that he did not know what to say.

"Then in that case I should go," said his burly father, decisively.

"But suppose anybody should come to see Mr. Langdale while I'm away, father?"

"Well, suppose they should; ain't I here?"

"But suppose there should be a consultation wanted?" Severn Barnes suggested.

"A what?" inquired the ex-pugilist.

"A consultation."

"What do you call a consultation?" Abel Barnes inquired.

"Why, gentlemen coming to consult Mr. Langdale about the cases that he has to conduct."

"Oh, well, if that's all, you know, they can consult me, and tell me what they want done, and I shall remember it all; so if that's all that's to be expected, it's my opinion that you'd better go down to the court at once, and tell Mr. Langdale the chance I've got for him; because, you see, if he was to let it slip, I think I should never forgive myself, Severn," said Abel Barnes, earnestly.

After considering for a moment, Severn Barnes said, "Well, it won't take me more than twenty minutes or so to run down to the court, so I'll go; and if anybody comes, father, with any message, tell 'em to wait, as I shall be back in a few minutes."

"That's the size of it, my boy; so sharp's the word, and off you go," cried Abel Barnes, patting his son on the back.

As soon as Severn Barnes had departed on his mission, his father did what he had not previously done, although, as we know, he had been several times in those chambers; he examined them all round, and having done so, he took his seat in Silvester Langdale's easy library chair at the table, and looked round him with an air of ludicrous importance; and he soliloquized:—

"This is what's called chambers, though there isn't a bed in it. It's rather a dingy place, to be sure. And to think that Mr. Langdale should

have got all his learning in this chambers; and them's his books that he got it out of, though it's my opinion that it must have been born natural in him. And only to think, now, that with all his learning, and all he knows, I could with my left-hander knock him all of a heap like a bundle of rags,—but which I'd rather break both my arms short off than I'd try to do, or let anybody else, for the matter o' that. Lord! shouldn't I like to catch any cove trying that game on! it should be some time afore they come up to time again. This is a nice easy chair. I ain't sat in easy chairs much myself, and that puts me in mind that I think I've got my turn o' luck at last, although I've been waiting for it long enough, it's true. Here have I got a situation with a gentlemen who's got brains all the way down to the tips of his fingers; but I wonder what I'm to be called? I'm too heavy for a groom, I'm a thinkin', and I ain't up to the science of a valet. P'r'aps I shall be the butler, but there ain't no cellars to the chambers, and so there wouldn't be nothing for a butler to do. P'r'aps Mr. Langdale 'll put me in livery, and I should make a stunnin' footman. Lord! I shouldn't mind having a round or two with some of 'em as I've seen up in the West End. I think I could take the starch out of a few o' the biggest on 'em, and they'd deserve it too, I know, from what little I've seen of 'em. That big un at Lord Montalban's, for instance; now I should like to polish him off a bit. But, Lord! how I am a-running on, and talking of Lord Montalban too! How precious rum it was that he should go down to the court and give me a character! How Mary did take on about that when I told her on it, to be sure! I've never seen her took so strong before since we've been married; but she does take on sometimes, that I fancy she must almost be a little touched in the nut; but then, poor thing, it's her trouble. I've often thought that it was queer that a fine woman as she was, and a widder, should have took up with the like of me; but then, as she said often, a widder warn't in place as a barmaid in a sporting public, and at that time I was doing pretty well, though it's gone rough and tough with all of us since then. But as I observed to myself before, I do believe that our turn o' luck has come at last, for nothing could have been more lucky than for poor Margale's insisting on sending for Mr. Langdale. I wonder whether he'll buy the hoss at once—"

Abel Barnes was prevented pursuing this speculation in his own mind by the sound of the latch-key being inserted in the keyhole of the outer door, and he very hastily rose from the easy chair in which he had been sitting, and in which he had indulged in the reverie that we have just recorded.

"Well, Barnes," cried Silvester Langdale, as he entered the room, "so you've found a horse that you think will suit me, I hear."

"A beauty, sir; and one that my friend at the repository says ain't to be picked up once in a couple o' years."

"And what is the price they ask for him?"

"He's to be sold at the hammer for what he'll fetch, sir."

"Ah! then they'll be sure to run him up to an exorbitant price, if they know we want him?" said Silvester Langdale, inquiringly, to Abel Barnes.

"Oh no, they won't, sir; I've squared **all** that;" and then Abel Barnes whispered to Silvester Langdale, as though he were conveying some secret in the midst of listeners. "I told him that the gentleman as wanted him was the gentleman as got me off."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired Silvester Langdale, laughing.

"He said as you must be a trump, sir, and for my sake he'd do you a out-and-out good turn, and see that the horse warn't cracked up too much."

"And when does the sale take place?"

"This afternoon, sir: they'll begin about two o'clock."

"Very good; then I will meet you at the place at two o'clock. You have ascertained that the horse has no vice?"

"John Blagsby recommended him to me for you, sir," said Abel Barnes, in a tone which indicated that such a recommendation was conclusive.

"You think I may venture to ride him at once?" Silvester inquired, rather dubiously.

"What, to hunt him at once, do you mean, sir?"

"No, no, no, I don't intend to hunt just yet; but do you think I might ride him at once in Rotten Row?"

"Sir, he'll do you a credit there, I'm sure he will; so it's my advice that you ride him right up there at once when you've bought him," cried Abel Barnes, decisively.

"I should not mind if you are quite sure that he is quiet."

"John Blagsby has said it, sir."

Abel Barnes seemed to think that his "friend in the City" was a man whose opinion, when once given, was conclusive.

"If I may be so bold, sir, I'll tell you what I would do if I was you," said Barnes, looking full into the face of Silvester Langdale.

"What's that, Barnes?"

"You ride him from the repository through the City,—just upon a walk, say; and I'll follow you all the way. I can keep up with you if you don't go into a trot at all," said Abel.

"Not a bad idea of yours, I think, Barnes;" and then, laughing, Silvester Langdale added, "But we are rather fast in our arrangements; we have not got the horse yet."

"Oh, you'll have him, I'll pound it, when you see him, sir."

"Well, but as to the price, nothing has been said about that."

Abel Barnes, again speaking in a whisper, as though conveying some mysterious secret, said, "From what John Blagsby told me, I should say you'll get him for less than a hundred. It's a out-and-out stiff price, I

know; but John said he'd take his davy that the hoss was honestly worth a hundred and fifty."

"I don't mind going up to the hundred, if all you say is true about the horse," said Silvester Langdale.

It was but a few hours previously that we heard the young barrister congratulating himself that he was not reckless. Whence was born this course of extravagance that we are opening? Silvester Langdale never inquired—the inquiry never suggested itself to his mind. He was something like a bird that had just been released and set free upon the universal air in some beautiful region of sunshine. All appeared bright before him—a cloudless sky—a brilliant scene—all Nature with her brightest charms around him, and nought but his own will to consult whither he should wing his flight amongst the glories that surrounded him.

Old Nicholas Darvill, as he sat in his high-backed, ancient chair, on the bright bricked floor of his parlour in the ancient house in the quaint city, would, if anybody had told him of the change that had so suddenly been wrought in his old pupil, have treated the intimation as a fable.

Silvester Langdale had, as we have seen in a former chapter, already forged the first link in those chains which were to hang about him, in the manner which in this his history we shall trace; and he was now about, not exactly to forge another, so much as to call into existence a strong link, which should make that which he had already produced the firmer and the more binding.

The young barrister has despatched Abel Barnes to the repository in the City, there to await his arrival, and the boy has taken himself to the place that has been appropriated to him in the little closet at the other end of the outer passage, and on the other side of Silvester Langdale's sleeping apartment, as previously alluded to, and the young barrister is alone in his chamber, in the chair so lately occupied by Abel Barnes; and he, like Abel Barnes, falls to musing, but he does not, like Abel Barnes, soliloquize upon the matters which are passing through his mind, but—as Miss Montalban did, when she was sitting at the window of the drawing-room of her father's house, looking out upon the moving scene in the Park—he is creating a mental photograph; and the picture is one that we have already, in words in previous chapters, attempted ourselves to draw:—it is Rotten Row, in all its tinsel and glitter. He is prominent in that magnificent throng, and he is by the side of Miss Montalban, mounted upon his new purchase, and he sees the smile of gratification with which Lord Montalban's daughter looks at the steed upon which he is mounted, and admires his points; and in that smile of gratification he finds his own happiness. But then, on the instant, comes a cloud upon his brow, for the mental picture changes slightly; and, as he stands by the side of Miss Montalban, he cannot fail to observe on the other side of her, arrayed in all the glory of his faultless clothes, and with his inane smile beaming upon the young lady near him, the form of the exquisite

Marquis of Milltown. For the moment the young dreamer feels a kind of indignation towards himself, that there should be in his mind anything like annoyance from the young gadfly that is spreading its wings in the sunshine before Miss Montalban; but in that dream, that waking dream in which he is revelling in the dingy chamber of Gray's Inn, he is engendering the first taint of that dread mental malady that we call jealousy, a malady that perhaps in its effects may harden much the texture of those chains which Silvester Langdale is determined fate shall wind around him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TWO REPOSITORIES.

THERE are parts of the great City, round about its very centre, in the very midst of its roaring and its surging and its excitement, which are as obscure, and almost as unknown to the people of London generally, as though they were parts of some unvisited city in a distant land. There are lines of streets right under the shadow of St. Paul's, whose names would be recognized by few even of those who pass near them every day; and behind those streets so little known are quaint, shadowy nooks, presenting features of much interest to the antiquary, and which might be pictorially presented to the world of London, and not be recognized as being a part of the great metropolis itself. Pass we along a densely crowded thoroughfare, the din of whose for ever rolling traffic strikes upon the ear with deafening clangour, and we may turn into lateral streets, narrow and overhanging, that lead us to the solitude of the dead; for down in such obscure localities of the great City we can find—hidden away, as it were, by the hand of time—small burial-places, in which long, rank, untended grass is growing over graves of the forgotten dead;—strange solitude indeed amidst the roar which the adjacent stream of life produces. In such strange spots of sepulture that are thus hidden in the City's heart, and which are surrounded by tall houses, black with age, springing from the verdure of covered graves, are trees, that in the spring-time of the year put forth leaves that flourish for a season, but which fall from the branches long before the usual time of nature; for all their life-sap would seem to be polluted by the thick atmosphere in which they live. Whence came those trees in these burial-places in the City's heart? They are not old trees, whose roots are coeval with the time when the spot was known to all the City round. They are small, and mostly stunted, and must have been the growth of comparatively recent years. Are they the degenerate branches that have forced themselves from ancient roots that still are living beneath the shrouds of the surrounding dead? or were they planted by some City hand, in remembrance of old scenes changed and forgotten now? The archæologist, perchance, might in his researches find some

records that would tell the lives of those same trees, and whence and why they sprang; but to the casual moralist, who may without intention find himself upon the spot, they but present a contrast strange enough indeed to every other scene around. There are no monuments in these strange regions of the grave, with inscriptions glowing with the virtues of those who lie beneath; but no richer monuments than the places themselves could be erected, for they are so jammed in between the wealth-producing spots that encompass them on every side, that the material value of the ground occupied immoveably in death is reckoned up in gold for every inch. Oh yes, the unrecorded dead—for the flat slabs of stone that once were gravestones have had the records, which once they bore, obliterated by the rank vegetation that has covered them—are richly housed in the material value of their everlasting resting-place.

Silvester Langdale had to pass along some of the narrow nooks that wind so tortuously round about the precincts of a City monument, which is at once a glory and a scandal to her, albeit it is a charity;—for Christ's Hospital, in these our modern days, does not enshrine the intentions of its founder;—and the young man had to pass by the gates of one of those resting-places of the dead to which we have referred, in order to arrive at the spot at which he was to meet Abel Barnes, and effect the equine purchase upon which he was bent.

He found Abel waiting at the entrance to the establishment with which Abel Barnes's friend in the City was connected. The entrance to this establishment was an ancient gateway that appeared to be tottering, not only from the weight of years and the decrepitude of age, but from the superincumbent pressure of the buildings above it, every story of which was out of the perpendicular. Beyond this gateway, in the interior, was a range of stables, and in front of the stables was a gravelled space, on which the horses that were for sale exhibited their steps before they were knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer. At the end of this gravel walk was a pulpit, from which the auctioneer held forth, and plied his calling.

The sale had just commenced when Silvester Langdale reached the repository; and Abel Barnes, in presenting his patron with a catalogue, informed him that the splendid stepper from Lincolnshire was the tenth on the list.

"We'll go and look at him, sir, at once, if you like," said Abel Barnes.

"I should like very much to do so," replied Silvester Langdale.

"Then you wait here for a minute, sir, and I'll fetch Blagsby to you."

And Abel Barnes took his way to the other end of the yard, and during his absence Langdale had an opportunity of observing the company assembled in the place. All the men who were there bore the characteristics of their calling unmistakably about them. Nobody who looked at them once could for an instant doubt that their sphere of action

was the stable. Is there anything peculiar about the nature of that noble animal, the horse, which causes all persons who have any dealings with respect to him to change the outward characteristics with which nature originally endowed them? It would really almost seem so; but, upon consideration, we must come to the conclusion that the magnificent quadruped himself has nothing whatever to do with this strange metamorphosis, because we know that he is honest, generous, and noble, as a rule. It must, therefore, arise out of the surroundings with which high civilization has favoured him. This must be so, because the Arab, who sleeps, eats and drinks, and wholly lives with his horse, exhibits no similar result from such an association. Nor does the man who has all his life been dealing in pigs exhibit any special characteristic of a class in connection therewith; for even the rags of rollicking Pat do not suggest exclusive dealings in the porcine quadruped. Again, the people who buy and sell cattle and sheep, and who do nothing else their lives through, have no special characteristics that proclaim their calling to the world.

Silvester Langdale observed that all the men who were assembled in the horse repository yard were either very short or very tall. There were none of a medium height, and every one of them carried an ash twig. Whence do they procure those ash twigs? All horse-dealers carry them, and yet we do not remember to have observed any commercial establishment in the metropolis or elsewhere in which ash twigs were amongst the articles provided for purchasers. The horse-dealers surely cannot go into the plantations and cut the twigs for themselves, because that would be inconvenient; not that they would be deterred therefrom by any considerations with regard to the law and right of trespass, should they find themselves upon a favourable spot where they could cut their cherished stick.

The clothes of the horse-dealer have always a faded appearance, as though he were in the habit of sleeping in straw with them on, and never brushed them when he got up. He always wears a frock coat of some fashion or other; a very deep waistcoat, at the top of which is either a white or a crimson scarf, generally of a woollen material; and he appears to have an abhorrence of a new hat. The hat of the professional horse-dealer is invariably napless, and nearly always brown, no doubt arising from the fact that it is remorselessly exposed to every kind of weather.

Silvester Langdale found himself surrounded by about forty of these interesting individuals, who were eagerly scanning the points of the animal who was then passing under the flattering encomiums of the professional gentleman in the rostrum at the end of the gravel walk.

Silvester Langdale was scrutinizing them with much interest when Abel Barnes returned in company with Blagsby.

This gentleman conspicuously exhibited all the characteristics of the fraternity of which he was a member. He was a tall, big man, rather advanced in life. His complexion was very sallow, and his face very round. He wore a large coat which had once been brown; a striped

waistcoat and large cambric neckcloth; drab small-clothes; and boots, not top-boots, which came up to his knees. He carried in his hand, of course, the ash twig, and by its instrumentality he emphasized his conversation, as at the end of every sentence he smacked the twig against the side of his boot.

Abel Barnes manifestly experienced a kind of pride in introducing this worthy to Silvester Langdale, which he did laconically enough, for he merely said,—

“This is John Blagsby, sir.”

The big horse-dealer put his forefinger to the rim of his hat, and he evidently did so mechanically; for every time Silvester Langdale addressed an observation to him he repeated the action, as though his elbow worked upon a spring, which was operated upon by the person whom he was addressing.

“So I understand that you have got a good horse that you would recommend me to purchase,” said Silvester Langdale, scarcely at ease in the august presence in which he found himself.

“I think he’s a good un, sir,” Mr. Blagsby replied, touching the rim of his hat with his forefinger, deferentially.

“And what is his colour?” Silvester inquired.

At this inquiry Mr. Blagsby’s countenance displayed a kind of drooping expression, as though Mr. Langdale had put a question which was one that he would have desired to avoid; and he did partially evade it, for he turned to Abel Barnes, and said,—

“Well, he’s a dark bay, Abel.”

This observation was made in a tone of voice which, if Mr. Blagsby had been of an exceedingly disingenuous turn of mind, and had been little acquainted with the ways of the world and the people in it, might have created the impression that he was a very simple person. The tone was almost one of regret, as though he would infer that, to a person of Mr. Langdale’s sagacity and experience, a horse being of a dark bay colour would certainly be an objection; and the observation with which Mr. Blagsby followed up the former was calculated to strengthen this inference; for, in a tone of voice that was evidently intended to deprecate an existing prejudice generally against all horses that were of a dark bay colour, he said, bringing his ash twig emphatically and with a loud smack against the side of his leg,—

“But he’s none the wus for that, Abel.”

This assumption of simplicity on the part of the big horse-dealer much amused Silvester Langdale, who could not help smiling, as much at the bearing of the man before him as at the notion that anybody in his senses could object to a horse being of a dark bay colour. Blagsby instantly observed the undefined smile that stole over the countenance of Silvester Langdale, and shaped his bearing accordingly.

“But it’s no use talking, is it, sir?” he said to Langdale; “’coz here’s

the hoss himself to speak for himself, as a man may say. You'd like to go and look at him, wouldn't you, sir?"

Silvester intimated that he certainly would like to inspect the animal referred to.

"Then follow me, sir," said Blagsby; and he led the way across the yard to one of the stables on the other side. Throwing open the door, he said,—

"There, sir, that's him."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Langdale was not a judge of a horse. The one before him was a very handsome one, and so he said in a whisper to Abel Barnes; and that gentleman, behind his hand, whispered into Langdale's ear, that the "hoss is as good as he looks."

Of course there was no necessity for this whispering, because we may as well say at once there was no intention on the part of Blagsby to take Silvester Langdale in. He really intended to serve Abel Barnes in serving his master, as he believed; and of course there was no sinister design on the part of Abel Barnes. Mr. Blagsby knew instinctively—these men always do—that there would be whispering going on, and so he stooped down in the stall and rubbed the horse's legs down, and muttered exclamations of approval to himself, such as, "They be very clean, out-an'-out hocks; a stunnin' forehand;" which observations, although they reached Silvester Langdale, he did not understand.

"He is certainly a very handsome horse," Silvester Langdale observed to Blagsby, as he came out of the stall.

"He's honestly worth a hundred and fifty of any man's money," said Mr. Blagsby, taking off his hat and wiping the inside thereof; for the weather was very warm, and the exertion of rubbing down the legs of the hunter had induced perspiration about Mr. Blagsby's forehead.

"Do you think he will fetch that?" Langdale inquired.

"No, I don't think he will, sir," replied Blagsby. "You see, this ain't the place for a hoss like this to be sold in. These coves out here"—and he indicated the men who were in the yard bidding for the "lots" as they were brought under the hammer—"these coves can't run the risk of buying a thing like this; it's only common hacks and screws for 'shofuls' as they speculates in."

Silvester Langdale asked what a "shoful" was.

Mr. Blagsby put his finger to the rim of his hat, and in a solemn whisper behind his hand, as though he were conveying the profoundest secret imaginable, and one that he would not trust to everybody, said,—

"Shoful means a street cab, sir."

"Oh!" said Silvester Langdale, impressed with the profundity of the communication; and then reverting to the subject in hand, he inquired what Mr. Blagsby thought the hunter would go for.

Without answering the question, Mr. Blagsby beckoned Abel Barnes to the end of the stable, out of hearing of Silvester Langdale, and there he said to Abel,—

“What do you think the gov’nor’s likely to go to?”

Abel Barnes considered for a moment, and then he said, “After what you told me this morning, which I told him—mind you, every word,—I think he’d go up to eighty.”

“Humph!” mused Mr. Blagsby, “there ain’t much to be got out o’ that, even with the ragged lot we’ve got in the yard to-day. But I’ll tell you what, Abel; what do you say to your gov’nor giving me eighty-five quid, and let me make the best I can out on it?”

“I’ll go and ask him,” replied Abel.

And he did so; and in a very few words the arrangement was made that Mr. Blagsby should receive eighty-five pounds from Mr. Langdale; and if the horse could be got by Mr. Blagsby’s agency for anything less than the eighty-five pounds, he was to keep the difference for himself.

“Now then, number ten!” shouted a voice through the door of the stable; and the next moment a functionary of the establishment, who was perspiring all over, although his attire was of the scantiest and very loosest description, rushed into the stall where the hunter was, and released his head from the manger. This personage was the official whose duty it was to put the lots through their paces; that is, he ran by the side of the horse up and down the gravel walk—an occupation which may in a measure account for the state of perspiration which he exhibited when he entered the stall of the hunter. His attire consisted of a shirt, a pair of drab small-clothes exceedingly baggy, and a pair of braces festooned behind. He, therefore, was very appropriately clad for the duty he had to perform.

Number ten was brought out, number ten was put through his paces, and number ten was generally admired, but the biddings for number ten languished. One long, wiry gentleman, who was possessed of a penetrating eye, made two or three bids for the horse, and Abel Barnes observed in a whisper to Mr. Blagsby, that “the long cove seemed to have took a fancy.”

“He’ll soon be choked off,” Mr. Blagsby said, also in a whisper; need we add that it was behind his hand, as usual?

And the obnoxious one was “choked off,” if that operation meant stopping his bids, by an observation which Mr. Blagsby incidentally dropped close in his vicinity, and in reply to a question that had been put to him,—“That people with a out-an’-out ’unter, as was knowed in his own country, didn’t send ’em to such places as Barbican to be sold; they’d send ’em to the Corner direct if there warn’t a screw loose.”

And so the individual aimed at was “choked off,” as Mr. Blagsby had said he would be; and in two or three minutes afterwards the hunter was knocked down to some bidder in the clouds at seventy guineas, and shortly afterwards Silvester Langdale received his ticket, which was his title-deed giving him property in the noble steed that temporarily occupied stall No. 10 in the horse repository that lies under the shadow of St. Paul’s.

In a distant part of the great metropolis from the quaint old repository that is placed in one of the smallest arteries of the great City's heart, another sale of horses was going on simultaneously with the one that we have just witnessed. The sale to which we refer is taking place in the establishment of the renowned Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner. The assembled throng thereat is of a very different character from that which congregates in the establishment of which Mr. Blagsby is the prime minister. There is an incongruous admixture in the West End gathering, for the high patrician and the low horse-dealer stand for the moment upon a footing of equality, although the distinction between them is marked enough. Horse-dealing and horse-buying would seem to have a strange levelling tendency, although unquestionably there is nothing democratic about it.

There is a sale of a well-known and extensive stud of hunters on just now at Tattersall's, and this has attracted a large gathering of the high, the influential, and the wealthy of the land. There are two or three ministers of State amongst them, and the student of "who's who" could point out a couple of ecclesiastical dignitaries, who could expound to you the good points of a horse with as much facility and judgment as though they were discussing the prominent points of the rubric. Here are fast middle-aged men who have run through fortunes, and there are fast young men who have just come into fortunes; there are fast men who never had any fortunes at all, and who are never likely to have any; and of course there are the gentry with the ash twigs, who, however, by a strange perversity, never seem to buy anything at Tattersall's. Perhaps they only go there to gain experience of the ways of the world, of which, as a body generally, they are so lamentably ignorant.

There is a great sale on at Tattersall's,—the hunting stud of a great landowner, who has galloped through his estate in a double sense. There is a great throng of people of all classes who take an interest in horses, and at the moment at which we arrive there we find no little excitement amongst them,—unwonted excitement, because as a rule the frequenters of Tattersall's sale yard do not become excited overmuch. There is an unusual arrival amongst them—a most unusual arrival; for in their very midst is a young lady of brilliant personal attractions, and attired in the extreme of the mode and in costly materials. She is not unknown to the assembly there, although she has never been amongst them in that place before. But is not the name of Marie Wingrave known in all the world of fashion? Old dowagers know her, and knit their brows with indignation and curiosity when they hear her name mentioned; and young girls are all anxiety to gaze upon her when she shows at the opera or in public places; and the heirs to vast estates are secretly in love with her when they find that she is unapproachable; and the whisper goes through all the world of fashion that she can pick and choose her coronet.

She has come to Tattersall's in prosecution of her design to become the

purchaser of "Raglan," the well-known hunter, the pride of the Quorn, the beauty of Leicestershire. There is no eye that gazes on her in that strange throng that is not charmed by her beauty, and not a few of the congregation around the auctioneer's rostrum express their unfeigned admiration of "the pluck" the magnificent beauty thus exhibits in coming to that spot attended only by a simple groom. Men who have come to bid for "Raglan," falter in their intentions when they know that such is the object of the lady too, and the auctioneer himself feels that he will have a difficult task to run up the horse against the biddings of those brilliant eyes.

And when "Raglan" is brought out, there is a space gallantly opened all round the lady, in order that she may uninterruptedly observe his movements as he is led about the yard.

The auctioneer announces that the horse has been put in at a reserved price of eight hundred pounds; will any gentleman favour him with an advance upon that price,—say guineas?

"Eight hundred guineas," exclaims the brilliant beauty.

"Eight hundred guineas are offered for the most magnificent hunter in all England," says the auctioneer. "Is there any advance upon eight hundred guineas?"

"What, bid against a lady?" cried Marie Wingrave, with a flush of excitement. "Not if they are what I take them to be."

"Damn it, this is a fix," said a young exquisite, up in one corner of the yard, to an individual who was standing near him, and who wanted the ash twig to complete his identity; "he must go, you know," the exquisite continued in a whisper to his companion; "I cannot bid against her."

"Any advance upon eight hundred guineas?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Eight hundred and ten," cried a voice from the back of the crowd, and there was an instant opening made to see from whom the bidding had proceeded, and there was a cry of "Shame!" from one or two quarters.

"Eight hundred and twenty guineas," cried the brilliant beauty, in a tone of great excitement. "I will tire him out," she added, "whatever he may be."

There was an involuntary cheer from several of that strange throng, and the auctioneer felt more convinced than before that he would have no little difficulty to obtain bids under the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself placed. In vain did he inquire if no one had any advance to make upon eight hundred and twenty guineas. "Going for eight hundred and twenty guineas, for the third and last time, if there is no advance made upon eight hundred and twenty guineas;" and he paused with his hammer elevated in the air, while the brilliant beauty looked with flashing eyes around her, as though she would strike down any one who dared to oppose her. And no one did oppose her, for the auctioneer finally cried, "For the third and last time, is there no advance upon eight hundred and

twenty guineas?" and the next moment the short, sharp, crisp ring of his hammer effectually answered his question.

As the magnificent beauty took her way to the office to complete her purchase, there was a look of triumph on her beautiful countenance, and the admiration of the incongruous gathering around broke out audibly as she passed along.

Her brougham was waiting at the gateway for her, and as she stepped into it she felt far less gratification in the unmistakable admiration with which she was followed, than in the knowledge that she was the uncontrolled possessor of the magnificent "Raglan."

CHAPTER XV.

SILVESTER LANGDALE MAKES A MORNING CALL.

SILVESTER LANGDALE left Abel Barnes at the repository in the City to bring away the horse that had been purchased; and when his master was gone—he having to return to the court, which was hard by—Abel took the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Blagsby upon the tidy day's work he had done in receiving eighty-five pounds for a purchase which had cost seventy guineas.

"If all the transactions in this here city was as square as this un," Mr. Blagsby observed, "the criminal animals of the country wouldn't be so precious thick as they is, Abel."

In all probability Mr. Blagsby, when he made use of the expression, "criminal animals," meant criminal annals; but, at any rate, he made himself perfectly understood by Abel Barnes, who responded that that was quite his sentiments, and he only meant to congratulate his friend on the favourable stroke of business that he had that morning accomplished.

"It's pleasant every way," said Mr. Blagsby, philosophically. "Your gov'nor is green. In course nobody couldn't deny that, who'd seen him in a repository; but I warn't a-goin' to take a mean advantage on him, arter what he's done for you, Abel; and this is the pleasant part on it, you see, he's got a stunnin' hoss at little better nor half his proper figure. I've got about a dozen quid, by the transaction; nobody ain't none the wuss, and everybody's satisfied. If all that ain't pleasant to reflect upon in our line, then string me up for a jibber."

Abel Barnes looked upon his friend with admiration.

"And so you've cut the sloggin'?" Mr. Blagsby observed to Abel, as they took their way to a neighbouring public-house, at the invitation of Mr. Blagsby himself.

"Entirely," said Abel Barnes. "It ain't a good game in the long run, John; and it strikes me it ain't a first rater at any time."

"Your new gov'nor ain't used to hunt," said Mr. Blagsby, conclusively.

"Never been across country in his life," said Abel Barnes.

"Has he got his own head entirely?" Mr. Blagsby inquired, in professional terms.

"I think so," Abel Barnes answered.

"Nobody to tighten the curb occasionally?"

Abel Barnes nodded.

"Then you ought to act the father to that young man, Abel," Mr. Blagsby exclaimed, magnanimously; "because it ain't everybody as 'ud have the respect for you as I have, and it ain't everybody as 'ud let the chance go by of pulling a pigeon like him as I have; is it, now?"

Abel Barnes acknowledged that Mr. Blagsby was about right.

"Then you act the father to him, Abel."

And they took their way back again to the stables.

Silvester Langdale returned to the court-house; but his thoughts wandered away from the scene of his forensic triumph, recent as it was. They alternated between the purchase he had just made and the drawing-room in which, in his imagination, he could see the daughter of Lord Montalban seated.

Those who observed him as he was seated at the barrister's table in the court—and there were many who did—thought that he was very studious; and those who had not heard him speak, but who had heard of him, believed that they could discover in his thoughtful face the manifest indications of a future greatness. Appearances are always, as we are told, fallacious; but the rule, like every other rule of general application, has its exceptions.

Silvester Langdale was not thinking of his profession at that moment. His mind's eye had gazed upon a brilliant sun, and had not recovered yet its ordinary power of vision. Fortunately, perchance, he was not engaged in any case that was likely to come on that day, although, as we have seen, his briefs had come thickly in upon him since his great *début*. Recent, however, as that was, it already seemed to him—so marked and strong had been the change wrought in him in a few short days—a period in the distant past. As he sat in the court, to outward seeming plunged in profound thought, he was restless in himself; and so he did not remain long in his place before the jury, but took himself away towards the west. It was early afternoon; the summer sun was shining brightly from an unclouded sky, and the heat was great,—so great that people seemed to pant as they walked along the heated pavement. Silvester, like the rest of the pedestrians in the crowded streets, felt the oppressiveness of the weather as he wandered along in a kind of reverie, and so he hailed a Hansom cab, and, jumping into it, told the driver to convey him to Hyde Park, not that at the moment he had any definite object in his mind in going there. Such object, however, gradually crept upon him as he was driven along, and when he had reached Piccadilly it had assumed the definite shape in his mind of Rotten Row, and the brilliant life-stream that, in the season, flows along it.

Yes, he would go and look upon the drive in Rotten Row as a spectator, and watch that throng in which he intended soon—such was his ambition now—to become conspicuous.

He was not reckless; he had been, as we have seen, self-congratulated upon that point; but Silvester Langdale, as we perhaps shall find, had no forethought.

He was put down at the Achilles entrance to Hyde Park, and he walked across the esplanade towards Rotten Row; and he had scarcely entered the footpath for pedestrians at the side of the road, when whom should he meet but Count Moule. They recognized each other on the instant, and they did so cordially, each of them. Silvester Langdale did so because he had met the Count at Lord Montalban's, and the Count did so because he was cordial after a fashion towards everybody with whom he happened to be thrown in contact.

"I am just going to make a call upon our friends the Montalbans," said the Count. "What do you say to a walk thither yourself, Mr. Langdale?"

What would he say? Why, if the Count had been in possession of the faculty of reading the hearts, the aspirations, and the thoughts of men, he could not have made a suggestion that would have been more in accordance with Silvester Langdale's desires and thought, than the one he had just colloquially propounded. He did not say so in words, but his looks spoke plainly enough what his inward thoughts were, and Count Moule could read those looks. He had in his time been a student of the thoughts of men through the agency of their countenances, and he could now with much facility read the language that, in the human face, speaks eloquently without the agency of words.

There was a wide contrast perceptible in appearance between the two, as Count Moule and Silvester Langdale took their way together along the Park. They were of about the same height, and there was a similarity of figure in the two: but the Count was forty years of age; his face was long and angular, and it appeared longer than it really was by reason of the pointed beard which the Count wore, and which was long and angular too, hanging from his chin like the point of a spear. The Count had a sallow complexion, and his hair was black, and so were his eyes, which seemed to be for ever restless, and to move about without any corresponding motion of the head.

Silvester Langdale was fair and fresh-coloured in complexion, and he was only three-and-twenty years of age.

"It was rather a strange introduction that made you acquainted with Lord Montalban," said the Count, as they walked across the centre of the Park along the turf, arm-in-arm—for the Count had taken Silvester's arm with the easy familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"The circumstances were peculiar," said Silvester, "and I at least cannot regret them."

"I have known Lord Montalban for more than twenty years, but it is only of late that I have been thrown into his company much. His has been a strange life, I fancy,—at least, it was so twenty years ago."

"Lord Montalban, I believe, never had but one child?" said Silvester Langdale, his mind still harping on Lord Montalban's daughter.

"Only one by the Viscountess."

Silvester Langdale looked into the face of the Count when he made this observation, as though he expected him to say something farther upon the point, but he did not.

"Has Lord Montalban been married more than once?" Silvester inquired.

"Only once."

"And he had but one child?"

"By marriage."

"Ah, yes, I understand," said Silvester, with an expression of countenance which was a ludicrous admixture of the serious and the trifling.

"Of course you do," the Count observed, laughing. "You are a young man, Mr. Langdale; but every young man of observation, I should fancy, knows the way of the world in that respect. Civilized society is an anomaly, you know."

"Many?" said Silvester Langdale, interrogatively, in reference to the subject of their conversation.

"Only one."

"Strange!"

"Not at all; it is one of the commonest things in society. Strange! Not the least; it is almost part of a national institution;" and the Count laughed as he said this.

"And is the other living?" Silvester Langdale inquired.

"I cannot answer you farther, because I do not know."

"Does not Lord Montalban himself know?"

"I believe not. The affair created some little sensation here in London some twenty years ago. The mother was, first of all, separated from the child, and then she disappeared nobody knew whither, and I believe nobody has ever known and then some time afterwards the child disappeared too, and nobody has ever heard of it since; and I fancy that Lord Montalban has never troubled himself much about either mother or child. The case is a very common one."

"Yes! There are, however, the good instincts of our nature," said Silvester Langdale, abstractedly.

"So there are, of course, in all of us; but they are only developed by circumstances; and I do believe that, although the same instincts are born with all of us, they differ in different classes as our lives go on."

"You do not believe, then, I presume," said Silvester Langdale, "in a yearning after the unknown,—a yearning in the human breast, I mean?"

"I don't exactly, I think, understand what you mean," said the Count, looking in Silvester Langdale's face.

"Well, Count," said Langdale, with a smile, "I am entirely alone in the world. I have no blood relative, that I know of, in all this world. Do you, in such a case, believe in a yearning after the unknown—perhaps the non-existing?"

"As an instinct, I do not believe it; the feeling that you allude to in your case—for it is your own case, of course—is simply one of natural curiosity."

"Lord Montalban seems much attached to his daughter," said Silvester Langdale, changing the subject.

"She is his idol, to which he bows down in worship every day."

"She appears worthy of such adoration," said Langdale, enthusiastically."

"But it is dangerous, very," said the Count.

"Dangerous to whom?"

"To both,—to father and to daughter. The worship he has given her has laid every desire that she has ever entertained at her feet, and so she could not brook restraint if it were attempted upon her. Every impulse in her breast has now the intensity of a passion, and it would be dangerous, I fancy, for any one to thwart her. Still, even in her impulses, I believe that she might be moulded,—provided, however, that the course did not run counter to her desires."

"She did not appear to me to be very impulsive," said Langdale.

"You do not know her yet. Impulsive! she would go mad about a phantom of her own brain. And yet it is such a creature as this that I believe I could mould to my will."

They were now at the portal of Lord Montalban's house.

As Silvester Langdale ascended the staircase, he repeated to himself the words, "I believe I could mould her to my will;" and he pondered on them. They had made an instant impression upon his mind, an impression that he retained in years thereafter.

Augusta Montalban was in high spirits when she entered the room into which the Count and Silvester Langdale were shown. Silvester Langdale could see by her bearing that she was in unusual spirits, and this imparted a corresponding feeling to his own breast, for on the instant he instinctively, as it were, associated the bearing of Miss Montalban with the announcement of his own name. She was truly enough very glad to see Mr. Langdale, but it was not his visit that had imparted such a flow of spirits to the beautiful girl.

She had entered the room hastily, and had joyously shaken hands, first with Silvester Langdale, and then with the Count.

"I am very glad you have called, Mr. Langdale," she said, "because we go to Goodwood to-morrow."

Silvester Langdale's countenance fell a little at this intimation.

"You do not take any interest in such sports, I think I recollect you said;" and she laughed, not mockingly, but rather implying regret, if such a feeling could be conveyed through the agency of a laugh. "I dare say you will think it a strange predilection for a young lady, and so no doubt it is, but I have indulged it since I was a child, and now I am old I suppose it will not depart from me."

And she laughed again,—a laugh that seemed to be deprecatory of her own waywardness.

"You will not go to Goodwood, of course, Mr. Langdale?" she said.

Silvester Langdale did not think it was altogether a matter of course. He did not say so, however; what he did say was,—

"I have a very strong desire to go; it is a place that I have read of so much, and have heard so much of, that I feel a strong desire to see it."

"Oh, pray then go. I am sure papa will be delighted to see you there."

You need not hesitate, Silvester Langdale. You will certainly go to Goodwood; already have you laid the flattering conviction to your soul that the feeling which Miss Montalban has just expressed on behalf of her father is simply her own disguised. You are not at this moment, young man, in a position to examine your own heart, or you would see that palpably enough.

"Well, Langdale, I'm very glad you've called," cried Lord Montalban, as he entered the room.—"How are you, Count? Devilish bad run of luck last night, wasn't it?"

The Count shrugged his shoulders, and smiled expressively.

Silvester Langdale understood neither the allusion nor the smile, and both passed entirely from his mind, even while Lord Montalban was shaking hands with him.

"We go to Goodwood to-morrow," Lord Montalban said.

"So Miss Montalban has informed us," returned the Count.

"Yes; and I fancy, if you ask him, Mr. Langdale will go too," said Miss Montalban, playfully.

If Silvester Langdale had entertained any doubt upon the subject, it was entirely dispelled now, and there was no need for Lord Montalban to say that he hoped Mr. Langdale would go. He did so, however, and very heartily.

Count Moule had his thoughts upon the subject, but he did not express them. They had reference wholly to Miss Montalban. He had known her from her childhood, and he had thoroughly and truly read her character—he was an experienced scholar in readings of the kind,—and he thought he had never seen her so light-hearted, even as a child. He felt some satisfaction in observing this.

"When do the races commence?" Silvester Langdale inquired.

"Oh, the meeting does not commence until Tuesday next," said Lord Montalban, "but we are going down for a day or two previously to Templebloke's."

"Not till next Tuesday?" exclaimed Langdale. "Oh, then I certainly will go down, as it will be a holiday week with me next week."

How easily is youth self-deluded! How eagerly did Silvester Langdale jump at that after-excuse for a foregone conclusion!

Lord Montalban had taken Count Moule to the other end of the apartment, and was conversing in whispers with him; and so Silvester Langdale was placed simply under the deadly and unerring fire of those large and magnificent eyes, which sparkled with manifest pleasure as he sat within their range.

Miss Montalban was undoubtedly pleased with the society of Silvester Langdale. She had already contrasted him in her own mind with the Marquis of Milltown, and the result of that mental operation was greatly to the advantage of the young barrister. If Miss Montalban had been asked why she had instituted this comparison, she would have been wholly unable to answer the question; and yet she had made the comparison seriously and with much thought.

Oh, Silvester Langdale, if you had been aware of the fact, what would your thoughts have been? Something approaching to delirium.

Silvester Langdale had got his way to make in the world, and it was well that at that time he was not acquainted with the fact to which we have referred, with regard to Miss Montalban's mental comparison that she had instituted between himself and the Marquis of Milltown.

"What did you think of the Marquis of Milltown the other night?" Miss Montalban inquired of Silvester Langdale, rather abruptly.

"I thought him a most magnificent lay figure," replied Silvester Langdale.

There could be no doubt that there was something slightly malicious in the remark, but Miss Montalban laughed at it.

"Perhaps he himself would consider that the highest compliment you could pay him," she said.

"I never saw anything so perfect—out of a frame," Langdale said, with the same malice prepense.

"You will see him under a new phase at Goodwood."

"Will he be of your party?" Silvester Langdale inquired, with just the slightest tinge perhaps of anxiety.

"Oh yes; I believe he will be at Lord Templebroke's.—Lord Milltown will stay at Lord Templebroke's, won't he, papa?" Miss Montalban cried to her father, at the other end of the room.

"Oh yes; but he does not go down until Tuesday morning."

* * * * *

As Silvester Langdale rode back in a Hansom cab to his dreary chambers in Gray's Inn, he thought quite as much of the Marquis of Milltown as Miss Montalban, and for the life of him he could not dissociate them in his own mind, and he felt quite annoyed with himself. He had already conceived a hearty contempt for the Marquis of Milltown, and yet he could not help wishing that the Marquis was not going to Goodwood.

CHAPTER XVI.

SILVESTER LANGDALE MAKES AN ENGAGEMENT WITH A
PROFESSOR.

SEVERN BARNES had duly informed the leader of the band at the music hall that Mr. Silvester Langdale, his new employer, desired to see that professional gentleman, but upon what subject the boy was unable to say. It seemed like a mysterious message to the leader of the band, and therefore he promptly attended to it, and the next morning he presented himself to Silvester Langdale in Gray's Inn.

The leader of the band was a round, stout man, with a full round countenance, rather warm in complexion, certain points upon it being tipped with vermilion, as though he had run against some coloured composition which had left impressions upon the most prominent parts of the face. He had a sparkling, merry eye, which twinkled beneath a broad and rather massive forehead, which was prominently rounded off at each side. He wore a surtout coat, which, being buttoned all the way up, and being tight round his body, gave his figure a creased appearance, as though he had been scored all round with concentric rings.

Mr. Victor Spaltok had been long before the public in his professional capacity, and had frequently had to bow his acknowledgments, bâton in hand, when the orchestra over which he presided had given the last flourish to the overture with which the nightly performance which he directed always commenced. Mr. Spaltok's occupation was anything but a stationary one; for sometimes he was to be found as the leader of the orchestra in a theatre, at others he would be the conductor of fashionable concerts in the west; occasionally he would be travelling with a grand opera company in the provinces, which generally was a profitable tour, until the grand opera company came to the inevitable quarrel as to the division of the proceeds, when the troupe would be broken up and scattered, and Mr. Spaltok would return to the metropolis, and take the first eligible engagement that offered. And he was never without an engagement, because Mr. Spaltok, besides being a thorough and accomplished musician, was a talented original composer and a very expert adapter. His fingers, which were all thick and pulpy, seemed to jingle as you looked at them; and having already got the rings upon his fingers—which he had in profusion,—those who knew him well would not have been much surprised if they had heard bells upon his toes; for undoubtedly, like the interesting young lady in the nursery rhyme, he had music wherever he went.

Mr. Spaltok was not only perfectly at his ease when he was introduced to Silvester Langdale, but he was quite free and easy, as though he had been an old acquaintance of the young barrister. He took the chair that Silvester offered him as though he had been striking a chord on the piano, for his action appeared to sweep the chair as he took his seat in it. And

his suggestive professional action was still more striking when he ran his fingers of each hand through his hair, for it was as though he were dashing off a *preludium* on a grand piano.

Silvester Langdale was the first to introduce the subject of the interview which he had sought with Mr. Victor Spaltok, and he did so by saying,—

“I am very happy to see you, Mr. Spaltok. I have sent for you upon a little professional matter.”

Mr. Spaltok bowed profoundly and inquiringly.

“You know my young clerk here, Severn Barnes, of course?”

Mr. Spaltok said he thought he knew him as well as anybody in London did,—as well as his own father did, perhaps.

“And what is your opinion with regard to his vocal powers?” Silvester Langdale inquired.

“Organ magnificent, but cultivation diabolical,” Mr. Spaltok answered, laconically.

“With regard to the cultivation, I can of my own knowledge form no opinion,” said Silvester Langdale; “but I am quite of your opinion that the organ the boy has got is a magnificent one.”

“But then what’s the use? His friends can do nothing for him in the shape of education; and as to a professional man taking the matter in hand, with a view to future profits, once bitten twice shy, Mr. Langdale. I’ve developed fine organs, and when the days of celebrity have come, they’ve snapped their fingers at me, and remorselessly kicked the ladder down.”

Mr. Spaltok did not say this in anything like a tone of irritation; on the contrary, he laughed, as though he were reciting a very good practical joke.

“It isn’t more than six months ago,” he continued, “that a young hussy”—and when he said “young hussy” he laughed again—“that a young hussy gave me the slip by getting married, and then laughing in my face.”

Silvester Langdale smiled,—an invitation to Mr. Spaltok to proceed, and be a little more explanatory.

“She had a splendid organ,” continued Mr. Spaltok. “She came in our chorus first; but I soon found out the rich voice she had got, so I waited on her father, who was a journeyman baker living up in Camden Town, and proposed to him to article his daughter to me for three years,—my remuneration to be half the proceeds of her engagements after that time for seven years. He jumped at the idea, of course, and the engagement was entered into. In two years I made her a first-class vocalist. I got her an engagement at a theatre in London, and she completely took the town. But in two months after that, although she was not eighteen then, a fellow picked her up and married her, and all my pains went for nothing; for in my agreement there was no provision for such a contin-

gency as marriage. And so I found myself done—yes, done unmistakably brown, Mr. Langdale, and no mistake at all about it.”

And Mr. Spaltok laughed again, as though he seemed to enjoy the recollection of having been done, and done unmistakably brown too. He would seem to have conceived the impression that Silvester Langdale had sent for him upon some such proposition that he intended to make as that which had led to the operations that had been performed upon himself, and which he characterized as being done brown—unmistakably brown; for he said,—

“So you see, Mr. Langdale, as I said before, once bit twice shy. Now the tooth has been put into me more than once, so that I may say that I am doubly shy. Severn Barnes has got a magnificent organ, there’s no doubt; but I’m afraid it’ll be like the flower that’s born to blush unseen, he’ll have to waste its sweetness on the desert air in a chorus.”

“That is, if I rightly comprehend you,” said Silvester Langdale, smiling, “you would rather not take any more pupils upon speculation as to future profits.”

“Mr. Langdale,” said the musician, “I’ve made up my mind never to trust to musical people again; what I do, I’ll do for myself; but I have found these vocalists upstart and ungrateful. The adulations they get spoils them, I suppose. So that I am afraid I can’t serve you by taking this young Severn Barnes up. I dare say I should have done so years ago, before I knew as much as I do now, and the probability is that he would have turned out as all the rest have done.”

“But why have you assumed that I wish you to take up Severn Barnes, as you have expressed it?” Silvester Langdale inquired, smiling.

A new light broke in upon Mr. Victor Spaltok, and it beamed through his rubicund countenance.

“Perhaps you intend to take him up yourself, sir?” suggested Mr. Spaltok, deferentially, and energetically performing the *preludium* upon his hair.

“I have some such intention,” Silvester Langdale said. “I have conceived a great interest for the boy. I became connected with him under circumstances that will probably link us together for our lives, and hence I take a profound interest in his welfare.”

“Sir, it does you honour,” said Mr. Victor Spaltok; “it is quite romantic, and would make a plot for an opera.”

Silvester Langdale smiled at the professional view which Spaltok took of the matter, and said, “The boy has informed me, Mr. Spaltok, that he has already profited by some casual instruction that you have given him; do you feel inclined to extend those instructions upon terms to be agreed upon?”

“‘Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?’ as ‘Hamlet’ says,” replied Mr. Spaltok, elevating his shoulders, and smiling blandly.

“Very good; I think the boy is likely to make his way in the world as a vocalist,” said Silvester.

"I'm convinced of it," said Mr. Spaltok, decisively; "and I believe, Mr. Langdale, that if any man can fashion the monster, I can do it."

"Fashion the what?" exclaimed Silvester, in a tone of unmitigated surprise.

"Oh, I forgot; you don't understand our technical terms: we in the operatic profession have signs and terms that we understand well enough amongst ourselves, but which I have no doubt must appear rather obscure to those who are not acquainted with them." And Mr. Spaltok again performed the *preludium* on his hair. "A young, inexperienced vocalist, and the words of an opera before they have been wedded to the music, we call the 'monster.'"

"Well, but why, in the name of sense?" said Silvester Langdale.

"Well, I can scarcely tell you, Mr. Langdale," Mr. Spaltok replied, hesitatingly. "I suppose it is because—well, a—they are both in the monster state, and we have to lick them into shape. I suppose that is it; but really I do not know. All I know is, that that is what we call them, and the people in our profession very well understand it."

"Then, if I wrote the libretto of an opera, and sent it to you to write the music to it, you would say that you had received the monster?" said Silvester Langdale, evidently much amused.

"Exactly so," replied Mr. Spaltok, emphatically.

"And if I sent a young lady to you to commence instruction with a view to the lyric stage, you would also say that you had received the monster?" And Silvester Langdale laughed in spite of himself.

"Just so," answered Mr. Victor Spaltok, with much animation; "and perhaps, after all, although the appellation may sound ludicrous enough in your ear, if you knew as much as I do, Mr. Langdale, you would not think it inappropriate."

"Very well, then, Mr. Victor Spaltok, I wish you to take this young monster in hand," said Langdale, laughing; "and I have no doubt that, with due care and efficient cultivation, the monster may be converted into a very pleasing object. Now what are your terms for effecting the conversion of this monster?"

"In order to turn him out well, Mr. Langdale," Mr. Victor Spaltok said, very seriously, "he ought to have daily lessons of an hour each."

"I should think he ought," Silvester Langdale acquiesced.

"Well, then, for a daily lesson of an hour, Sundays excepted of course, I should require—let me see." And Mr. Victor Spaltok considered for a moment. "Perhaps, Mr. Langdale, you will allow me to turn the matter over in my mind, and I will let you know to-morrow, in writing."

"Very good," said Langdale; "of course it is well not to do a thing inconsiderately. Be it so; let me know what you propose to-morrow."

"I will do so, Mr. Langdale; and I agree with you, sir, that I think we may probably turn out a celebrity in this young Barnes," said Mr. Victor Spaltok. "Do you know his father, Mr. Langdale?"

"Oh yes ; he is in my service too."

"Eh !" cried Mr. Victor Spaltok, elevating his eyebrows.

"Yes, he is in my service ; and I have every confidence that I shall find in him a very faithful servitor," said Silvester Langdale.

"Dear me !" exclaimed Mr. Victor Spaltok.

"I suppose you feel a little surprise that I should have taken a prize-fighter into my service ; eh, is that it ?"

"Well, Mr. Langdale, that was somewhere about the mark," observed Mr. Victor Spaltok.

"I dare say when the world generally is made acquainted with the fact, the surprise will be as general ;—no matter. Then you will inform me of your decision to-morrow, Mr. Spaltok ?"

"To-morrow without fail, Mr. Langdale," said Mr. Spaltok, reverentially, for he looked upon Mr. Silvester Langdale as a kind of patron now. As he rose to take his leave, Mr. Spaltok inquired if Mr. Langdale had "visited our place."

By our place, Mr. Spaltok meant the music hall whose musical arrangements he had the honour of directing. It was called the Hall of Minstrels, and was duly licensed for the performance of music and the dispensing of spirits ; and a very admirably conducted establishment it was, situated in a densely populated quarter, in which it had been of very considerable benefit in its improving and softening influence upon the denizens of the neighbourhood. The poet of all time has informed us of the power of music, and of the soothing influence which it exercises. The music halls of the metropolis will take the place of the tap-room, and will be socially beneficial in many ways. The frequenter of the tap-room has little regard to his personal appearance therein, but that same person in the glittering music hall, surrounded by dazzling light and a large infusion in the assembly of the softer sex, is induced to be more circumspect with regard to his appearance ; and such a feeling being engendered, he becomes socially better gradually in many respects.

Silvester Langdale said he had not yet visited the establishment over which Mr. Victor Spaltok, as musical director, presided, but he certainly intended to avail himself of an early opportunity of doing so.

"I think you will be gratified, sir," said Mr. Victor Spaltok, somewhat proudly ; "we perform the newest and the oldest music, and I flatter myself that our chorus is not surpassed by the opera itself."

"If they are all like our young friend outside, I should say that it is not equalled by the opera itself."

"Oh, I would not say that they are all equal to him," Mr. Victor Spaltok said. His opinion of young Severn Barnes had undergone a considerable change in a few hours. Yesterday the boy was the son of an unfortunate prize-fighter, to-day he was the *protégé* of a rising professional man, who was himself making a noise in the world. Circumstances do unquestionably affect opinions, even upon abstract questions, in the minds

of the best intentioned people. Mr. Victor Spaltok felt strongly now that young Severn Barnes ought to have a lift, and be brought out if possible.

Mr. Victor Spaltok took his leave of Silvester Langdale with a profound bow, and as soon as he was gone the young man rang the bell on his table, and it was immediately answered.

"Well, Severn, my boy," Silvester Langdale said, "I have just seen Mr. Victor Spaltok."

"Yes, sir; I saw him come and I saw him leave."

"He appears to be a good musician."

"I believe, sir, that he could sit down at the piano, and strike off a beautiful melody or compose a new song quicker than I could whistle it after he had written it," said Severn Barnes, quite fervently. "He is a wonderful composer, sir."

"A composer, eh! Why, he did not say anything about that to me this morning."

"Oh no, sir; he does not talk about it much himself."

"I think you said that he had already given you some instruction."

"Yes, sir, with the others in the chorus."

"Oh, not more than that. Well, I think I have partly made an arrangement with him to educate you specially as a vocalist."

"Oh, sir!" cried the boy, clasping his hands, and his eyes glistening as he spoke.

"You would like to be a professional vocalist, I suppose?" said Silvester Langdale, smiling kindly upon his temporary young clerk.

"Yes, sir, for mother's sake and for father's," said the boy, with a strong inclination to cry.

"The feeling does you honour, Severn; I shall not fail to remember it. You will be placed under Mr. Victor Spaltok's charge as a pupil, and I hope that you will rise into eminence."

The boy gave way to his impulses, rushed up to the young barrister, seized his hand, and, fervently kissing it, burst into a flood of tears.

Silvester Langdale was very nearly driven into the melting mood too.

"Good lad, good lad," he said; "I like you for thinking of your father and mother."

"I only wish that uncle was alive too, sir," said the boy, almost hysterically.

"I wish he were," sighed Silvester Langdale; and then added, in a different tone, "You will commence your instructions immediately, and in after years I hope you will not forget the lessons of your youth."

"If I do, sir, may something bad fall upon me," cried the boy, very earnestly.

In after years Silvester Langdale remembered those words vividly.

IN THE DARKNESS.

My chamber casement clatters
 In the eldritch-howling wind ;
 'Gainst the pane the raindrop patters ;
 Gloom-shadow'd is my mind,
 As I sit in the darkness.

No sound molests the silence,
 Made by human voice or tongue ;
 Save the watchman's husky challenge,
 As he gravely stalks along,
 Telling time's progress.

The sinking embers scatter
 Gaunt shadows on the wall,
 Shapeless, yet throng'd with matter,
 That my fancy hold in thrall,
 Fitful and dream-like.

Regretful recollection
 Runs riot through my soul ;
 Remorse for spurn'd affection,
 Long lost beyond control,
 Rends me unceasing.

Too late ! Dread words ! In sorrow
 I now the past recall,
 When 'tis fruitless thus to borrow
 From memory's arsenal,
 Armour 'gainst conscience.

For I spill'd the golden liquor,
 I spurn'd the jewell'd cup,
 That with life's divinest ichor
 For me was brimm'd full up ;—
 Now my chalice is bitter.

Nathless, I'm not *quite* hopeless ;
 I still clutch to my heart
 The thought, hereafter, doubtless,
 We'll meet, and never part,
 Where there's future for ever.

R. C.

VAMPIRES.

SPECULATING on the use and misuse of words, an inquirer after truth may, without equivocation, reasonably doubt whether the word "supernatural" has any true meaning or real significance. If Mr. William Howitt should see—as he so often has seen—three-legged tables dance wild fandangoes; if he should hear—as he often has heard—soft music discoursed by harmoniums touched by invisible hands; if Mr. Home, defying gravitation, should ascend to the ceiling and flit about, as he so often has done, I do not know that anybody has more right to call these things supernatural, than I have to doubt the facts recorded. Made cognizant to human nature by that great resultant of law and forces which we agree to call simply Nature, how can any manifestation to human senses be justly called supernatural?

There must be a beginning to all discovery. Phenomena observed before the reason of them is made apparent always seem mysterious. The question, "how an apple, a gross, corporeal thing—a material entity, to adopt the language of science—gets into the middle of an apple dumpling," provokes no nine days' wonder now; but time was when the case puzzled a king. Solomon was a wise man, and so was Socrates, and so was Solon: would they not have considered it a mysterious thing, had they seen messages sent by electric telegraphy to places thousands of miles away? When Pizarro awoke the echoes of temples of the Incas by firing off his Spanish field-pieces, I wonder whether the Aztec priests did not regard the case as supernatural? Upon consideration, I think Mr. Howitt, Mr. Home, and every other gentleman who has had visional relations with the spirit world, who has touched that fringe of which Mr. Howitt somewhere speaks,—the peculiar fringe which, according to him, descends upon earth from some celestial upholsterer's shop up above,—will own, on consideration, that nothing has happened or can happen, nothing which has been seen or can be seen, that has been heard or can be heard, that has been felt or can be felt, that has been smelt or can be smelt, should be justly called supernatural.

I am one of those who have come to the conclusion, that more harm comes of believing too little than of believing too much. For my part, I believe almost everything that is recorded by a man of good repute, provided that my own experience does not disprove it; and in a general way I believe *everything* that is recorded by a lady. It saves a world of trouble, this unlimited faith; it has the merit of being logical, moreover, having regard to the axiom long accepted by logicians, that it is wholly impossible to disprove a negation. After making this confession of faith, it will not seem wonderful in the least degree that I have been studying the manners and customs of spirits, hobgoblins, creatures of the elements, such as undines, sylphs, salamanders, gnomes, fairies, and the like; witches, wizards, sorcerers, augurs, necromancers of various countries and of various

epochs ; creatures, in short, that some people denominate—incorrectly, as I believe, and have sought to prove—“supernatural.” Yes, I have been studying them all in many a recording page ; from the mouldy and worm-eaten tomes coeval with the discovery of printing, to the railway volumes with many-coloured binding, reminding one of the particoloured coat of Benjamin. Yes ; the things falsely called “supernatural,” I have been studying them all ; and not carefully in the least degree, those beings so horrible, so dreadfully curious, so dangerous withal, concerning which some few explanatory words shall presently be written,—the wandering, bloodthirsty vampires—Vrúcolakas or Broucolakas of the Greeks.

Perhaps there never was yet an extraordinary revelation vouchsafed to the faithful, concerning which sceptics and scoffers—people of science, as they call themselves, those men of dwarfed and paralyzed minds, so beautifully portrayed by Mr. William Howitt—have not suggested some mean and grovelling imputation, the acceptance of which would reduce the facts narrated to the category of mere superstitions, fostered mostly by churches and by priests. Accordingly, in respect of vampires, I have seen the statement made, that the assumption of these creatures as realities is referable to a certain pretension that an individual dying under sacerdotal ban, and being interred, could not decay after the manner of honest corpses committed to earth. A pretension indeed ! as if the learned Michael Raufft, who wrote a learned book, “*De Masticatione Mortuorum in Tumulis*,” is not worthy of all evidence—as if the learned book of similar title, published by Philip Rehrius, could leave the matter in doubt. I grant that the recitals published by these learned authors do not abound with such deeds of active vampyredom as form the subject of popular tradition in places where vampyredom is most rife : but they are conclusive as to the main basis of belief on which vampyredom rests ; affirming the proposition, that divers human corpses have been known to retain a sort of spurious life, to move in their graves, to eat whatever came within the reach of their unhallowed arms, to be heard munching and masticating like swine,—whence the title of the book, “*De Masticatione*.”

Ghosts, hobgoblins, and, to be short, all other beings which certain superficial thinkers call supernatural, had been made matter of study long before tables began to speak, or even to turn. The learned Calmet gave much attention to pneumatology ; *vide* his book in proof of it.* I think the following sentiments, enunciated in the preface to that book, will come commended to the appreciation of many ; and I would humbly call the reader’s attention to the highly important place the learned writer accords, in the science of the so-called supernatural, to the particular hobgoblins (if by their leave we may call them so) of which I shall have to treat.

* “Dissertations sur les Apparitions des Anges, des Démons, et des Esprits ; et sur les Revenans et Vampires de Hongrie, de Bohême, de Moravie, et de Silésie.” Par le R. P. Dom. Augustin Calmet, Religieux Bénédictin, et Abbé de Senones en Lorraine. Paris, MDCCXLI.

It is always a matter of regret, writes Calmet in his preface, to have deceived one's self; and it is dangerous (speaking in a religious sense) to believe on insufficient grounds, to deny rashly, to remain in wilful ignorance, or to voluntarily continue wrapped in superstition or illusion. A good deal will have been achieved by an individual who has learned how to doubt wisely, in such way that he does not allow his judgment to range beyond his testimony. That which has most impressed me in the matter concerning which I treat is the recitals I have met with of vampires, or "revenans" of Hungary and Moravia, of Poland, of the "Broucolagues" or "Vroucolakas," so called by the Greeks;—all excommunicated bodies which, it is said, are unable to decay.

The remark has been made by the Rev. H. Christmas, translator of Calmet's book, "*Sur les Apparitions*," that Calmet seems less disposed to believe in vampyredom than in any other manifestation of the so-called supernatural; that though he receives the attestations of almost every sort of apparition without cavil, yet the French divine—rather indirectly than directly—seems to throw some sort of doubt upon the history of vampires. The reverend translator starts an hypothesis to account for this, which probably may be in some measure correct. He says that the records of vampyredom have especially belonged to people holding to the Greek or Eastern faith; for which reason a French divine would not be unlikely to cavil at the testimony handed down in relation to these beings.

Perhaps it may be here just as well, before proceeding further, to explain, for the benefit of all such readers who may require the information, what manner of being exactly a vroucolaka or vampire is. Truly, the name is common enough; but the meaning of many names that I could mention is partly, or even wholly unknown, though they are in the mouths of most of us, and come trippingly enough on the tongue. Awhile ago, a very popular author, yielding to impulsiveness, wrote that he would wake the *welkin*; then presently, laughing at himself, he confessed total ignorance as to what the welkin exactly might be. A vampire, then, is——well, what shall we say? Not a ghost, certainly; except we alter most of our existing notions of a ghost. The best definition I can give of a vampire is, a living, mischievous, and murderous dead body. A living dead body! Well, the words are wild enough, contradictory, incomprehensible;—but so are vampires.

Assuming as true the records about dead people moving in their tombs, eating therein, coming therefrom, with or without murderous intent, the learned Calmet devotes entire pages to a reasoned debate upon the case. He touches upon the mysteries of life and death, and sets forth the extreme difficulty of accounting for the phenomena of a corpse rising from the tomb without disturbing the earth, and of returning thereto without disturbing the earth; of the utter unmeaningness of a ghoul such as this taking pleasure in the molestation, even murder, of its once dearest friends. Lastly, he asks how it can be that a dead body, out of which the soul—the life—hath

fled, can yet retain a second life. All this he asks, and more ; he throws doubt on the case, but nowhere expressly denies the existence of vampires. I think he tries to make it seem, inferentially, that vampyredom is wholly an illusion, a fiction of the Greek Church ; but he almost cuts the ground from under him by presenting certain records of living dead people, which come very nearly up to the mark of vampyredom. He quotes the German authors, Raufft and Rehrius (concerning whom mention has already been made), seemingly disposed to believe much they have related concerning the gluttony—the swinish munching—practised by certain evil-disposed corpses.

Raufft takes it for a certain conclusion, writes Cardan, that certain corpses have been known to devour the grave-clothes and other things within their reach ; nay, even their own flesh. He remarks, that in certain parts of Germany, in order to prevent this horrible habit of underground feasting, grave-diggers are accustomed to put a good hard packing of earth under a suspected corpse's chin ; that, moreover, to make security doubly sure, some grave-diggers place in the mouths of suspected corpses a little bit of silver, or else a stone, taking the further precaution to tie a handkerchief tight about the throat.

Certain of the milder, the least mysterious tales concerning dead-alive people, admit of a sort of half-explanation, by adopting the hypothesis of trance ; as, for example, the following cases narrated by Calmet.

The Count de Salm, having been thought dead, was buried alive. As night approached, great cries were heard in the church of the abbey of Haute Scille ; and the following morning, his grave having been opened, the corpse was found lying face downwards. Once upon a time, at Bar le Duc, a man having been interred, a sound was presently heard to come from the grave ; being disinterred on the day following, he was found to have eaten the flesh of his arms. This man had drunk brandy to excess, and had been buried as dead. Raufft bears evidence concerning a woman of Bohemia, who, in 1345, had eaten, whilst in the grave, about one-half of her shroud.

More extraordinary, and trenching more nearly on the domains of pure vampyredom, is the following, narrated by William of Newbridge, an English author, who lived in the middle of the twelfth century, and quoted by Calmet. He states that in his time was seen, in the county of Buckingham, a man who appeared bodily, as when alive, three successive nights to his wife, and after that to his nearest relatives. They could only defend themselves by watching and making a great noise when they perceived him approaching. The creature even dared to show himself occasionally in the daytime ; whereupon the Bishop of Lincoln assembled his council, who told him that similar things had often happened in England, and that the only known remedy against the evil was to catch the wandering body, and burn it. The Bishop could not at once fall in with this ; he thought the remedy cruel. He adopted another plan, and it was this :—Having written a schedule of

absolution, he placed it on the body of the corpse; and from that time no more of him was seen or heard. This sort of apparition would appear incredible, wrote the author, if several instances had not occurred in his own lifetime, and if he did not know several persons who believed in them.

The latter argument is, I humbly think, irresistible. The same author—Newbridge—states that a man who had been interred at Berwick came out of his grave every night, and made a great disturbance in the neighbourhood. He even boasted that he should not cease to disturb the living until they had reduced him to ashes. Thereupon the neighbours selected ten bold and vigorous young men, who took him up out of the ground, cut his body to pieces, and burned it to ashes. But some one among the crowd having said that he could not burn until they had torn out his heart, his side was pierced with a stake. Through the opening thus made they extracted the heart, whereupon the body was consumed, and appeared no more.

It is a remarkable fact, and therefore worthy to be noted here, that amongst the pagan Romans the notion prevailed that dead bodies of certain persons were subject to be incited from their graves by sorcerers, except incremation had been performed, or decomposition had actually taken place. On this point study the following allusion of Lucan; the words are represented by him to have been spoken by an enchantress to an evoked spirit:—

“Tali tua membra sepulchro
Talibus exuram Stygio cum carmine Sylvis
Ut nullos cantata Magos exaudiat umbra.”

All this may have been, says Calmet; but that those who are really dead move their jaws, and amuse themselves by chewing whatever may be near them, is, again says he, a childish fancy—like what the ancient Romans said of their *manducus*, which was a grotesque figure of a man with an enormous mouth, full of big teeth; the jaws being moved by springs. The Romans frightened children with these *manduci*; hence the following allusion of Juvenal:—

“Tandem que redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium, cum personæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans.”—Juv., Sat. iii., 174.

Some remains of the ancient custom may be seen in certain processions, wherein the figure of a serpent is carried, which ever and anon opens and shuts its jaws, between which cakes are thrown by lookers on.

Authors have reasoned a good deal on these events, writes my authority. (1) Some have believed them to be miraculous. (2) Others have looked upon them as simply the effect of a heated imagination, or a sort of prepossession. (3) Others, again, have believed that there was nothing in them but what was very simple and natural; these persons not being dead, but acting naturally upon other bodies. (4) Others have

asserted that it was the work of the devil himself. Amongst these, some have advanced the opinion that there were certain benign demons, differing from those who are malevolent and hostile to mankind. But what greater evils can one have to fear from veritable demons and the most malignant spirits, than those which the ghouls of Hungary inflict on persons whose blood they suck, and thus cause to die? (5) Others say it is not the dead who eat their own flesh or clothes, but serpents, rats, moles, ferrets, or other voracious animals, or even striges—birds that devour animals and men, and suck their blood. . . . It is added, that these vampyres are known only to certain countries, as Hungary, Moravia, and Silesia, where plague, pestilence, hydrophobia, drunkenness, are most common; where the people, being badly fed, are subject to certain disorders, occasioned by climate and food. As to what some have asserted, that the dead have been heard to eat and chew like pigs in their graves, it is manifestly fabulous, writes my author. Such an idea can have its foundation only in ridiculous prepossessions.

From these remarks it would seem that Calmet is altogether sceptical about the narrations of dead-alive men and women; but I do not know why he should be, since he does not venture to impugn the following still more extraordinary narration, communicated to him by a contemporary priest of his own church.

“A curé of the diocese of Constance,” he states, “named Bayer, makes to me in writing the following relation. He states, that in 1728, he (Bayer) having been appointed to the cure of Rutheim, he was disturbed one morning by a spectre, who came in the form of a peasant, badly made, ill-dressed, and smelling abominably. He knocked at the door in an insolent manner, and, being admitted, entered the study. He then told the curé Bayer, that the Prince Bishop of Constance had sent him (the hobgoblin) upon a certain business, . . . but the statement was untrue. The hobgoblin then asked for something to eat; whereupon meat, bread, and wine were set before him. Taking up the meat with both hands, he devoured it, bones and all, saying, ‘Observe how I eat both flesh and bone: do the same!’ Then taking up the wine-cup, he swallowed the contents of it at a draught; asked for another, which, when supplied, he served the same. Rising then, he withdrew—never so much as saying ‘Good-bye’ to the curé. The servant who saw him to the door, having demanded his name, —‘I was born at Rutsingen, and my name is George Raulin,’ he replied; but he spoke falsely. Then turning to the curé whilst going down-stairs, the hobgoblin said in German, ‘I’ll show you who I am.’

“He passed all day in the village,” Calmet’s curé’s letter of testimony goes on to state, “showing himself to everybody. Towards midnight he returned to the curé’s door, crying out three times in a terrible voice, ‘Monsieur Bayer! I will let you know who I am!’ Day by day for three long years he returned towards four p.m., and every night remaining till day-dawn. He showed himself in different forms,—sometimes like a water-

spaniel, sometimes like a lion or other terrible animal ; sometimes as a man, but sometimes (and this must have been worst of all) in the guise of a pretty girl, sitting at the curé's bedside !—Thus testifies Monsieur Bayer.— Sometimes the hobgoblin made an uproar in the house like a cooper hooping a cask. The curé, desiring to have witnesses, often sent for the beadle and other chief people of the village to bear testimony. At last the curé had recourse to exorcising, but with no effect. Despairing almost of being delivered from these vexations, he provided himself at the end of the third year with a holy branch, on Palm Sunday ; also with a sword sprinkled with holy water. The hobgoblin was now soon to have the worst of it. Appearing again [whether in the form of a man or dog, a lion or a young lady, informant does not state], the curé first dashed the holy water in the goblin's face, then smote the being with the blessed sword. He did this once or twice, and from that time was no more molested. This is attested by a Capuchin monk, witness of the greater part of these things, August 29, 1749."

Cardan declines to guarantee the truth of *all* these circumstances ; the judicious reader may make what induction he pleases from them. If they are true, here, says he, is a real ghost who eats, drinks, and speaks,—giving tokens of his presence for three whole years without any appearance of religion.

Sceptics may seek to throw discredit upon the narrations of vampyredom, by urging what I conceive to be the fact, that although vampyres have been seen by the thousand, have been known to leave their graves and wander about biting and bloodsucking their once dearest friends ; nevertheless, no authentic information is available relative to the manner in which they leave their graves, or the way in which they go back to the same. No vampyre that I am aware of has ever been caught in the very act of coming out of a grave, or going back again. The omission is not of a sort to shake the belief of any reasonable man in the general truth of vampyredom, knowing well, as all of us do know, that thousands of occurrences take place from time to time under the very noses of people near, without their seeing what happens. I once explored the battle-field of Waterloo in companionship with a local guide, who, during that day of mortal strife, had been present in the amateur capacity of a sutler or canteen-bearer, ministering comforts to the wounded. Gazing from the summit of the huge mound whereon the Belgian lion stands—allegorical, in a certain sense, of Belgian bravery,—I looked down on many a grave and many a trophied marble. Thick they were—thick those graves, those trophied marbles ! and I bethought me how far more thickly strewn on the evening of the day of strife must have been the writhing wounded, the shattered and gory dead ! I forthwith pictured to myself the serried squares, belching their volleys at the French columns, pressing on ; and I sought to reproduce the scene of men stricken by lead or steel, and suddenly laid low. " They fell fast enough," said I ; " it must have been an awful sight."

"Parbleu!" interposed my guide; "you may think it odd, but I did not see one man fall. They would come on, and then a volley, a bayonet or cavalry charge, a tremendous noise, fire, smoke, and all that; and when it was over, there they would lie, just like those sheep there, Monsieur; but, on my honour, not one fellow did I actually see go down."

Very well; Calmet did not record, and assuredly would not wish it to be understood, that *revenans*, as he calls them—or, to be plain, disreputable corpses whom earth rejects—can be numbered by the million. He perhaps refers to some scores; and if nobody has ever caught one of these *flagrante delicto*, in the very act of coming out of a grave, what does this prove? Nothing, to my mind, after what the guide told me at Waterloo.

The act of munching in a grave, or even coming out of a grave, violates social proprieties, truly, but nothing more. It is not every human mind, indeed, that is strong enough, or sufficiently well balanced, to look upon a horrible prodigy unmoved. If *revenans*, as Calmet denominates them, were more frequent than they are, then probably many spectators might be scared into fits or go mad outright; but if a disreputable corpse should get out of its coffin, and wander about murderously intent, wreaking vengeance all night, biting, bloodsucking, and going back to its grave before morning, it would be a very serious, a very dangerous matter. This is just what vampires do, nevertheless.

In like manner as sceptical people—the men of paralyzed minds so beautifully described by Mr. Howitt, the paralysis having been induced by a too continuous study of what we falsely call the inductive sciences—find some absurd way of accounting for, or else denying altogether, the best attested facts of pneumatology,—such as table-turning, table-dancing, spirit-rapping, spectral writing, luminous hands, mystical accordion playing, and other modern spiritual manifestations; so more than one writer has attempted to explain away the precise relations concerning dead-alive people of all varieties, from the masticatores of Raufft to the vroucolakas of the Greeks. Accordingly, it is argued, as already stated, that the milder, the least extraordinary of these recitals, are amply accounted for on the assumption of trance; and that the records of pure vampyredom, tales about dead-alive men arising from their tombs, stalking about, bloodsucking, and murdering, are based on a pretension of the Greek church, to the effect that Mother Earth refuses to accept and retain in her bosom corpses of persons who have come under orthodox excommunication. It has even been accepted as a tenet of faith by the Eastern church, I believe, that no unorthodox corpse can possibly decay if buried in orthodox soil. There might be something in this view of the case, if records of dead-alive people were traceable only to authors of the pure Greek faith; but seeing that testimony from other quarters is forthcoming—considering that dead-alive people have been known to wander from their tombs in England as well as Germany—it seems to me that the hypothesis cited falls wholly to the ground.

It must be conceded, however, that vampyredom has received what we may call its highest development in countries the people of which acknowledge the orthodox Greek church. Eastern European vampyres have always been more fierce, more murderously inclined, than corresponding beings of the west. Climate may have something to do with this; and perhaps temperament.

Even on matters of the most apparently transcendental kind it is possible to draw practical deductions. No harm can ever come of making security doubly sure. I am led to infer, then, that if a dead body, after a reasonable time of burial has elapsed, be still found soft and pliable; if it bleeds on puncture, and shows no sign of fulfilling the decree of "*dust to dust*," there is room for the worst suspicions. In such a case the unquiet and evil-disposed corpse can be laid by adopting one of two expedients. The first is, to cause the grave to be beaten with a hazel twig, the operator being a virgin of not less than twenty-five years old. The second expedient consists in digging the body up and burning it. My authorities leave me no room to doubt that the first and much simpler remedy is not equally effectual with the second; nevertheless, for some inexplicable reason, the remedy of incremation is always practised, in lands where vampyres do most abound.

J. SCOFFERN, M.B.

OUR MYSTERIOUS SUBSCRIBER.

WHEN I first received the letter announcing the fact of my appointment to the editorship of the *Puddleton Gazette*, the sudden revulsion of feeling for the moment almost overpowered me. I could scarcely persuade myself that I was not dreaming. Could it be possible that the enterprising proprietor of the journal in question had selected such an humble individual as myself, out of the legion of distinguished literary men with which he must be acquainted, to fill this important post? Was I destined to take a prominent part in "supplying a great local want," and "directing the political opinions of an intelligent industrial population"? Yet there it was before me—the very words of the letter, and I afterwards found they also formed part of the prospectus—in unmistakable black and white, and signed in due form with many flourishes, "Peter Mangles, proprietor." As the fever-heat of my exultation cooled down, I began to realize more fully the extent of my good fortune. I felt that a new era of existence was dawning upon me, and that the great opportunity, which is said to present itself but once in a lifetime, had at last arrived.

As I looked back upon all the bitter struggles and trials of the two long years I had been in London, striving hard to earn a beggarly pittance with my pen,—the many rebuffs and disappointments I had experienced—rejected "copy," inexorable editors, and heartless publishers,—I felt more than ever convinced that there *had* been a conspiracy to keep me down, and prevent my attaining the position to which I had once hopefully aspired. All these things, however, were past and gone, and here I was at last exalted to the pinnacle of my youthful ambition—the editorial chair,—and, as a consequence, on the high road to fame and fortune. It is true the *Puddleton Gazette* was as yet in embryo, existing only as a concept in the fertile brain of the enterprising Mangles; but the first number was announced to appear in a fortnight's time, and I was to go down to the spot forthwith, in order to put matters in train for taking by storm the world in general, and the inhabitants of Puddleton in particular. Up to this moment, I confess I had not the most remote idea of the locality of Puddleton; in fact, for all I knew to the contrary, its existence might be as embryotic as that of the journal which was destined to enlighten it; but on referring to the "Gazetteer," under letter P, I found it described as "a small fishing town on the coast of ——shire. Post town, Burton-in-the-Marsh, distant $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Population, 3,000." This certainly differed very considerably from the account given by Mr. Mangles, who described it as "an important local centre, possessing great natural advantages, and doing a large and increasing trade," &c., &c.; in fact, according to Mr. M.'s view, if there was a town in England which any man in his right senses would instinctively select either for business or pleasure, that town was Puddleton. It had, indeed, one defect—the want of a repre-

sentative journal; and that want Mr. Mangles, with my valuable assistance, now undertook to supply. It is needless to say which version I adopted. The "Gazetteer" was at least ten years old, and its Puddleton was the Puddleton of the past; while Mr. Mangles' description (and he was on the spot, and ought to know best) was of the Puddleton of the present,—the prosperous sea-port town that was rising, like another Liverpool, from the foundation of an humble fishing village. To Puddleton, therefore, I would go.

I will not weary my readers with an account of a long, tiresome journey by railway, or of a ten miles' jolting over one of the roughest roads I ever saw, in a superannuated fly with very "fluffy" cushions, and an unmistakable odour of tar and red herrings; but will briefly state that I was duly deposited, without any material injury, at the door of the "Coach and Horses," Puddleton, about four o'clock on a raw November afternoon. After ordering dinner, I inquired where Mr. Mangles was to be found, and having received my directions from the waiter, of whom I may here remark that he was as "fluffy" and dilapidated as the fly, and likewise smelt of tar and red herrings, I set forth to pay my first visit to my new employer.

I cannot say that my first impressions of Puddleton were altogether agreeable; but the first view of a strange place through a thick fog on a cold November afternoon seldom does present a very gratifying prospect to a tired and hungry traveller. As well as I could make it out, the town appeared to consist of a number of straggling houses, built without the least attempt at regularity or order, on the slope of a hill, so as to give the whole a kind of lopsided look. The same full-flavoured odour of red herrings and tar, which I had noticed in the fly and the waiter, seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere of the place; indeed, I afterwards found they were the staple commodities of the town; and as I groped my way up the dimly lighted street, the paving of which seemed to have been laid down on the ingenious principle of first a flagstone and then a puddle, at regular intervals, I began to suspect that the vividness of Mr. Mangles' imagination had imparted a certain amount of extraneous colour to his description of the beauties, both natural and artificial, of the town of Puddleton. While indulging in these reflections I reached the top of the hill, and turning to the right, according to the waiter's instructions, found myself immediately in front of a long nondescript-looking building, which seemed as though it had been begun for a barn and finished for a meeting-house, there being a large archway at one end, and in the centre a semi-Gothic looking porch, which was reached by a flight of three or four stone steps. Over the door were two oil lamps, and between them was suspended a large board, on which was painted in huge white letters, accompanied by suitable flourishes,—

"THE PUDDLETON GAZETTE."

Here, then, were my future head-quarters. With a beating heart I passed

the steps with a bound, and knocked at the door, which, after a brief interval, was opened by a diminutive youth, who graced a suit of clothes at least three sizes too small for him. On informing him of my business he ushered me into a room on the ground-floor, and proceeded up-stairs to announce my presence to Mr. Mangles. During his absence I had leisure to take a bird's-eye view of the apartment in which I was waiting. It was a tolerably large room, with a broad, old-fashioned grate at one end, in which smouldered the remains of a fire; but there was no vestige of fire-irons or fender. A plain deal table, not particularly clean, and three rickety chairs (one of them *minus* a leg), and a narrow strip of matting, which did duty both for carpet and hearth-rug, comprised the whole of the furniture. On the table was a large bundle of advertising "posters," setting forth in the biggest words and type the manifold excellences of the forthcoming journal; a small ditto of prospectuses, from which I now perceived that Mr. Mangles had borrowed his vivid description of the trade and prospects of Puddleton; an enormous pair of scissors, with paste-pot to match; a few battered pens, and a broken-down inkstand.

As I was taking a mental inventory of these various articles, there was a heavy step in the passage, and the door slowly opening disclosed a form which I instinctively felt could be no other than that of Mr. Mangles himself. I say I instinctively felt it, although it did not resemble in the remotest degree what I had pictured him in my imagination. He was a short, stout man, from five-and-forty to fifty years of age, with thick grizzly hair, and a broad but not ill-humoured face, which struck me on the first view I had of it, as possessing the peculiarity of being preternaturally clean; but this was perhaps owing to the force of contrast with a singularly dirty shirt-collar. All that I noticed of his dress was that he wore a plaid shooting coat; "continuations" of the same material, but so short as to disclose a gap of questionable stocking, at least three inches in width, between their lower extremities and the top of an enormous pair of boots; and that he had a large silk handkerchief tied carelessly round his neck. As he entered the room he drew himself to his full height, after the fashion of all little men, as if to impress me with the dignity of his presence, and looking me full in the face, but without moving a muscle of his own, said curtly,—

"Mr. Walker?"

As this was put to me interrogatively, I merely bowed, and said that Walker was my name.

"Good. Mine is Mangles. Now we know each other, let's to business."

Now, prepared as I was to devote the whole of my time and humble talents to the interests of the *Puddleton Gazette*, I confess I was somewhat taken aback by the abruptness of this proposal, and ventured to hint, as delicately as I could, that I had been travelling all day, and stood in need of rest and refreshment; in fact, not expecting that my

services would be required that evening, I had ordered dinner at the "Coach and Horses" punctually at six o'clock.

"Oh, dinner!" was the reply; and Mr. Mangles, after looking hard for a few seconds at the dying fire, suddenly turned round and rang the bell with a jerk.

The urchin who had admitted me answered to the summons.

"Dobs," said Mr. Mangles, addressing the youth in question, "have I dined?"

"Yesterday arternoon was the last time," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Then," replied Mr. Mangles, fixing his eyes upon me, "I shall dine with you, sir. Six precisely. Time is precious.—Dobs, show this gentleman out."

And Mr. Mangles left the room in as stately and impressive a manner as he had entered it.

I confess that my meditations, as I retraced my steps to the inn, were not of the most encouraging character. I did not quite like the manner of my new employer,—to say nothing of the very cool proceeding of inviting himself to dinner at my expense,—and began to entertain serious misgivings that I had been somewhat hasty in throwing up a small but certain income in London, for the problematical prospects and profits of a country editorship. However, I felt I was fairly in for it, and must make the best of my bargain, bad as it looked. After all, perhaps, it might turn out better than it promised. As for Mr. Mangles, I consoled myself with the reflection that his strange conduct might, after all, be mere eccentricity. At all events, I made up my mind to humour him, and not abandon my present undertaking without at least an effort. On reaching the "Coach and Horses," I was ushered into a snug little back room, where a blazing fire crackled and roared cheerfully, and cast a genial glow upon a white tablecloth and sundry other preparations, pleasantly suggestive of dinner, that ornamented an adjoining table. I had, however, still three quarters of an hour to wait, and determined to occupy the interval with writing a few letters. Just as I was concluding my task the timepiece struck six, and simultaneously with the first stroke of the hour the door opened, and in walked Mr. Mangles just as I had left him, with the exception of a rather whiter collar, which had the effect of somewhat toning down the startling cleanness of his face. He was as methodical and uncommunicative as before, barely acknowledging my salutation, and took his place at the dinner-table in as cool and off-hand a fashion as if he had been presiding at his own mahogany. During the whole of the dinner—a better bill of fare, by the way, than I had augured from the appearance of the "Coach and Horses," the fish being exceedingly good and fresh for a seaside place—my self-invited guest maintained the same taciturn demeanour, replying to my efforts to get up a conversation with bare monosyllables, which occasionally degenerated into grunts. Indeed, it was not until the cloth had been

removed, when I suggested a bottle of the landlord's best port, that he seemed to awake out of his torpor.

"Port, sir! No—poison, sir! Punch!"

"Did you say you preferred punch?" I mildly inquired.

"Of course I did. Punch,—hot, strong, rum, lemons, sugar. Mix them myself."

I accordingly rang the bell and ordered the desired materials, which being duly forthcoming, Mr. Mangles set himself down to his task; not hastily or with any show of levity, be it understood, but calmly, deliberately, almost grimly, like an alchemist of old, bending over the mysteries of his crucible. As, however, the fragrant ingredients became gradually blended together, and the genial compound grew under his creative hand, his features relaxed into something like a smile, which deepened into a sigh of satisfaction as the first glass of the mysterious concoction touched his lips. Filling a second tumbler, he pushed it across the table towards me, exclaiming,—

"Nothing like punch. Taste it."

It was certainly a marvellous compound, and seemed to grow more and more insinuating with every sip. I made rapid progress with my first tumbler; and my companion, who had by this time got half through a second, seemed gratified by this practical proof of my appreciation of his mixture, and gradually thawed into something like cordiality. I availed myself of his change of temperament, and with the view of drawing him out and paving the way to conversation, I inquired whether he had lived long at Puddleton.

"Came here three weeks last Wednesday," was the curt reply.

"But surely," I observed, "you must have been intimately acquainted with the neighbourhood before you could have ventured upon the undertaking in which you are now about to engage?"

He glanced at me a queer sort of look, and taking a long pull at his glass, answered,—

"Never even heard of the place until a month ago."

This was certainly very cheerful news for me, who had risked everything on the faith of this man's representations, to find that after all he knew but little more about the place or the people than I did. A light flashed upon me that I might possibly have been the dupe of a lunatic's hallucinations. Determined, however, to fathom the mystery, I again returned to the charge, with,—

"Perhaps, then, you came here under the advice of some friend acquainted with the people and the locality?"

"I tell you," he blurted out, "I never heard of the place; and, what's more, never heard of anybody who ever had, until a month ago."

"Then," I retorted, a little nettled as I saw the case gradually become more and more hopeless, "you must either be a very bold man, or else have remarkable confidence in your experience of journalism."

I had at last struck the true chord. "Experience of journalism!" he exclaimed, in a loud, shrill voice, and setting down his glass on the table with a bang that quite startled me. "Experience of journalism!" he repeated. Then suddenly drawing his chair up so as to face me, and lowering his voice as if by a great effort of self-control, he continued, "Listen to me, young man; I flatter myself there are few men living who know more about journalism than I do. For nearly forty years it has been the one all-absorbing study of my existence. In my early youth I became impressed with an idea that there was a fortune to be made out of newspaper property, and my whole life has been an unceasing effort to carry it out. Perhaps, sir, you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I have in my time been the parent and proprietor of no less than fifty-nine different journals, in almost every quarter of the globe." And here he checked them off on his fingers with a rapidity that was perfectly amazing. "Let me see—seventeen in the United States, three in India, two in Australia, twelve in the various Continental towns, five in Scotland, four in Ireland, and sixteen in England and Wales—not to mention one in New Zealand, which unfortunately came to nothing, owing to my editor and principal compositor having been killed and eaten on the evening preceding the day on which the first number was to have appeared. Yes, sir,—fifty-nine in all, and this will make the sixtieth and last—for I feel a deep internal conviction that the *Puddleton Gazette* is destined to yield the fortune which I have so long and vainly, yet confidently pursued. Now, sir, you know me. Good night!" And rising from his seat with the air of a man who had with much difficulty unburdened himself of a heavy load, he calmly tossed off the remnants of his seventh tumbler, put his hat upon his head with much deliberation, and left the room.

I shall pass over the next few days I spent at Puddleton; it will be sufficient to say that I was daily at the office, and saw a good deal of Mr. Mangles, who improved vastly on acquaintance. He dropped entirely the brusque patronizing manner which he had assumed at our first interview, and turned out to be a genial and rollicking spirit, with a plentiful fund of anecdote, and a marked predilection for punch;—on the whole, by no means a bad companion so long as he could be kept from his hobby of newspapers: on this subject he was a complete monomaniac; whatever topic might be started, he invariably managed to lead the conversation—sometimes by subtle and almost insensible degrees, at others striking off at a tangent—to his favourite theme; and, notwithstanding all my efforts to check him, would expatiate for hours on the glowing prospects of the *Puddleton Gazette*, or enter into elaborate explanations respecting the failure of its fifty-nine predecessors,—for it appeared they were all failures, though always through a most marvellous and unprecedented concurrence of adverse circumstances, and invariably when on the eve of becoming permanent successes. However, we worked on the whole very well together, and by the evening of the day preceding the appearance of the first num-

ber of the *Gazette*, all our arrangements were completed, and the paper almost ready to go to press. During the last few days I had fancied there was something like a shade of despondency on the face of my coadjutor, but I attributed this to a natural anxiety for the result of his venture, more especially as it wore off as the day of publication approached. On the evening referred to he was unusually vivacious ; and as we sat in the twilight by the little office fire, with the comfortable reflection that the labours of the week were all but ended, he insisted on mixing a steaming brew of punch, to drink success to the new journal. While he was speaking there came a single rap at the door, and without further warning there appeared the red head of Master Dobs, who now acted in the multifold capacity of buttons, printer's devil, office boy, and general messenger.

"Please, sir, printer wants candles."

"Then why the deuce don't you go to Prodger's next door, and get 'em?" quoth Mr. Mangles, highly irate at being interrupted at such a convivial moment.

"'Cos he said as how he wouldn't let you have no more on tick." And the youth accompanied the reply with a ghastly grin, apparently under the impression of having said something exquisitely humorous. Mr. Mangles dropped the lemon he was squeezing.

"Go and be—" The rest of his sentence was lost in the loud bang of the door, followed by the indistinct pattering of hob-nailed shoes in the passage, as though the triumphant Dobs were executing a war-dance of victory.

"Mr. Walker," said Mr. Mangles, picking up the lemon and turning to me with a bland smile, "do you happen to have such a thing as half a crown about you?"

Now this was peculiarly embarrassing. The fact was, that the slender stock of capital with which I left town had dwindled gradually away during my fortnight's residence at Puddleton ; and, as I had only on that morning paid a week's rent in advance to my landlady (I ought to have mentioned that I had removed from the "Coach and Horses" into lodgings), the sum total of my finances was at that moment represented by a few halfpence. Indeed, I had fully made up my mind to speak that very evening to Mr. Mangles on the subject of a certain agreement with reference to the payment of a weekly salary, which seemed to have escaped his memory on the previous Saturday. However, there was no help for it ; so I replied, with assumed calmness, that, by some singular coincidence, I did *not* happen to have such a thing as half a crown about me.

"Well, if this is not supremely ridiculous !" laughed Mr. Mangles ; "I really don't believe I have a farthing of change in my purse."

All I could say in reply was, that if we intended to have the paper out on the following morning, as announced, the printers must have the candles, and that if he had no change, doubtless the landlord of the "Coach and Horses" would cash him a cheque.

"Yes," said Mr. Mangles, with a reflective air, and speaking very slowly, "I dare say he would; but the fact is, that—that—not having a banker's account, I don't, you see, happen to possess a cheque-book; eh!"

"Well," said I, driven at last fairly to bay, "I am sorry to say I can't assist you. Here's all the capital I possess in the world." And so saying, I deposited on the office table the sum of threepence-halfpenny, good and lawful money of Great Britain.

Mr. Mangles turned deadly pale. "Just like my infernal luck," he groaned. "Here I've been and spent every farthing I have in the wide world upon plant, paper, posters, and advertisements for this precious *Gazette*, which I feel sure must be a great success; and here's the whole concern going to smash for the want of a few paltry candles. Oh! oh! just like my infernal luck."

"Do you then really mean to say," I interposed, "that you have not—"

Mr. Mangles drew himself up to his full height—about five feet five,—shoved both hands deep into his pockets, clenched his teeth audibly, and hissed out, savagely and deliberately, "Not a stiver!"

It was now my turn to be disconcerted. It was getting darker and darker every minute, and a second message came down from the printing-room for the candles, to enable them to continue work. As a last desperate resource, Dobs was again despatched to Mr. Prodger for the necessary articles, with instructions to be profuse in his promises to pay the whole bill on the following day; but the fiendish grin which bespread his countenance on his return was in itself sufficient to announce the ill success of his mission. The more I reflected on our position, the more hopeless it seemed; and, forgetful of all the once fondly anticipated glories of the editorial chair, I began to think how on earth I should ever get back to London again. As for Mr. Mangles, he leaned moodily over the expiring embers, the very picture of misery and despair. Suddenly a sharp ringing "rat tat" was heard at the door. "Those confounded candles again," he murmured; adding, in a roar, "In the devil's name, come in." The door slowly opened, but instead of the grinning face of Dobs, a strange figure, enveloped in a long black cloak, reaching almost down to the ground, walked, or I should rather say glided—for the step was perfectly noiseless—into the room, and stood by the table. A queer conical cap, of the same material as the cloak, was perched on the top of his head, from beneath which protruded a mass of coal-black hair, twisted and tangled into innumerable curls, like so many corkscrews. I have also a vivid impression of a long peaked beard of the Vandyke pattern, a thin aquiline nose, shallow sunken cheeks with high bones, and a pair of bright roving eyes, which wandered about the room with a wild, restless, and malevolent expression; but I was so startled by the apparition, that I can hardly trust my memory.

The strange visitor paused for a few seconds, as if in expectation of being questioned, and then said quietly, "I wish to take in your paper;

here is my name and address, and a quarter's subscription in advance;" at the same time depositing on the table a card and the money. Before we could recover from our surprise he had left the room.

Mr. Mangles drew a long breath, and without saying a word, rushed to the door; but the stranger had disappeared. "At all events," he said, "the money is good.—Here, Dobs, you villain, fetch the candles."

My story is almost told. The *Puddleton Gazette* duly appeared on the following morning, and, I understand, became a thriving property; but my connection with it was brief, as I was shortly afterwards recalled to town, to fill a more lucrative post. The most extraordinary feature of the whole affair, however, was, that when we came to send the paper to the address given by our mysterious visitor, there was no such name, street, or number to be found in the whole of Puddleton, and all our efforts to discover him proved of no avail.

What became of my friend Mr. Mangles I cannot say; but there is a talk of a new paper to be published in the Great Desert, printed half in English and half in Arabic, and I should not be greatly surprised if he had something to do with it.

When I related the above story to my friend Rattle, of the *Morning Snorter*, he laughed, and said, "Depend upon it, old fellow, the evil one looks sharp after his interests in this world, and will always take care of his own. A new paper is too good a chance to be lost for want of a few shillings."

ROBERT B. WORMALD.

THE SILVER MINES OF FREIBERG, IN SAXONY.

WHY I choose to pass at once from Dover to Dresden; and why, out of the many new and interesting objects which impressed me, even in a somewhat *rapid* journey, all the way from Boulogne on the sea to Szolnok on the Theiss, I select a small and almost unknown town of Saxony, it is not easy for me to tell. Perhaps it is because, in the multitude of prints and books and pictures, the freshness of travel is lost; and what should surprise us with the charm of novelty awakens only the soberer pleasure of recollection. It is, no doubt, a "fault of mental organization," as the philosophers say, but during much of the earlier part of my route I found nothing to *wonder at*. All was just as I had expected. Those fine Flemish cathedrals, I had seen them over and over again—on paper: I knew that this would have an unfinished spire, that a massy tower, and so forth, before ever I came near them; indeed, I was rather disappointed at meeting so few beguines, and rich picturesque costumes, and fine old monks, such as one sees in pictures;—at finding, in short, that people in general wore hats like my own, and, truth to tell, did not look half so outlandish as some dozen who are to be met with, any day, round Leicester Square. No doubt Cologne was wonderful; but so full of English, so thoroughly a show-place, so entirely unenjoyable, that I left it, after seeing about a quarter of the "sights," intending to come back some quiet winter or early spring, and revel, all by myself, in its old glories. It was grand, too, at the Weser, the pass between "Minden's Plains" and the hill-side where Hermann met and overthrew Varus and his legions. And quaint old Hanover was pleasing, from its unexpected array of splendid wooden and elaborate brick houses, surpassing even our own Chester; and from the scarlet livery and thoroughly English look of "all the King's men," who seem to have nothing to do but wait upon "all the King's horses." But I passed through Magdeburg, with its ancient recollections, and Berlin, with its modern splendour and discomfort, and had little need to draw upon my faculty of wonder, though, in despite of Horace, I had brought out an unfailing stock of it. Well, the Germans, at least, cannot blame me; for it is the dictum of one of their greatest men, "that we can nowhere see one tittle more than we bring with us;" and, to carry on the paradox, we may ask, Why go there at all? why not (as I have so often done) take the Great Western express, not a hundred miles from Didscot, some misty winter afternoon; and, while the world's greatest practical wonder is being taxed to bear you in about seventy minutes to London, bring the place, whatever it may be, *to you*, and outdoing Mahomet, realize, more truly than two-thirds who have carried their eyes thither, the mountains and cities and strange folk of whom you have read and heard? The wonder of this journey—it *was* daylight and "in the country" when you started; it *is* night now, and you are amid the gas-lights and the roar of London; and all this

while you had only just closed your eyes, or had what seemed "a few minutes' chat" with a friend—the miracle of speed controlled and "regular as clockwork," will add such truth and earnestness to your dreams, that *your* Rhine, albeit only coloured by fancy, from "picturesque sketch-books," shall excel that of many a sleepy after-dinner passenger on the plodding Dampschiff. You may have a Cologne with a *finished* cathedral,* a Berlin where every street shall be an Unter den Linden; a Hanover with each several house rich and grotesque as that of Leibnitz; a Dresden—no, you cannot have a Dresden with a real Madonna del Sisti: that face, those eyes, it is hopeless to dream of them, to seek their counterpart in engravings; they must be seen and worshipped. And therefore I will not waste time in striving to describe this picture of pictures, but hasten at once up the country to my mines.

I had never seen a mine, save and except some small moor coal-shafts in the North Riding, which I deemed quite unworthy of the name. And so when at the least a dozen times I had called Dresden the Florence of Germany, and had revelled sufficiently in its pure sunny air, had stood by Moreau's monument, and wondered what arches of that noble Elbe bridge the French really *did* blow up; when, in fact, all Dresden (except THE picture) began to grow wearisome, I read Murray's "Route to Freiberg, &c.," twice or thrice; and one hot cloudless morning set off "in light marching order," on the voyage of discovery.

My plan was to walk on and leave the eilwagen, which started some hour or so later, to overtake me. I trotted wearily enough along the Dresden plain, noticing many dykes and "cuttings," which might be remains of the ramparts and outworks that made Dresden "a strong position" in 1813; noticing also (and a great figure it made in the waste) a tollhouse, in the prettiest style of cottage architecture, from whose windows were peeping two of the prettiest of Thuringian maidens—but toll-keepers' daughters have, it seems, a prescriptive title to beauty here as well as in England. Almost imperceptibly I found myself in a wild gorge; the half-dry, stony watercourse, that had flowed unseen through flat meadows, was now a brawling mountain rivulet; the rocks rose grandly round. I was in the Plauensche Grund, "which has been compared," says Murray, "to the neighbourhood of Hack Fell, in Yorkshire." This place I never saw; but I was forcibly reminded of some parts of Borrowdale;—less wild, indeed, is the Grund. Perhaps the "character of the formation," different to a geologist's eye, and that rich bank of varied wood, rising so steeply on the other side, is Yorkshire all over; but still there was *something* which reminded me of the journey from Lodore to Buttermere, and the feeling was strengthened when, by-and-bye, on a sign-post I read "Nach Rabenau," a name rivalling in its picturesque significance the "Castle Crag" and "Maiden Moor" which had delighted me in Cumberland. Without

* The present structure is, and apparently always will be, unfinished.

exaggeration, the way was most romantic: for some time quite narrow, with a rocky wall of ever-varying form, and of a kind of Devonshire-marble red, rising close on the right; while through the beech and alder that fringe the stream is seen the left bank—now a rich corn slope, now a splendid “hanging wood;” then gradually the path widens out into a grassy meadow, just as the Steinkohlmühle and König August’s Hütte by the road-side begin to tell of a village at hand. Everybody looked so happy; the women, some few in knitted jackets of dark brown wool, most in tight bodices of yellow leather (just like that substance whereof we sacrilegiously make gaiters), with short, snow-white, puffed sleeves, contrasting wonderfully with their arms, which seemed carved out of mahogany; a gay red handkerchief flaunting round their necks, and a huge straw hat crowning and shadowing all. The very horses seemed proud of their peaked collars piled up with red cloth and fur, and drew their light wains of basket-work with an air of most edifying indifference.

And then the miners whom I began to overtake: I had read all about them in Murray, and could tell at a glance who was a real Bergmann and who was only one of the foundry people (Hütten leute). I scanned their leather jackets, their philibegs embroidered with cross mattocks hanging before, and their queer umbrella contrivances jutting out behind, and wondered whether (as is darkly hinted in guide-books) his Saxon Highness, “as chief miner of his realm,” ever encased himself in so uncanny a garb.

Every one looked so merry, that I was scarcely surprised when the door of one of the neat wayside cottages opened, and out bounded two gladsome girls, who, in close embrace, and quite unconscious of interruption, tripped to and fro along the road, “discussing deep affairs of State.” One was in pure white, with a wreath of yellow chrysanthemums round her head. “So there is a wedding in Potschappel,” thought I; “a miner’s wedding, probably.” And I half determined to desert Freiberg and its mines; but “third thoughts” prevailed, and I contented myself with inquiring all about it at the Gasthaus, whose modest door was hung with a garland in honour of the occasion; and with hoping that, though there was neither Brussels lace nor orange blossom, there might be no lack of felicity. And now I was passed by two or three apprentices on their wanderjahr, which, in the sister isle, might be rendered, “on the shaughrawn,” except that this German “wandering for a year” is supposed to be beneficial, and forms a necessary part of education. Their best clothes were carefully done up in knapsacks, to which were strapped a second pair of boots. I knew not where they were coming from, perhaps from Chemnitz, newly risen into a great seat of woollen manufacture, under royal patronage (somewhat changed, I believe, since the days when the great Latinist Heyne’s father “used to exist there” by weaving); possibly they were townsmen of Hans Sachs, for this is the old road between Dresden and Nuremberg.

At length two other valleys meet that which I have been traversing;

and just as the Eilpost, with its four steeds and ugly yellow liveries, toils painfully past me, I find I have reached Tharand. This is a pretty village, divided by a sort of insulated triangle of rock, which stands equidistant from each of the three valleys, and on one peak of which is perched a famous little modern Gothic church, while another is crowned by the ruins of an old hunting-castle of the Electors. Heedless of these, and of the mineral springs which make it a sort of Dresdener's Tunbridge Wells, I rush direct to the Hofpost court,* to find, alas! that the eilwagen is full, and that I must condescend to the beichaise. This is (or might be) a happy contrivance, in virtue of which one is never obliged to "wait till to-morrow's mail." I have seen in Bavaria four of these vehicles following the "coach," and have heard that at supplementary fair-times the number is often much larger. In a machine something between an inside car and one of those hooded cabs of twenty years ago, in which the driver sat in a private box at your side, we set off,—myself and a grim, snuffy old couple, who did nothing but eat black bread and slices of sausage, steadily resisting all attempts at conversation. The driver, a raw boy, on whom the *ugly uniform* † sat gracelessly enough, at length comprehended my reiterated offers of unlimited beer, provided he would outstrip the eilwagen, which was lumbering on some sixty yards ahead. At length, up a hill, we passed it. It was a sort of snail and tortoise race; rare, indeed, were the intervals when we broke into something like a trot; every gentle slope gave fresh play to the screw lever which they use instead of a drag, and which, with a sound to set a mastodon's teeth on edge, brings a block of wood to bear on one of the hind wheels.

However, the country slowly changes;—first, a fine table-land with oats and barley; then, on the hill-sides, a nursery of all kinds of firs and larches, most of them just then about two inches high. This is the Forstgarten, to which is attached a forstacademie for practical instruction in woodland craft. Now it becomes cold and cloudy; the view widens over a tract like our own moors, but paler and more dreary, because that purple heather tint which there lends beauty to the wilderness is wanting. Nothing to break the monotony except Naundorf toll-bar, which hangs over all passers by like the jawbone of some mighty sperm whale. At last I catch a glimpse of the mine buildings,—regular little hills of slag, looking for all the world like martello towers with a house atop; the carts of rope and basket-work reappear, often drawn, in defiance of Leviticus, by a horse and ox yoked together. I fancy I can hear the ceaseless bell which rings at the mouth of the Himmelfahrt shaft, ready to stop the instant any of the

* *Anglice*, stable-yard of the "royal" posting-house.

† A dirty yellow coat, with blue collar, epaulettes, and wing-like appendages, and a marvellously small pair of blue "tails;" the whole set with an abundance of lead buttons, looking like half-worn quarter-dollars; and the nether man clad in breeks of bright red untanned leather.

complicated machinery is disordered. We cross the Mulde, now reduced to a few pools at the bottom of a deep stony channel intersecting a naked valley. While toiling down here, a drosky dashes past us ;—happy traveller ! I'm sure the Kön. v. Sæchs. must be in league with all the drosky men, for no one would ever come a second time by his Majesty's mail coach who could by any means afford the speedier conveyance. How impudently our blinkerless horses look round, as though they knew all about it, and were determined to do things quite at their leisure !

All roads, and even Devonshire lanes, must have an end; and when at last we have scaled this interminable hill, Freiberg bursts suddenly upon us ;—a wonderful town, set up there in the bleak mountain-land, with its queer cathedral, its ditch become an orchard, its crumbling walls, with lots of old towers, round and square ; and over all an unpleasant air of decay, which the mind somehow associates with the very high red tile roofs, some with five and six “stories” of dormers, which make the whole seem strangely top-heavy. But strange sights must be looked forward to in an “imperial city,” perched up among barren hills, and reduced, alas ! to a fourth of its old population, but still the capital of the Erzgebirge circle,—a district inhabited (as M. Le Bas tells us, in his somewhat “pretentious” work, *Sur l'Univers*) by “un peuple dont les mœurs diffèrent entièrement de celles du reste de la Saxe.” I fear I paid but little reverence to its antiquities. Passing rapidly through the Ober Markt, amid heaps of apples and dwarf cucumbers, and noticing the little figure of the miner in full dress, with date 1171, who stands like Peeping Tom at the corner, I hastened to Bergmeister Fischer, the “constituted authority” from whom all who would explore the mines must obtain a permit. The worthy mine-master was not at home ; so, putting off my hunger till a more convenient season, I astonished mine host of the “Black Horse,” by starting off again to make the best of my way to the cathedral. Protestantism having put its padlock on the door, the clerk had to be sought out ; but all trouble was repaid by the two wonderful pulpits, which, in stone, rival the famous wood carvings of Belgium. One is in flowing style,—two bishops, amid river-flags, lions, Cupids, and flowers (all doubtless symbolical), the stair-rail formed by the bended trunk of a palm tree. The other, more severe, but still exquisite in its details, is supported by Burgmann, the master sculptor, and his prentice ; the latter with ludicrously painful face, and that lean figure which always in German art reverentially distinguishes apprentices from their stout seniors. The balustrade there represents, in a series of panels, the “stations” of our Lord's humiliation. Then there is the huge alabaster sarcophagus of Prince Maurice, the armour in which he was shot at Sievershausen, and the poles whereon hung the standards taken there. He died two days after the victory. The inscription is sufficiently magniloquent and explicit :—“*Ut socero fides servaretur Dux Mauricius bellum necessarium movet : Alpium Rhetic. fines occupat : et Carolo Imp. conditiones accipiente Passaviæ pacem religioni libertatem*

Principibus Decus Germaniæ restituit 1552," &c. But all the monuments are in the same high-flown style. In the choir (which is a rich specimen of "confectionery work," in alabaster and Saxon marble, set round with bronze statues) there are brasses to many a "Durchlauchtigsten Hochgebornen Fursten und Herren, Herren August," or Carl, and so on, many of whom were mere children; while even babes stillborn are represented as lying swathed mummy fashion in a coffin, over which a humorous angel keeps watch. In each of the others, the weeks, days, and hours which made up the infant's brief span are carefully registered. What a rich mine this for some future "minute philosopher" of Germany! How he will revel in the thought of "Memoirs of the Saxon Princes who died in their Infancy"! How, as he reads these brasses, in his heart will he bless the patient accuracy of his countrymen, which thus settled the chronology even to the precise hour; and, in the long clothes or swaddling clothes of the fat babies, and the garb of the angels—they look more like robed and periwigged doctors—gave a full insight into the costume of the period!

Perhaps, however, *the* thing to be seen about the cathedral is the door leading to the cloisters,—the "Golden Gate," they call it; and verily, if richness of detail is anything, it fully deserves to be called both "golden" and "beautiful." It is in the most elaborate style of Byzantine art; the "Norman doors," as they are called, of some of our own churches, will, with their circular arch and grotesque reliefs, give some faint idea of it. The cloisters were full of grass and weeds; indeed, the ecclesiastical interest seems weak in Freiberg;—the Nicolaikirche and some others were in a pitiable state of filth and decay. The monument of Werner, the great geologist, is in these cloisters,—a bust, with the inscription, "A sister's love placed this memorial: he hath wrought for himself a more enduring one."

And now, after a hasty "bread soup with eggs," and "commons" of mutton—eaten, as usual, with stewed pears and ditto plums,—I made a second attack upon "Mine-master Fischer." This time the worthy functionary condescended to be visible,—a mean little man, in blue livery turned up with red. Had it been England, I should have set him down at once for an under-fed church beadle, but I knew that here the office makes the man, and so I bowed with all lowliness accordingly, and explained my business, while he stood rubbing his hands, as if he were indefatigably divesting them of some excessively adhesive "amalgam." The result was, that after having assured him I had no sinister design, and was, in fact, a sort of "Doctor Philosophiæ," out on my "wander year," I obtained a "Kraft gegenwärtigen Fahrscheinsünd Vorzeigern," a sort of letters patent, empowering me to approach the consecrated mine region, and actually descend the shaft of the great Himmelfahrt. I have preserved the document, covering some two-thirds of a foolscap sheet, as a specimen of "how they manage those things abroad." Having in the gentlest manner possible insinuated that the impress of the royal seal and other

forms reduced him to the painful necessity of demanding ten groschen, he wished me "God-speed," and I tripped off to the mine appointed. The mines all lie some mile or two outside the town, among the dreary barren table-land which surrounds it. The yearly produce is said to be near 40,000 pounds weight of silver (value about a million dollars), besides some lead and copper. Of late years it is somewhat increasing; previously there had been a great falling off, owing to the accumulation of water, and the great difficulty of keeping such deep mines at all dry. A tunnel has been long talked of, which should carry off the drainage into the Elbe at Meissen, where the Dresden china is made; but this would be ruinously expensive. My little guide-book states that since they were first worked, in 1171, the amount realized has been some two hundred and fifty-two millions of dollars.

The names of the shafts are not unpoetical,—“New Upland Birch Mine,” “Murder Mine” (connected with a terrible tradition of a miner who killed his more successful fellow-worker, and then was constrained by the mine-spirit to go down alone, bring up the body, and surrender himself to justice), “Heavenward Journey Mine” (that down which I was authorized to descend), &c. The silver is sometimes found pure, in threads or thin leaves. Occasionally, in pursuing a vein, a miniature cavern is discovered, its walls sparkling with crystals of virgin metal, its floor covered with thick, mossy filaments of silver, while a fairy tree of the same precious substance rises in the midst. These costly nests the miners look upon as special haunts of the gnomes, to disbelieve in whom would here be something worse than infidelity. More frequently, however, the ore is found mingled with sulphur, antimony, and arsenic; it is then of a blackish blue, and far less brilliant than the various copper ores and pyrites that often accompany it. Hence the use of the Amalgam Works (said to be the largest in Europe), in which, by means of quicksilver, the metal is separated from all extraneous matter. There is also a refining-house; but if all the produce be coined up into those shabby plated groschen, alloy must be more needed than purity.

But I must hasten to the mine. It was quite an “cerie” walk thither,—twilight coming on; a dark, blustering sky, and a wind bringing snatches of the Freiberg bells, and by its sharp breath telling me plainly enough that I was in an upland country. I took one long look at the town, with its large, high roofs, and old walls and towers, and the spire of its town-hall forming the apex of the table-land; and then, with a sort of feeling that I might never see it again, I dashed on amid the gloom to where huts and heaps of slag showed that a mine was not far off. After some trouble, and the threatened onslaught of a small pack of miners’ dogs, I discovered a human being, and was led to the head official,—a personage fully realizing all my ideas of Paul Jones or any other bold rover. He wore a most portentous beard, a dark blouse, and a girdle stuck with various knives. In England there would have been a brace of

dapper clerks eager to lionize the stranger, but here I was evidently looked upon as a necessary evil, and treated accordingly. My bearded friend did not vouchsafe one word; he read my document (right through, I believe, from the time he was at it), scrutinized the seal, and then, with a grunted "Gut," handed me over to a "sub." This man, who kept the miners' "house of call," was a much merrier fellow. He informed me that descents and ascents were only made at stated times, and therefore I must wait some half-hour or so. I proposed his house as the best place of sojourn, was introduced, and by placing before myself and mine host a measure of his very small beer, I soon brought about a thorough *entente cordiale*.

A whole village of miners exists around the shaft. The "hands" employed at this one mine number nearly 1,500. My friend's "house" seemed to consist of one largish room, serving as parlour, tap-room, cellar, and bedroom; for behind a curtain was the "state bed," and numerous children already snored in all kinds of indescribable contrivances round the walls. The beer (no fear of that growing "dead" which never had a spark of life) was contained in huge stoneware jars, uncovered, from whence his wife drew for us into noggins exactly like "Luther's drinking-cup" in the Dresden Museum. I could not forget that *his* birthplace was not far off; that, however "Churprinz," or "König von Sächs.," or "reigning family" might turn political Papists, these poor miners would be staunch. Yes, there he was on the wall, "neatly framed and glazed," and inscribed in the formal German way, much as if our immortal bard were entitled W. Shakspeare, Esq., "Dr. Martin Luther." Who, looking round at that humble portrait, could doubt that the poet was expressing his countrymen's feelings, when, indignant at Luther's bust being shut out of the Walhalla, or German "Westminster Abbey" for great benefactors of their nation, he cried, "Der lebt in den Herzen; wozu noch in Stein?"—"Why need we a bust when he lives in our hearts?" Side by side with the great reformer was Johannes Ronge, a far feebler light, whose later proceedings have led many in England to fear that he is but a wandering star, reserved for final darkness. A great man like Luther not only overtops, but overpowers all who take the same road. In his light their lesser fires are paled; and we are apt to look upon them as sham Luthers, because they cannot come to us with the freshness and power of their great original.

But to return to the miners. They came dropping in, one or two at a time, till some dozen were collected, drinking beer and eating black bread and slices of huge sausage. The room, like all German rooms, was very hot to begin with, and now became so insupportable, that I wondered how "mine host's" eldest daughter (who, amid the outstretched bodies of her brothers and sisters, was washing cups and passing occasional jokes with the company) could endure the thick "Berlin wool" jacket in which the upper part of her figure was encased. However, by the time I had been rigged

out in full miner's garb, much to my own satisfaction and to the infinite amusement of the lookers on, the word was given to start, and I and my guide stepped out into the cold rainy night. We soon reached the mouth of the shaft, and after a preparatory descent into a workshop, where we got lanterns fixed to our girdles, we bade farewell in good earnest to "all beneath the sun." Oh that first ladder! I shall never forget the resigned feeling with which I stamped down step after step behind my guide; the greasy wood-work; the damp, grave-like air; above all, the roar and din from the huge waterwheels and engines constantly at work to keep the mine in anything like working order. Truly, "I heard the wash of waters, but nothing could I see"—save vast slimy boards moving slowly up and down at my elbows. At first I naturally enough took these colossal piston-rods for the firm walls of the chimney, down which I was creeping. I was set right by one grazing my hip, and making me shrink within myself, like the man who saw his prison walls gradually closing in around him.

After reaching the first landing-place all unpleasant sensations vanished, or were exchanged for a fear that some miner (we began to meet them as we got lower) might, in his more rapid descent, come unawares upon my fingers. This was all but realized in the ascent: the guide had forgotten to give the cry which should stop that flight to all down comers until we had passed; and as I blindly worked my way up, my first intimation of danger was some clumped foot coming rudely in contact with my miner's cap.

Of the depth to which I descended I can form no notion. My guide-book says the height of each ladder is from 24 to 30 ells. Of these I was told there are sixty in the Himmelfahrt. Indeed, my cicerone persuaded me I had gone down forty-two of them. However this may be, the depth of the "Birch-wood shaft" stands in the guide-book as over 1,300 ells; and the "Murder Mine" is deeper still. The passages are generally very low: an exceedingly unpleasant stoop had to be maintained in traversing them. Generally the walls were plain gneiss or quartz, often discoloured with red muddy water from iron springs; but here and there the veins were so rich, that even our dim lights sufficed for a magic illumination. This was especially the case in the "new vein," the great discovery of the year, sufficiently painful to creep through, but repaying all by its great brilliancy. The gallery seemed to run in a somewhat circular direction, and so we got round almost to the same point where our descent had ceased. Going up the forty-two ladders was weary, tiring work. However, we were cheered at each landing by the "Glück auf" from parties of descending miners, to whom we duly replied, "Macht gesund Schicht"—"Well speed thy task;" for these people have conventional phrases, which are as indispensable as the mixed jargon of French and English peculiar to certain circles at home. In ascending I noticed the excellent ventilation, managed by trap-doors at the different

landings. There is always an official moving about to see to this. In England we leave this most important duty too often to mere children. The floors and trap-doors were also in my eyes admirable preservatives against what otherwise might occur with such very perpendicular ladders—viz., a fall right through from top to bottom.* After a weary climb we got within sound of the eternal anti-danger bell, and at length emerged into the cold and rain. When we descended, the children in the “schools” were singing their evening hymn, and “mine host’s” parlour was full of grave, omnivorous guests; but now all was silent; the cabaret deserted by all except one man, who had been some years among our Cornish mines, and spoke a little English—a drunken fellow, who had wanted to accompany me below, and, foiled in this, had waited above, in hopes of more beer—and one or two more, for whom the “swipes and sausage” seemed to have never-ending attractions.

While we were divesting ourselves of our leathern integuments, I had an opportunity of testing the honesty of my guide. It is strictly forbidden—I know not why—to sell or give away any specimens of the ore; all such must be obtained by special permission, at the Bergmeister’s office. We were alone in our “dressing-room;” several really beautiful pieces of fluor spar, quartz, and silver crystals, &c., were round, but nothing could tempt him to let me do more than touch them. It was too late to go and visit the Amalgam Works or any other wonders, even had I been duly provided with permits, so there remained nothing for it but to kill time till the hour for the eilwagen’s return; I therefore waited till the change of relays (they have three in the twenty-four hours). This brought a crowd of swarthy miners into mine host’s, for “bier, washwasser, und pützen” (beer, washing water, and toilet). The English speaker now went in his turn, and I was left with some eight or ten, all burning to know whence I came, and why. I told them the fact, that I was from “aus Ireland;” but not being strong in geography, they shook their heads, till one started “Island” (Iceland) as an emendation; and forthwith I was set down as a countryman of the geysers, and doubtless connected with legends of iron-working Norsemen, who forged the swords of Rollo and Harold Haarfager. This was too good to last; and the murder came out through my own folly. Each miner wears a belt, to which are attached two curious knives, and a lead pencil of most primitive construction. This I coveted, and began bargaining with one of my friends for the fee simple of his property. *At once* the shrewdest of the party cried out, “Ach Gott, der Herr ist ein Engländer;” and up went the price of the belt, and my “little bill” for beer and sausages was swelled, doubtless, to three times its true dimensions. Nevertheless, I got some good information about the hydraulic apparatus, and was told that, in spite of it, the mine nearest to this (the “Prince Elector’s level”) could only be worked to two-thirds its real depth. The miners were fine tall

* Such an occurrence is by no means unknown in the Dalecarlian mines, &c.

fellows, not a bit bent by their work ; grave even beyond their countrymen of grave Saxon-land, never surprised into anything beyond a lengthened "Wie-eh?" whereby in their broad dialect they politely expressed an incredulous "No, you don't say so!" The lowest wages are from three to five newgroschen (some fivepence to sevenpence) a day ; *men* get about seven, and master workmen up as high as fifteen (*i. e.*, about one shilling and tenpence). However, we must remember that in matters of food, money is worth nearly *twice*, and in the consideration which it gives the possessor full *five* times, as much as in England.

At length I said "Glück auf" for the last time, and made my way back to Freiberg. It wanted still half an hour of midnight, the appointed time for the eilwagen ; so I wandered about in the fitful rain and moonlight till I got to the promenade and avenue of little trees, which is to be found *somewhere* in every German town. At one end of this was a large cabaret, full of mining people, women and soldiers, and presenting by no means an edifying spectacle. Had the night been fine, these people would doubtless have been enjoying themselves *al fresco* ; but as it was, there was not so much difference between this and an English pothouse on a large scale, as to justify those who are continually crying down our own working classes at the expense of the Continentals.

Leaving this scene of debauchery, I returned to the Eilpost Hof. It was impossible to obtain my "ticket" yet ; a German postmaster has wonderful powers of sleep, and lies rolled up on a great coat till the very last moment. Most of the passengers were "doing likewise" round the gastzimmer ; however, the chambermaid was stirring, and I was able to sit drying and seething upon the huge stove, watching the coffee-brewing operation. At length it came, hot and fragrant, with its soft, cheesy beetroot sugar ; and, as there must be an end to all things, the eilwagen drove up by-and-bye, the "passier scheins" were purchased, and we rolled off. We were closely packed ; and my fellow-travellers, fat and unfragrant (for once in my journey I wished they *would* have smoked), had the Saxon propensity of "serouging," so I could not sleep much, and saw Tharand Castle grim against the moonless sky, and all the rocks that had smiled so gaily in the morning, frowning away reproachfully. Towards five o'clock (slow enough, but quicker than we came ;—a German "dilly" always travels quicker at night) we reached the "King's grand central posting-house," and were cast adrift in slumbering Dresden. I limped away to the grand Elbe bridge, to see if there was any "view," but all was misty over the river. The town, however, looked most truly "Italian ;" and after contrasting it with quaint old Freiberg, and feeling that the latter had a freshness and novelty that I should not soon forget, I found the porter just opening the hotel doors, stole up to my "schlaf zimmer," and was speedily dreaming myself once more at the bottom of the Himmelfahrt mine.

A TOKEN.

THIS little golden curl you gave
 To me long years ago,
 Shines, like a cowslip on a grave,
 Above my buried woe!
 What thoughts and dreams it summons back
 From youth, whose music pain'd!
 Lo! it unites the love I lack
 With that I might have gain'd.

We loved each other, you and I,
 We toy'd, as lovers will;
 Two tiny clouds through azure sky
 Moved slowly without will,
 Driven by inner cloud and storm
 No human eye may know,
 And distance-shaped to hue and form
 For eyes that watch below.

Now, if I have a hope, 'tis one
 That shows you still are dear:
 'Tis—when this human life is done,
 And all this doubt and fear,
 And I such scorn no longer brave
 As parted you from me—
 That, on my breast within the grave,
 This little curl may be.

For in mine eyes you are so fair,
 That I can picture thee
 A holy angel of the air,
 From human grossness free;
 Ay, one of those who will to bliss
 Awake the dead that sleep;
 And you might know me, dear, by this
 Small token that I keep!

NEWTON NEVILLE.

MARY STUART AND CHASTELÂR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE peerless Mary Stuart was still in her blooming teens when, by the death of her young husband, Francis II., bereft alike of wedded love and regal supremacy in the "land of the lilies," and abandoned wholly to her sorrows, she reluctantly quitted that fair France she loved so well, to seek once more in doubt and danger the rugged shores of her native realm.

Admiration for the *Reine Blanche** was at that time not confined to France and Scotland; it was European. Can an impulse so universal be wondered at when we gaze on her portraits? All about her yielded to the resistless charm of that beauteous face and form, which only to look on was to love. Contemporary poets might aptly say that "the loveliest rose of Scotia bloomed on the topmost branch." Ronsard and Du Bellay called her the *tenth* Muse. Yet, after all the rhapsodies of the poets, she was rather worshipped as a real woman, endowed with infinite perfections, than as a mythical ideal,—and that with a devotion as touching as it was chivalrous in its hopeless generosity.

Unhappily, the favour of the lovely Stuart was as signally disastrous to those upon whom it lighted as her own "fatal gift of beauty" proved to herself. There is a strange, sad moral in the history of this beautiful queen. "Probably the gift that women most desire, beyond riches, wisdom, even virtue itself," remarks a recent writer, "is a power of fascination over the other sex;" and this dangerous charm must have been possessed by Mary to a degree that in the days of Greece and Rome would have been attributed to supernatural influence. With all her advantages of rank, talent, and education, this very quality, so far from adding to her happiness, seems to have been the one engine which worked her destruction, and that of every kindly heart that came within her sphere. Of all the eminently beautiful women the world has seen, Mary Stuart wrought the most of wreck and utter ruin with the kindest disposition and best intentions. Delilah, we have never doubted, was a heartless sensualist, covetous only of pleasure and gold. The Phrynes and Aspasia were, probably, finished courtesans, with whom the affections were but instruments necessary to a profession of which they were thorough mistresses. Cleopatra, like a royal voluptuary, grudged no price for her desire; and in her love of conquest, blazoned forth and made the most of her rich Southern charms. Marguerite de Valois knew and cultivated her resplendent beauty with the diligence of a devotee and the scientific aptitude of a Frenchwoman. But the Queen of Scots alone seems to have been half

* Mary was called "*La Reine Blanche*," from having mourned forty days in white for her first husband, Francis II.

ignorant and wholly careless of those advantages which women most prize and cherish,—seems to have regarded her loveliness as little as the flower its fragrance, and to have gone about frankly and freely dispensing her dangerous notice with the innocence of an involuntary and unconscious coquette.

Of physical beauty there is no question that she possessed an extraordinary share, perhaps more than any woman of that or any other age. Like her mother (Mary of Lorraine), she was of lofty stature and peculiar dignity of bearing, whilst she inherited from her father an exact symmetry and the most graceful proportions. James V., though he made bad use of his physical advantages, was one of the comeliest and best-limbed men in his dominions. Mary's hand was a model for a sculptor, whilst every gesture and every movement of her body was at once womanly and dignified. But it was the Queen's face that riveted the attention and fascinated both sexes with its entrancing loveliness. Other women might be beautiful; other women might have had the same smooth, open brow, the same chiselled features and pencilled eyebrows, the same delicate chin, and white, full neck and bosom, ay, even the same long, soft hazel eyes, and rich, dark chestnut hair; but where was the woman in Europe whose glance, like hers, raised from under those sweeping eyelashes, found its way straight to the heart? whose smile seemed at once to entreat and command, to extort obedience and bestow reward, like sunlight penetrating the coldest object, and warming and brightening all within its sphere?

Since her return from France to the land of her birth, the young sovereign had "behaved herself in a manner so princely, honourably, and discreetly," and was at the same time so courteous and affable, that, with the assistance of Knox and his followers—whose judgment cannot be supposed unprejudiced,—she had gained the universal love and approbation of her subjects—no easy task, considering the conflict of selfish interests around her. She treated gravely of affairs of state with her council, sitting all the while over her embroidery frame, quietly and demurely plying her needle. Hunting, hawking, and other sports filled up the day; and music and dancing were the usual amusements of the evening. The majority of her subjects made allowance for their Queen's youth, gaiety, and beauty; and, so long as she discharged her duties in a grave and princely manner, did not blame her for endeavouring to enliven the Court of her native kingdom with some shadow of the festivities which had surrounded her while on the throne of France. Unimpeachable in her public conduct, the accomplished princess loved to retire into something like private society, but always with the honourable attendance of her ladies, and accessible to the ambassadors who resided at her Court. When Randolph, the English envoy, once pressed matters of state upon her at such a moment, "I see," she said, "you are weary of this reception. You had better preserve your diplomatic gravity, and return to Edinburgh, and keep all your weighty conversation till the Queen returns there; for

I promise you, I do not know myself what is now become of her, or when she will return to her throne and canopy of state."

Mary—at this epoch of her life more the heroine of romance than of history—was herself conscious, it would seem, of her tendency to this easy pleasantry, and had an apprehension that in an unguarded moment it might be carried too far. Indeed, a melancholy instance of this did occur in the case of one of her suite. The girl-queen had the good sense, shortly after her enthronement in the gloomy halls of Holyrood, to dismiss most of her French followers. It would have been well had the poet Chastelâr been among the number. Young, handsome, and well-born, his romantic disposition and undoubted talents had rendered him an especial favourite in the gay circles of the Court of France, where so many of its nobility had congregated round the youthful consort of Francis, to pay their homage as much to her beauty as to her sovereignty. To look on Chastelâr, with his long, dark curls, and his bright eyes, was to behold the poet-type in its most attractive form; and when to beauty of feature and culture of mind were added a graceful figure, skill in horsemanship—as in all knightly exercises,—great kindliness of disposition, and gentle birth, what wonder that with the ladies of Mary's Court, to be in love with Chastelâr was as indispensable a fashion as to wear a pointed stomacher or a delicate lace edging to the ruff? And Chastelâr, with true poet-nature, sunned himself in their smiles, and enjoyed life intensely, as only such natures can, and bore about with him the while an unsuspected and incurable sorrow near akin to madness in his heart.

Chastelâr was a nephew on his mother's side of the renowned knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*," Bayard, and a native of Dauphiny. At an early age he had entered the household of the Constable Montmorency, and was afterwards promoted to that of the Marshal d'Amville. Firmly attached from childhood to the illustrious house of Montmorency, he was one of those gallant and loyal gentlemen who followed its fortunes, alike ready to share the disgrace or favour which was reflected by turns, as the event might be, from chief to retainer. Possessing the defects as well as the good qualities of the men of his day—imaginative, intellectual, brave, a duellist, indifferent as to religious matters, and a poet in his hours of love and leisure—at the Court of the Louvre, among the gay and glittering retinue of Catherine de' Medici, Chastelâr was held pre-eminently *à la mode*,—in its *salons* by his wit and courtesy, in its duels by his courage and address. Hitherto he had trifled with love as he had with danger. When his duties as a gentleman and a soldier were fulfilled, and the Marshal had nothing further to require of him, Chastelâr thought only of penning some quatrain wherewith to insinuate himself the more willingly into some fair one's heart, or was equally ready to do battle for the friend or mistress whose colours he wore. He had had several brilliant affairs of honour, and the boatmen of the Seine knew him well, for more than twice or thrice had they ferried him across from the Louvre shore to that of the Pré-aux-

Clercs opposite. Chastelâr had indeed figured conspicuously among the heroes of that rendezvous for measuring swords; and in those days great was such *prestige* both in Court and city, and a high recommendation even to princesses of the blood as well as to fair dames and demoiselles of quality. Chastelâr owed more than one conquest to the renown thus acquired for skill and valour. Even Ronsard had allowed himself to be captivated by the halo of wit and gallantry which hovered around Chastelâr. From the height of that poetic throne upon which his contemporaries had placed him he had deigned to encourage and applaud the inspirations of the enterprising youth who, without rest or truce, pursued at one and the same time military glory, literary fame, and ladies' love:—

“ Farfallone amoroso
Notte giorno e d'intorno e girando
Delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto Adoncino d'amor.”

A somewhat frivolous exterior and volatile manner, however, concealed a strong and fervid nature, a delicate and morbid sensibility which none suspected, not even Chastelâr himself, but the revelation of which grew out of suffering, through the indescribable tortures of a passion into which he rashly threw his entire soul, and which passion the lovely woman who was its idol reciprocated at most by coquetry only. Availing himself of the marked and flattering notice he had obtained at the Court of Francis II., Chastelâr had, during the brief term of her widowhood in France, paid assiduous court to Mary Stuart, who, on her part, never regarded the homage he offered her in verse as anything else but those puffed phrases, the loyal and gallant declarations which were so much the fashion at that epoch, and with which she was daily overwhelmed. A poetess herself, as much by nature as by study, her heart warmed towards those who indulged in the same delightful art. Chastelâr wrote both in French and Italian; and finding that Mary deigned to read and admire his productions, he seems thenceforth to have made her the only theme of his enamoured and too presumptuous Muse. But it happened that at the time Chastelâr's mad passion for the Queen was at its height, she was, as we have already said, forced to quit the land she loved so well. Marshal d'Amville—who was utterly ignorant of Chastelâr's infatuation, and who, encouraged by the kind demeanour of the Queen, himself aspired to succeed to Francis as her husband—accompanied the fair exile to Scotland, and took Chastelâr with him, to whom, as he never thought he should find in him a rival, he entrusted the secret of his love; and when he was forced to quit Mary he left the young poet with her, charging him to maintain the recollection of his passion in the heart of the Queen. This confidential office brought Chastelâr in still closer contact with Mary; and as, from his talents as a musician and a poet, the Queen treated him with unusual favour, he grew insensibly bold enough in his own blind adoration to risk everything in order to obtain another title.

Chastelâr, shortly after Mary's return to Scotland, went repeatedly backwards and forwards between Paris and Edinburgh, both as a retainer and confidant of D'Amville, and occasionally as the special messenger of the Queen, charged with important communications to her uncles, the Guises, and other high personages ; and bringing back, in prose and verse, not only the homage of the enamoured D'Amville, but of Ronsard and the rest of her adorers at the Court of Charles IX. It was Chastelâr who laid at her feet these tuneful regrets of his literary patron, Ronsard :*—

“ Le jour que vostre voile aux vents se recourba,
Et de nos yeux pleurans les vostres désroba,
Ce jour, la même voile emporta loin de France
Les Muses qui souloient y faire demeurance,
Quand l'heureuse fortune icy vous arrestoit,
Et le sceptre françois entre vos mains estoit.
Depuis, notre Parnasse est devenu sterile ;
La source maintenant d'une bourbe distille,
Son laurier est séché, son lierre est detruit,
Et sa croupe jumelle est ceincte d'une nuit.

* * * * *

Quand cet ivoire blanc qui enfle votre sein,
Quand votre longue, gresle et délicate main,
Quand votre belle taille et votre beau corsage
Qui ressemble au portrait d'une céleste image ;
Quand vos sages propos, quand vostre douce voix
Qui pourroit esmouvoir les rochers et les bois,
Las ! ne sont plus icy ; quand tant de beautez rares
Dont les graces des cieux ne vous furent avarés,
Abandonnant la France, ont d'un autre costé
L'agréable sujet de nos vers emporté ;
Comment pourraient chanter les bouches des poètes,
Quand par vostre départ les Muses sont muettes ?
Tout ce qui est de beau ne se garde longtemps :
Les roses et les lys ne régner qu'au printemps.
Ainsi vostre beauté, seulement apparüe
Quinze ans en nostre France, est soudain disparüe,
Comme on voit d'un éclair s'évanouir le trait,
Et d'elle n'a laissé sinon que le regret,
Sinon le déplaisir qui me remet sans cesse
Au cœur le souvenir d'une telle princesse.”

* * * * *

Mary, in return for these gallant verses, sent the author from Holyrood a magnificent buffet of chased silver plate, which cost two thousand crowns, with the inscription, “*A Ronsard l'Apollon François.*” This royal guerdon was placed in charge of Chastelâr, to deliver among other

* Ronsard had in his youth lived for three years as page to Mary's father, the gay and handsome James V., was teacher of poetry afterwards to his lovely daughter, when Dauphiness, and became one of her most ardent admirers.

tokens and pledges of the *White Queen's* enduring love for "her most cherished, pleasant land of France."

Unhappily for the amiable and light-hearted Mary, excessive familiarity and undue favouritism exposed her at this time to slanderous attacks. The respect due to the Queen was forgotten in the great liberty allowed by the woman. One Captain Hepburn ventured to behave towards her with brutal indelicacy, and escaped punishment only by flight. His example did not, however, serve as a warning to the unfortunate Chastelâr. That fervid lyrist addressed impassioned verses to her, which too plainly revealed his invincible passion.

"O déesse . . .
Ces buissons et ces arbres
Qui sont entour de moy,
Ces rochers et ces marbres,
Sçavent bien mon émoÿ ;

"Bref, rien de la nature
N'ignore ma blessure,
Fors seulement
Toi que prende nourriture
En mon cruel tourment.

"Mais s'il t'est agréable
De me voir misérable
En tourment tel ;
Mon malheur déplorable
Soyt sur moy immortel !"

Mary replied to these effusions by others of responsive sentiment, and so kindled the already heated imagination of the devoted young man, that it reached the verge of delirium and madness. On his return to France, at the time of the first civil war, he had felt no disposition to march with D'Amville against his co-religionists, the Huguenots, or join the Huguenots against his liege lord D'Amville, and had consequently taken an early opportunity to revisit Scotland. He arrived secretly in Edinburgh, without apprising any one in that city of his movements.

Mary Stuart was sitting one morning in her favourite bower at Holyrood, surrounded by those youthful maids of honour who had attended her in France, and to whom she had become so greatly attached,—for they were her countrywomen, and of the same age as herself. The young and lovely princess was engaged at her embroidery frame, laughing and chatting with her four attendant Maries, when the gentleman usher, who stood at the door of the apartment, entered, and with a low obeisance presented a letter to the Queen. Mary took the missive with a gracious smile from the person presenting it, and contemplating it for a moment before she opened it, with a look of pleased surprise,—for it was curiously, or rather, fancifully, folded, tied with green silk thread, and highly perfumed :—

"This, sure," she said, "is from none of our Scottish subjects: the fold is French." And she sighed. "It hath the cut and fashion of the *billet-doux* at St. Germain, and," she added, laughing, "the precise flavour too, I dare avouch. But I should know this handwriting," she went on; "I have seen it before. This, however, will solve the mystery." And she tore the letter open, and was instantly employed in reading it, blushing and smiling by turns, as she proceeded with the perusal. When she had done, "Mary Seton," she said, raising her eyes from the paper, and addressing that one of the bevy nearest her, "whom, think you, is this letter from?"

"I cannot guess, madam," replied the young lady appealed to.

"Do try," rejoined Mary.

"Nay, indeed I cannot," said the former, now pausing in her work, and looking laughingly at her royal mistress. "Perhaps from the Count Desmartine, or from Dufour, or Dubois?"

"No, no, no," replied the Queen, laughing; "neither of these, Mary. But I will have compassion on your curiosity, and tell you. Would you believe it?—it is from Chastelâr, the poet."

"Chastelâr!" repeated the maiden, in amazement; "what in all the earth can have brought him here?"

"Nay, I know not," said the Queen, blushing,—for she guessed, or rather, feared the cause. "But read and judge for yourself," she added, handing her attendant the letter, which contained a very beautiful laudatory poem, full of feeling and passion, addressed to herself, and which the writer concluded by requesting that he might be permitted to form part of her Court, declaring that it would be joy inexpressible for him to be near her person, he cared not in how lowly or mean a capacity. The having opportunities of seeing and serving her, he said, would reconcile him to any degradation of rank, to any loss—save that of honour.

"In sooth, very pretty verses," said the maid of honour, returning the poem to the Queen, "but, methinks, somewhat over-bold."

"Why, I do think so too, Mary. Chastelâr rather forgets himself; but poets, you know, have a licence, and I cannot be harsh to the poor young man. It would be cruel, ungenerous, and unworthy of me."

"But what say you, madam, to his request to be attached to your Court?"

"As to that, I know not well what to say, indeed," rejoined the Queen. "Chastelâr, you know, Mary, is a gentleman, both by birth and education. He is accomplished in a very high degree, and of a graceful person and pleasing manners, and would thus do no discredit to our Court; but, I fear me, he might be guilty of some indiscretions—for he is a child of passion as well as song—that might lead him into danger, and bring some blame on me. Still, I cannot think of rejecting altogether his humble suit, so prettily preferred; and if he would promise to conduct himself with becoming gravity and reserve in all matters, and at all times

avoid ruffling and duelling, I object not that he be attached to our Court. I will, at all events, make trial of him for a short space.—Kerr," she now called out to a page in waiting, "go to the hostelry whence this letter came, and say to the gentleman by whom it has been sent, that we desire to see him forthwith. Let him accompany you, Kerr."

In a short time after the messenger had been despatched with the invitation to Chastelâr, the door of the Queen's apartment was thrown wide open, and that person entered. His bow to the Queen was exceedingly graceful, and not less so, though measured with scrupulous exactness in their expression of deference, were those he directed to her ladies. Chastelâr's countenance was at this instant suffused with a vivid blush, and it was evident that he was under the excitement of highly agitated feelings, but he lost not for a moment, nor in the slightest degree, his presence of mind; neither did these feelings prevent him conducting himself at this interview with the most perfect propriety.

"Chastelâr," said the Queen, after the ceremonies of a first salutation were over, "I perceive you have lost none of your cunning in the gentle craft. Those were really pretty lines you sent me, choice in expression, and melodiously arranged. I assure thee it is a very happy piece."

"How could it be otherwise, madam," replied Chastelâr, bowing low, "with such a subject?"

"Nay, nay," said Mary, laughing and blushing at the same time, "I am no subject, Chastelâr, but an anointed queen. Thou canst not make a subject of me."

Chastelâr now in turn blushed, and said, smiling, "Your wit, madam, has thrown me out; but, avoiding this play on words, my position is good, undeniable. All men acknowledge it."

"Go to, go to, Chastelâr; thou wert ever a flatterer. But 'tis a poet's trade. Thou art a dangerous flatterer, however; for thou dost praise so prettily that one cannot suspect thy sincerity, nor be angry with thee, even when thou deservest that one should. But enough of this in the mean time. You may now retire, O prince of troubadours, and I think the sooner the better, for the safety of these fair maidens' hearts, and your own peace of mind, which a longer stay might endanger. Our chamberlain will provide thee with suitable apartments, and see to thy wants.—Mark," she added, laughingly, "we retain thee in our service in the capacity of our poet—of Court poet,—a high and honourable appointment; and thy reward shall be the smiles and approbation of these fair ladies, the beauty of all and each of whom I expect thou wilt forthwith embalm in immortal verse."

Chastelâr, bowing, was now about to retire, when the Queen, again addressing him, said, "We will send for thee again in the afternoon, to bear us company for a while, when thou wilt please bring with thee some of thy newest and choicest madrigals."

Expressing a deep sense of the honour proposed to be conferred on

him, of the Queen's kind condescension, and avowing his devotedness to her service, Chastelâr withdrew, and was provided with the promised apartments by the express orders of Mary herself. On being left alone, Chastelâr again fell into one of those reveries to which he was prone, and again launched into that strain of extravagant adulation which, on another occasion, he had embodied in verse. Again he compared Mary, in his incoherent ravings, to everything that is beautiful in earth, sea, and sky; but comparing her to these only that he might assert how far she surpassed them. There were mingled, too, with his eulogiums, on this occasion, expressions of that imprudent passion which subsequently at once urged him to commit the most daring offences, and blinded him to their consequences. Poor Chastelâr's ravings, in the instance of which we are just speaking, were unconsciously uttered; but they were unfortunately loud enough to arrest the attention of the domestics, who were passing to and fro in the lobby into which the door of his apartment opened. These, attracted by his rapturous exclamations, listened, from time to time, at his door, and were highly amused with the rhapsodies of the imprudent poet. The latter becoming more and more vehement, and in proportion more entertaining, the domestics finally gathered in a cluster around the door, to the number of six or eight, and, with suppressed laughter, overheard all that the excited and unguarded inmate chose to utter. That, however, was so incoherent, or at least of so high-flown a character, that the listeners could make nothing of it; and, as they could not, they immediately concluded it to be nonsense, and the speaker a madman. But there came one to the spot, at this unfortunate moment, who, with sharper intellect and more comprehension, at once discovered the meaning that lurked under the florid language of the poet's ill-timed soliloquies.

While the servants were crowded round the door of Chastelâr's apartment, too intent on their amusement to notice the approach of any one, a chance-comer had advanced unseen to within a few paces of where they stood. Here, with his arms folded across his breast, he had remained unobserved for several seconds, gazing with a look of surprise and displeasure on the merry group assembled around the poet's door. When, however, he was discovered, the knot of listeners instantly broke up in the greatest hurry and alarm.

"How now!" exclaimed the unexpected intruder—a person of about thirty years of age, of rather slender form, of cold and haughty demeanour and austere countenance,—“how now!” he repeated, in a voice the tones of which were naturally severe; “what means this idling? what do ye all here, knaves, in place of attending to your duties?”

Instead of answering this question, the terrified domestics were now endeavouring to make off in all directions; but the querist's curiosity, or perhaps suspicion, having been excited by what he had seen, he instantly arrested their progress by calling on them, in a voice of increased severity and vehemence, to stop.

"Come hither, Johnstone," he exclaimed, addressing one of the fugitives; "I must know what ye have been all about." And without waiting for an answer, "Who occupies this apartment?" he inquired, pointing to that in which was Chastelâr.

"An' please ye, my lord," replied Johnstone, bowing with the most profound respect, "ane that we think's no vera wise. He's been bletherin' awa' there to himsel', saving your honour's presence, like a bubbly-jock, for this half-hour back, and we can neither mak tap, tail, nor mane o' what he's saying."

"What! a madman, Johnstone?" said the Earl of Moray, the Queen's half-brother, for it was no less a personage; then hurriedly added, "Who is he? what is he? where is he from? when came he hither?"

The man answered categorically,—

"I dinna ken, my lord, wha he is; but frae the thinness o' his chafts, I tak him to be ane o' your French launloupers. He cam to the palace about twa hours syne."

The Earl's curiosity was now still further excited, and without saying a word more, he drew near to the door of Chastelâr's apartment, and became also an auditor of the poor poet's unguarded language; but not such as it was in the case of the listeners who had preceded him. To him that language was perfectly intelligible; at least, to the extent of informing him of Chastelâr's ambitious love. To Moray this was a secret worth knowing; and, in the hope that he might discover this attachment to be reciprocal, and thus acquire an additional influence over the Queen, his sister, at the expense of her reputation, he considered it a singularly fortunate incident. Perhaps he expected that it would do even more for him than this; that it would eventually help him to the accomplishment of certain daring views towards the Crown itself, of which he was not unsuspected. Whether, however, he was able to trace, in distinct and definite lines, any consequences favourable to himself from the fact which had just come to his knowledge, it is certain he was pleased with the discovery, and considered it an important acquisition. That he viewed it in this light, indeed, was evident even by his countenance, cautiously guarded as its expressions ever were.

Lord James Stuart, created Earl of Moray by his half-sister—the lay-churchman, the soldier-statesman—was, after her, the most important personage in Scotland, by reason of his royal descent, the position which he had taken in the affairs of the country, the influence which he exercised as the secular head of the "Reformed" party, and the confidence with which he had inspired most of the nobility. Though still young, he had earned considerable distinction, both as a soldier and a politician. To the most undaunted courage he added the most consummate ability. Possessing great judgment, energy of character, and firmness of purpose, with less variableness and cunning than is commonly ascribed to his astute and fickle countrymen, frank and blunt, though not incapable of dissimulation

and falsehood, he was always guided by that resolute good sense which seldom fails to conduct a man quickly and safely to the object he has in view.

The Earl, on being assured of the fact of Chastelâr's attachment to the Queen, withdrew from the door with a look and brief expression of satisfaction, and went directly in quest of the chamberlain. On finding whom,—

"So, Mr. Chamberlain," he said, "we have got, I find, another animal added to our herd of fawning, drivelling courtiers. Pray, who or what is he—this person who has taken up his quarters in the northern gallery? and by whose authority has he been installed there?"

"By the Queen's, my lord," replied the chamberlain; "I have had express and direct orders from the Queen herself to provide this gentleman with apartments in the palace, and to see to his suitable entertainment."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Earl, biting his lip, and musing for a moment. "By her own express orders!" he repeated; "it is very well." Then, after a pause, "Know ye this favoured person's name, Mr. Chamberlain?"

"Chastelâr," replied the latter.

"Chastelâr! Chastelâr!" repeated the Earl, mechanically, and again musing; "why, I think I have heard of that gallant before. He is one of those triflers called poets, methinks,—a versifier, a scribbler of jingling rhymes. Is it not so?"

"I have heard the Queen say so, my lord," replied the chamberlain. "She has spoken of him in my hearing as a poet."

"Ah! the same, the same," said the Earl; "but how obtained he access to the Queen, know ye?"

"Through his own direct application, my lord. He addressed a poetical epistle to her Grace, I understand, from Goodal's hostelry, where he had taken up his quarters in the first place, requesting permission to wait upon her."

"And it was granted?" interrupted the Earl.

"It was, my lord; and he has already had an audience."

"Ah! so!" said the Earl, without having, during any part of this conversation, evinced the slightest emotion, or symptom of the deep interest he took in the communications which were being made to him. "Know ye," he went on, "if that favour is to be soon again conferred on him? When will he be again admitted to the presence?"

"That, my lord, rests on the Queen's pleasure; but I hear say that he is to attend her this evening in her sitting apartment."

"So, so!" said the Earl, nodding his head as he uttered the words; and turning on his heel, he walked away without further remark.

From the officer with whom he had just been speaking the Earl of Moray carefully concealed the motives which had prompted his inquiries, but determined henceforth to watch with the utmost vigilance the proceedings of the Queen and Chastelâr, until some circumstance should occur

that might put them both fairly within his power. Unaware of the dangerous surveillance under which he was already placed, it was with a delight which only he himself, perhaps, could feel, that Chastelâr received in the evening the promised invitation from the Queen to attend her and her ladies in their sitting-chamber. The invitation was conveyed in some playful verses—an art in which Mary excelled—written on embossed paper. The enthusiastic poet read the delightful lines a thousand times over, dwelt with rapture on each word and phrase, and finally kissed the precious document with all the eagerness and fervour of highly excited and uncontrollable emotion. Having indulged in these tender susceptibilities for some time, Chastelâr at length folded up the unconscious object of his adoration, thrust it into his bosom, took up a small *port-feuille* covered with red morocco leather, gilt and embossed, the depository of his poetical effusions, and hurried to the apartment of the Queen, where he was speedily set to the task of reading his compositions for the entertainment of the assembled fair ones; and it is certain that on more than one of them, the tender and impassioned manner of the bard, as he recited his really beautiful verses, added to his highly prepossessing appearance and graceful delivery, made an impression by no means favourable to their night's repose. It would, however, perhaps be more tedious than interesting, were we to detail all that passed on the night in question in the Queen's apartment, to record all the witty and pleasant things that were said and done by the Queen, her ladies, and her poet. Be it enough to say that the latter retired at a pretty late hour; his imprudent passion, we cannot say increased, for of that it would not admit, but strengthened in its wild and ambitious hopes.

From that fatal night poor Chastelâr firmly believed that his love was returned; that he had inspired in the bosom of Mary a passion as ardent as his own. Into this unhappy error the poet's own heated and disturbed imagination had betrayed him, by representing in the light of special marks of favour occurrences that were merely the emanations of a kind and gentle nature—thus fatally misled by a passion which, if notorious for occasioning groundless fears, is no less so for inspiring unfounded hopes. Such, at any rate, was its effect in the case of Chastelâr on the night in question. On gaining his own chamber he flung himself into a chair, and spent nearly the whole of the remainder of the night in the indulgence of the wildest and most extravagant dreams of future bliss; for, in the blindness of his passion and tumult of his hopes, he saw no difficulties, and feared no dangers.

A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

CHAMPAGNE! What a magic is contained in this simple word! It is a characteristic fact, that Mozart and champagne came into the world at about the same time—the middle of the last century,—and no pen can describe the nature of champagne better than Mozart did, in 1759, by his champagne song in “Don Giovanni.” Curiously enough, however, we have scarcely any evidence as to the birth of the glorious wine. Even the best French writers on the subject are unable to tell us anything certain about it. The fact is, that champagne has no history; no one is acquainted with its origin, no inscription records the name of its inventor. Not that its birth is lost in the mists of antiquity, for it is generally assumed that champagne did not become popular before one hundred years ago, and that its discovery was owing to an accident. But in vain do we search for more precise information; in books of that period sparkling wine is frequently alluded to as a well-known thing, much like the earliest allusions to gunpowder. In the reports of the London and Paris Exhibitions, a history of the manufacture is presented to us in the case of every trade production—except champagne. Nor is there even a semi-mythical person stated as the discoverer,—like the monk, Berthold Schwarz, who is supposed to have invented gunpowder, or King Gambrinus, the first brewer.

With no slight expectation did we look up the article “Art et Théorie du Vin,” in the great “Encyclopédie Méthodique,” of 1782. Practice and theory of wine,—was not this promising? But this lengthened treatise only once alludes, and that parenthetically, to champagne, when referring to incomplete fermentation. Equally unproductive was the much more comprehensive treatise on “le Marchand de Vin.” We came across innumerable methods and receipts to give wines colour, bouquet, sweetness, and other virtues, and were surprised to find adulteration so extensively practised at that remote day; but we discovered no statement how champagne is prepared. Here, again, there is an incidental reference to this wine, in a statement as to the influence of frost. We read, “Sparkling wines—as, for instance, champagne—lose, to a certain extent, their power of effervescing; for it is known that this foam is only produced by the escape of the fixed air, and Dr. Priestley instructed us, many years ago, that this acid escapes from fluids at the moment of their freezing.” We unexpectedly found a short notice in the section relating to “l’Art du Vigneron,” to the following effect:—“The art of producing sparkling wines consists in bottling the wine toward the end of March, when the sap begins to rise in the vine; this quality can also be sometimes imparted to it if it is bottled in autumn. This proves that the foam is merely the product of the influence of the air and the sap, which work powerfully about this time, both in the wood of the vine and in the fluid derived from it.”

As is seen, method and theory are equally unproductive. Doubtless it would be possible to obtain more accurate information about the origin of this trade in Champagne itself; the more so as the great mystery maintained about it up to very recent times has gradually disappeared before the acute eye of science: to this mystery, however, must be indubitably ascribed the little instruction about the manufacture to be obtained from older works.

It is of great advantage to any written description, when the public employ the correct expression in alluding to the subject; hence it is valuable for our purpose that people speak universally of champagne manufacture as a thing of course. It was not always so; champagne was formerly regarded as a natural production, in the same sense as ordinary wine at the present time. We shall find, however, that the production of this fluid is very artificial, and surpasses many mechanical factories in its operations and resources.

Two opinions are still contending as regards wine and other cognate articles. The elder asserts that wine is thoroughly natural, and produced from the organic vitality of the vine; that any addition is adulteration, and the mere thought of artificial wine production a sin. According to this view, the warmth of the sun that ripens the grape differs from that of the stove, and the sugar of the grape and the spirit of the wine are different from those of the cane and the potato. The later, or chemical view, handles the subject in quite another way. It recognizes in wine a number of varying ingredients which are found elsewhere in nature, or can be artificially produced. The only point is accurately to decide the nature and proportion of these wine components, and then wine can be as artificially mixed and composed as any other chemical preparation. Chemists, it is true, do not consider the question solved, but do not give it up as insoluble.

On one occasion, when the cellarer of the Duke of Nassau offered a bumper of the finest cabinet wine to the renowned analyst, Fresenius, he said, "Come, the chemists cannot make that, eh?" To which the professor smartly replied, "Only give us a cask of this wine to experiment on, and we will see." As such a cask is worth from £400 to £500, we shall probably have to wait some time ere the chemical analysis supplies a satisfactory conclusion. The investigation of small parcels of wine does not allow an accurate settlement of those ingredients, very small quantities of which are contained in wine, and yet have an influence on its quality. We find a similar contest between the partisans of natural and artificial mineral waters. It was at first regarded almost as a crime to attempt to imitate the springs born in the mysterious depths of the mountains, and which were supposed to contain a specific spirit which could not possibly be produced from a chemist's retort. For all that, though, the manufacture of artificial waters has attained a very large development, accompanied by the most satisfactory curative results.

Still we must not forget, in the chemical reproduction of natural

products, that even the furthest advanced science is only so relatively. The experience of the last few years has furnished striking proofs of this. By the spectral analysis, many elements have been proved to exist in mineral waters which were formerly overlooked, owing to their small quantity; while in other waters quite new elements have been found. In the same way succinic acid has been recently recognized as a product of the process of fermentation, and we are hence not justified in asserting the absolute identity of artificially imitated natural productions, even if we allow that a resemblance closely approaching identity may be acquired.

In the manufacture of champagne we borrow the principal material, the wine, immediately from the vine, and it performs its own process of fermentation. After the latter is completed, the artificial treatment begins, by which the sparkling quality is imparted to the wine.

The expressed juice of the grape, or what is called must, is opaque, has no particular smell, and is more or less sweet. Generally it is a watery fluid, containing a certain amount of saccharine; the more the better. It has been found that the sugar in grape juice amounts to from 14 to 26 per cent. Were the must mere sugar-water, however, it would not alter its qualities or be converted into wine. The contrary is notoriously the fact. After a short time, fermentation sets in—a perfect revolution which changes all the existing circumstances, and gives birth to fresh ones. This fermentation is produced by other elements contained in the must. The latter contains albumen, tannin, mucus, and tartar, in a state of solution. The remarkably sour taste of the last is hidden in the must by the sweetness of the saccharine. The albumen, however, is the revolutionary element that produces fermentation, which first assails the sugar. The components of sugar are alcohol, and the carbonic acid which rises and escapes in the form of countless bubbles. For this object the bung is kept out of barrels in which wine is fermenting. The fluid obtains in this way a milky appearance, and foams violently. The spirituous flavour then sets in, the sweetness is reduced, and the tartar becomes more perceptible. Chemistry teaches us that 100 lbs. of sugar contain exactly 51 lbs. of alcohol and 49 lbs. of carbonic acid.

When the fermentation is over, the fluid becomes clear, and we call it wine. The at first violent fermentation gradually becomes calmer, and usually ends during the winter, so that the young wine is fit for drinking in the following spring.

So much as to the general nature of wine; let us now examine that of Champagne, and see which of the above-mentioned ingredients prevail in it. The result is not very flattering for the still wines of Champagne, for we read, “The wines which are made sparkling in Champagne have neither strength nor bouquet. The soil is very poor and sterile; the upper stratum is generally a grey or reddish clay, and the one beneath it chalk. It is evident that such a soil can only produce a poor quality of wine.”

It is hardly possible to give a wine a worse character than this, and it is certain that the still wines of Champagne enjoy no special reputation. They do not appear in the export lists, and the attempt to bring champagne *non-mousseux* into fashion was an utter failure.

From our own experience, we found a rather acid taste in the raw wine of Champagne. Its bouquet, to which our attention was specially attracted, exactly resembled the smell of cognac, but it was not at all so peculiar and decided as to have any material influence on the quality of the artificially produced champagne. In conclusion, we may remark that the wine of Champagne is not so light as is generally assumed: it contains, on the average, ten per cent. of alcohol, or more than the light Rhenish wines usually have. We may also refer to the acidity of the Champagne wines, which is very considerable, and we were told at Rheims that a very thick crust of tartar was deposited in the casks.

How was the foaming, beading beverage produced out of the still wine of Champagne? In all probability the invention occurred in the following way:—We have seen that the natural champagne is acid, and it was very possible that after the first fermentation somebody hit on the idea of giving it sweetness by adding sugar, and then bottling it. Very possibly, the second process of fermentation destroyed most of the bottles, or at least sent the corks flying. But it is equally possible that some of the bottles escaped, and offered a pleasant, sparkling drink, which recommended a more careful trial of the experiment. Stouter bottles were selected, the cork was secured, and the trick was done. Still the process remained for a long time uncertain, as is seen from the number of bottles that burst in the last century. We take the extracts from the books of a well-known firm in Rheims. “In 1746 I obtained 6,000 bottles of a very sweet wine, and only saved 120 of them. In the year 1747 the wine was not so sweet, and I only lost one-third of the bottles.” From further notices we learn that in succeeding years the loss was slighter—only one-sixth, one-tenth, and even one-twentieth; but we do not find whether in the latter instance the wine was perfectly sparkling.

These statements only prove what uncertainty accompanied the manufacture of champagne in those days, and that it was consequently in its childhood, in which it remained for a long time, as nearly one hundred years later we meet with numerous instances of an empirical method of manufacture which now and then led to perfect catastrophes. In 1842, when the wine was stronger than usual, some of the fabricants were almost ruined by the bursting of bottles. From this period date the successful efforts to introduce some system into the manufacture. We will enter more into detail about them.

For the production of champagne, an uncoloured wine, obtained from red grapes, or what is called *clairet*, is preferred. For this purpose the grapes are slightly pressed; the must that runs off spontaneously supplies the first quality, and a gentle pressure the second. As a rule, it is calcu-

lated that each bottle of champagne, which contains three-fourths of a litre, costs in the raw state fourpence-halfpenny. The treatment of the wine is naturally a matter of the utmost importance, and requires great care and experience; old-established houses have consequently a great advantage. The wines obtained from different vineyards are mixed together, so as not to have any predominant taste; and when the fermentation is over, the wine is racked off and ripe for the manufacturing process. Of this raw material the fabricant has at the most only three qualities with which to produce countless varieties of sparkling wines. The distinction is effected by later additions.

When there is a deficiency of red grapes, white are used, and in some districts and years the latter are principally employed. In fact, the difference is almost immaterial: the great thing is, that the red wine possesses no marked quality in the nature of what is known as an earthy taste. Up to this point matters have gone on naturally: the juice of the grape has been converted into wine by its own fermenting process, and a perfectly new character is about to be imparted to it by the addition of foreign substances and a peculiar mode of treatment. A cask of wine is selected, and about three per cent. of "liqueur" is added to it, which is merely a solution of very pure sugar-candy in an equal quantity of wine of the same quality. So long as the sugar of the grape was supposed to differ from that of the cane or beetroot, raisins were employed in making the liqueur; but since it has been allowed that the final results of analysis are the same in all sugars, crystallized sugar is preferred, because it admits of the most careful regulation of the ingredients. Four workmen then set to work bottling the cask, which produces about 1,600 bottles, and finish the job in a day. The first workman fills the bottles, the second corks them by the aid of machinery, and hands them to a third, who puts on a metallic capsule. The last workman removes the bottles to the fermenting-room.

The addition of sugar is intended to produce the *mousse*. Young wine still contains sufficient elements of fermentation to decompose the fresh sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid. This fermentation takes place in the bottle, and consequently the carbonic acid becomes incorporated with the wine. The vault in which the bottles are placed to ferment is a hall of moderate size, which in summer attains the heat of 70° to 75°; while in colder seasons this temperature is reached by the aid of stoves. The bottles filled from each cask are formed into what is called a *cuvée*, and are laid on a brick platform, which inclines slightly; so that when a bottle bursts, its contents can flow into a gutter and collect in a jug, which is emptied twice a day. These drainings are added to a poorer wine, and drunk by the workmen. The bottles are laid on each other in regular rows, to a height of twenty or five-and-twenty feet. The piles thus erected "ride" remarkably safe, as was brilliantly proved in the terrible powder explosion at Mainz, in 1857. An immense stone, which dashed through the cellar roof and fell on a pile of bottles, broke several, but the pile itself

did not stir. And yet this arrangement allows a bottle to be taken out at any time, examined, and returned to its place.

Just as many a genius has to pass through an ordeal of suffering ere his merits are recognized, the noble champagne undergoes heavy and tragical struggles in its youthful days. The first and greatest of them is the risk of the bottle bursting through the expansion of the carbonic gas. There are two ways of preventing this: first, the bottle must be strong enough to resist the pressure; and secondly, care must be taken not to introduce more gas than is required to produce a sparkling wine. The last of these is no easy task. The champagne bottle is one of the strongest made, as will be seen by its weight, which is nearly two pounds. The glass must be of the same thickness everywhere, which fact can be recognized by its regular green colour. Darker spots reveal thicker portions of the glass. The heel must also be of the same thickness throughout, so that no unequal expansion may be produced by any sudden change of temperature. The neck must also be quite round, and gradually widen downwards, otherwise the cork would not pop satisfactorily. In addition, the interior must be perfectly smooth. The latter is of great importance, for experience proves that gas is more easily evolved from fluids when they contain angular and sharp bodies. As a proof of this, we may allude to the fact that when bread-crumbs are thrown into a glass of champagne, it immediately begins to bead. A rough interior to the bottle would have a similar effect, and continually induce the gas to quit the wine, and thus render an explosion more likely. It is hence of importance that the bottles should not only be properly cooled in the glasshouse, but that it should be done with wood fires; as when coal is used, the surface of the glass is often entirely covered with a grey coating, which can only be removed with difficulty. Hence a preference is shown for bottles made in the Black Forest. The price of the bottles is about twopence each.

Neither the appearance nor the weight of bottles is sufficient to prove their power of resistance thoroughly. For this purpose special machines have been constructed, by which the interior of the bottles is exposed to hydraulic pressure. In doing this, the remarkable fact has been found, that many bottles will stand the extraordinary pressure of twenty-five atmospheres, while a bottle which can temporarily resist a very great pressure is burst by a much slighter but continuous pressure. For a long time there was no practical way of measuring the pressure in the inside of champagne bottles, but the difficulty has been satisfactorily solved by the invention of Bourdon's manometer. It is now settled, as a rule, that this atmospheric pressure should not exceed six atmospheres during fermentation, or five in bottles sent out for consumption. But to establish this exact scale is not so easy: for a time the taste decided, and this was tolerably correct, so long as only one sort of wine was used; but now that the fabrication of champagne is carried on upon so large a scale, the taste can be no longer depended on. Besides, a method should always be based

on universal facts. Let us revert to the results of science, which are decisive in this case.

Chemistry instructs us that a gramme* of sugar is decomposed by fermentation into 0·51 of alcohol and 0·49 of carbonic acid. From 3 to 4 grammes of sugar are sufficient to fill a champagne bottle with carbonic acid, and consequently 18 to 20 grammes of sugar will produce five or six bottles of carbonic acid, or a pressure of from four to five atmospheres. The next great point is to ascertain exactly how much sugar must be added while the wine is fermenting in the bottles, in order to produce so much and no more carbonic gas. The system by which this is managed is too technical for our pages, but according to the result of experience in Champagne, the wine set to ferment in bottles should contain from 16 to 18 grammes of sugar, and from 11 to 12 per cent. of alcohol. The sparkling wines are distinguished by three degrees of *mousse*,—*mousse marchande*, *belle mousse*, and *mousse très forte*; of which the first represents the pressure of four atmospheres, the second of five, and the third of six. In the last sort the sugar is estimated at 28·6 grammes per bottle, which produce 6·9 litres of carbonic gas.

On the caution displayed in producing the right proportion of sugar in the wine, depend the favourable result and the amount of breakage. It is regarded as a great advance, that, since the introduction of this method, the loss does not exceed on the average 10 per cent. But it is certain that this loss can be reduced, and science has here a paying question to solve. The fermentation itself is completed in from ten days to a fortnight, and the surviving bottles are then removed to the cellar, whither we may as well accompany them.

In the centre of the large hall, which we entered to view the preparation of champagne, is a square hole, through which we peer down into the black depths. A machine is constantly at work, letting down the fermented wine in baskets, and bringing up other *cuvées* which have been laid down to clear during a year. We see lights flickering about, revealing a large place, and we feel disposed to descend. The obliging *contre-maître*, who acts as guide, gives a signal, and we soon go down a steep flight of stairs. What a surprise! instead of darkness, we find ourselves in a brilliantly illuminated cellar. In the centre is a gaslight with numerous arms, and at the end of each passage is a reflector, with a light burning before it, that produces a dazzling effect. But we do not enjoy the magical sight for long, as so many lights would exert a material influence on the temperature of the cellar, and raise it in an injurious manner. The effect has been produced, and at another signal the lights are put out, with the exception of a few which serve to guide rather than light us. Here and there, too, we see ordinary candles stuck in a cleft stick, which enable a light to be thrown into any nook where inspection appears necessary.

* 500 grammes = 1 lb.

As we walk along we notice that we are in a system of adjoining cellars of moderate height. On both sides of us stand like walls the piled-up champagne bottles in extraordinary numbers. There are probably from five to seven hundred thousand bottles in the cellars, while in some of the large houses the number of bottles frequently exceeds a million. Here and there are hung white tablets, with numbers and letters, indicating the different *cuvées*, and slates are employed to record special remarks.

Closer inspection convinces us that these piles are in very different stages. For this purpose a bottle is drawn out and held up before a candle. These new comers appear very dull: the deposited dregs are spread through the wine in flakes. In older batches we see the commencement of clearing; the flakes have collected into a mass. The majority of the piles, however, offer bottles which, when held up to the light, are perfectly clear. The dregs are deposited on the lower side, as is easily seen on shaking the bottle. A deposit in the shape of threads, called "the claw," or a coating called "the mask," is detested; for there is great difficulty in removing it. Other evils are found in the cellar, and impede the clearing of the wine. In such a case the manufacturer says the wine is sick, and mentions a number of diseases. It appears that there is a wine pathology; but the system of cure is not yet determined. One of the commonest evils is the formation of mucous fibres in the wine; and in such cases it is impossible to remove them. This originates when the wine does not contain the requisite amount of tannin, and the way of preventing it is by introducing artificial tannin made of oak-apples or catechu prior to fermentation.

We go onwards, and come to a division of bottles arranged bottom upwards, in frames made for the purpose. The object of this is, that the deposit may gradually collect in the neck of the bottle. Still, this would not take place voluntarily, and hence the aid of the "shaker" is invoked. We saw this workman busily engaged in shaking every bottle, and then returning it to its place. Daily he goes from bottle to bottle, and thousands of them undergo the operation. At last the bottles are put on their heads; the deposit gathers close to the cork; and when this has been effected, the bottles are brought back to daylight and attain completion.

There is always a certain number of bottles undergoing these various operations. The reserve of clear wine which, however, is still laid down, is the largest of all, because the longest possible rest is regarded as the best condition of an excellent wine. It must last at least a year, though circumstances now and then occur which render it necessary to put the wine on its head at the end of three months. A long rest not only insures perfect clearness, but also so intimately connects the gas with the wine, that it only gradually escapes when the champagne is drunk, and the beading is displayed in its highest beauty in the glass.

But things do not always go on so quietly in the cellar. Violent explosions evidence from time to time that the gas is constantly threaten-

ing to burst its bonds. In fact, the loss in the cellar frequently exceeds that during the process of fermentation. When it occurs periodically, the workman whose duty it is to inspect the bottle at the candle, protects his eyes with wire spectacles. If the bursting of the bottles is seriously augmented, an attempt is made to check the catastrophe by pouring ice-water on the pile, or removing the bottles to a colder spot. From the cellar which we first entered a flight of steps leads down to another of equal size. A cold blast meets us as we enter, for here the temperature is only 8° R., while in the upper cellar it is about 10° . Owing to the breakage the floors of the cellars are inclined, less for the sake of collecting the wine, which is hardly drinkable, than by repeated washing to prevent the formation of acetic acid.

Before we ascend again, let us take a glance at rows of casks in which wine is fermenting, and a further one containing the liqueur, to which we shall presently refer. The most surprising thing, however, is, that we nowhere notice a stock of silver-headed, neatly labelled bottles, such as we are accustomed to on the dinner-table. In fact, the manufactory has no such stock, or else it is so small as not to be worthy mention. The ornaments are placed on the bottle at the moment when it begins its pilgrimage in the wide, wide world.

And now up to the light again! Nothing is more attractive or amusing than a view of the series of operations that perfect champagne. Here those *tours de main* are employed, in which only long practice makes the master; here we at length find those additions whose composition is the secret of the various manufactories, as all the peculiarities of champagne—its colour, strength, sweetness, and bouquet—depend on it. We find ourselves once more in the large hall, when the bottles pass from one workman to the other, as, according to the principle of the division of labour, each undertakes a different task. The ball is opened by the “degorgneur.” In one hand he holds the “hook,” in the other a bottle, which has hitherto been standing on its head, in such a position that the dregs are close to the cork. First, the capsule, or the wire holding the cork down, is removed with the hook, and then the cork is seized by the “lobster pincers” and carefully loosened, and just as it is about to fly, the mouth of the bottle is held over a small tub. With a bang that far exceeds that of a bottle of champagne when opened for use, the cork flies out, and with it the dregs, as well as a portion of the wine, which, with a clever degorgneur, ought not to exceed 7 per cent., but is entirely lost. The workman cleans out the neck of the bottle with his finger, and rapidly inserts a temporary cork, after which he passes the bottle to the following hand. Before the degorgneur undertakes the job, he carefully tests the perfect clearness of each bottle at a small light, and the importance of this inspection, as well as the difficulty of his task, secures him the first rank among the workmen. At times the bottle will burst in the degorgneur’s hands, and seriously injure him; and his face often resembles that of a soldier in action, through

its scars and its undaunted expression. And just as ambition is an incentive in the field, it is the same feeling that urges the other workmen to accept this dangerous post, though possibly the higher wages have something to do with it.

All the lighter is the task of his successor, who pours out of the bottle a certain amount of the wine, about a third. This, which is called "the overplus," may be regarded as a partial loss, as it can only be used as an addition in an ensuing fermentation. The third workman's business is known by the name of "dosing;" he pours a syrup, or the liqueur, into the champagne remaining in the bottle. This is by no means an easy task, owing to the bubbling of the wine, and requires considerable practice. Another workman then takes the bottle to fill up the vacuum with undosed Mousseux. The next operation is corking, which is effected by means of machinery.

It is plain that, at the moment of disgorging, the wine must lose some of its gas; and, in fact, the loss of *mousse* is estimated at about one atmosphere. The ensuing operations of emptying and refilling also entail a continued loss of gas, and this branch of the manufacture certainly is strongly in need of improvement. On the other hand, we may feel surprised that the whole of the gas does not at once escape with the cork, but that, on the contrary, about four atmospheres remain. This results almost entirely from the close connection produced between the wine and the gas by lying by. In effervescing drinks, prepared in the well-known gazogenes in a few hours, the gas escapes almost immediately.

The tiers, or "ficeleurs," complete the operations; there are three of them, of whom the first two apply the cross strings, and the third puts on the wire. They perform their task with admirable celerity, the string tiers being aided by a machine that draws the string tighter. In this way the cork is so pressed, that it has a roundish head, and the smaller and more regular this is, the more successful is the job. These workmen finish from twelve to sixteen hundred bottles daily. Each of them turns the bottle upside down once, in order that the dosing may be properly mixed with the wine.

Nothing now remains but to give the bottle a stately appearance, which is left, as is but reasonable, to the fairer sex. A tasty and attractive label is pasted on, and the head of the bottle is covered with tinfoil. The latter strictly speaking, has no other object but that of ornament, for the closing of the bottle depends entirely on the corking. Since this has been so much improved by the use of machinery, the former customary pitching has become superfluous. A few firms in Champagne still retain the custom, but it is more as a trade sign than from utility; the sole benefit is, that the consumer dirties his hands. After this, each bottle is wrapped in pink, yellow, or blue paper, and packed in one-dozen cases; the latter receive their marks, numbers, and brands, and any one who walks along the river quay is often struck by the sight of polished cases, containing the celestial

beverage, which is going to all parts of the world, civilized and uncivilized.

We have already stated that the wine receives its character from the addition of the liqueur. Formerly this dosing was not customary, but the wine, after disgorging, displayed so little sweetness and spirit, that it was found absolutely necessary to doctor it. When the first step had been taken, doctoring champagne grew into a regular art. It is generally believed that adulteration is a product of modern trade, while in the good old times—whenever they might be—people always drank pure old undosed wine, but this is a mistake. In the same old book to which we have already referred—“*Art et Théorie du Vin*”—we find the following remarks :—

“Experience teaches that it only depends on ourselves to make the best and strongest foreign wines by the addition of sugar to the must; and if we like, it will be easy to impart to them their characteristic smell (*fumet*). Thus, for instance, elder blossoms and salsify give a wine the taste of muscat frontignan; *Costus Arabicus* and raisins, the taste of malaga: the bitter pomegranate gives malaga a sherry taste, which a quarter of a grain of aloes to the pint will also do. The taste of port wine is produced by adding equal parts of saltpetre and copper filings; ether added in small quantities to wine gives it a taste of rennet apples, which many persons like; a little angelica root added during fermentation gives the wine the taste of tokay; cassia makes red wine resemble Alicant; and the different red wines can be imitated by adding raspberry juice, cherry juice, violet root, boiled must, &c.”

In truth a strange list, to which, if we liked, we could add a number of ingredients of a by no means harmless nature, so that these manufactories remind us of the alchemist's vault. And we find such shameful adulteration in *la belle France*, that happy land, which a favourable climate endows with the finest wines, in an almost inexhaustible quantity. In 1557, Henry III., indeed, founded the corporation of wine-dealers, for the purpose of checking the “countless abuses” which had sprung up in the wine trade. But at the present day the heavy octroi in this blessed country sets a premium upon every sort of wine adulteration inside the towns.

As regards the liqueur employed in manufacturing champagne, it is of a perfectly innocuous nature, as it consists of sugar-candy dissolved in wine and a small proportion of the best brandy. Two hundred litres of liquor are composed of 150 kilos of white sugar-candy, 125 litres of wine, and 10 litres of fine cognac. The solution is effected in a cask, after which the liquor is strained through blotting paper and laid down in casks. The sugar is perfectly white, and is only made from the cane, as the beet-root sugar is considered not to be sufficiently pure. While the liquor is in the cask, small portions of alum, tartaric acid, and tannin are added, which deposit any albumen produced by the wine and sugar. We see that the addition of such a liqueur, which amounts to nearly one-third of

the champagne, imparts to the latter its chief qualities, sweetness and strength; and as real cognac is made of wine, it can hardly be regarded as a foreign ingredient. But in addition to this "universal liqueur," there are innumerable receipts for producing special liqueurs, intended to impart to the different sorts of champagne their characteristic qualities; these are the secrets of the factories, which rivals make every effort to surpass. The following is the receipt for wine specially intended for English consumption.

A syrup is first made of 50 kilos of sugar with 20 litres of wine and 10 litres of water, boiled down to 50 litres.

Port wine	38	„
Fine cognac	10	„
Ordinary cognac	5	„
Brown cognac	8	„
Colour of Fismes	2	„
And special liqueur	87	„

200 litres.

Further, the special liqueur is composed of—

Sugar	50 kilos.
White wine	20 litres.
Ordinary cognac	15 „
Kirschwasser	1 litre.
Raspberry juice	0·1 „

The "teinte de Fismes" is made in the city of that name, of the juice of elder berries mixed with alum. From this statement we can form an idea of the strange compositions employed in some factories; in fact, some houses supply as many as one hundred different sorts of champagne, all made out of three varieties of raw wine. This is the reason why we find so few sorts, and those the most in demand, ready for use in the cellars; all the others are doctored after receipt of the order, by fetching up the requisite number of bottles from the rack, and finishing them with the liquor corresponding with the desired sort. As, however, champagne greatly improves by lying by, it is plain that such treatment does not enhance the quality of the wine.

Of the importance of the champagne trade, and the immense amount of money locked up in the business, we can form an idea from the report of the jury at the Exhibition of 1855. "The production of champagne is a striking peculiarity of our country, which needs no help to make it prosper; it requires neither duties nor support, and fears no competition. It is true that Germany, Switzerland, Genoa, and even the United States, manufacture a quantity of sparkling wine, but not one of these productions possesses the delicacy or pleasant aroma of the growth of Champagne. The population living by the produce of the vineyards in Champagne is estimated at 70,000, to whom we may add 7,000 workmen employed in

the cellars. The annual production is estimated at from twelve to fourteen million bottles, value thirty million francs.”*

It is a remarkable fact, that two-thirds of the entire champagne production of France are in the hands of about a dozen firms, for whom it has been a wonderful source of wealth. The central point of the trade is Rheims, and the best known places of production are Aï, Sillery, Bouzy, and Epernay. The most popular brands are those of Veuve Clicquot, Moët, and Mumm; but the fashions vary constantly, as the firms try to get ahead of one another by introducing a new brand. Years ago, a brownish red colour, called *Œil de Perdrix*, was very fashionable, but has now entirely disappeared. As a general rule, the popular taste is now directed to sweet sorts of champagne.

The next great point is the retail price of champagne, which is in no comparison to the cost price. We find, from the official report of the jury of 1855, that every bottle of champagne costs the manufacturer one shilling and sevenpence. The German sparkling wines, which are growing popular in this country, stand the manufacturer in one shilling and threepence a bottle. Between this price and the one our wine merchants charge us, there is a difference which we think might equitably be reduced.

In conclusion, we hardly know whether our faithful account of the champagne manufacture will arouse a favourable opinion, or reduce its value, in the sight of our readers. It is well known that no man is a hero to his valet, and have we not probably deprived the princely champagne of a large portion of its glory by laying bare its composition? May we not also confirm the true wine-drinker in his belief that such sweet foaming stuff injures the stomach and affects the head? We are not at all afraid of this. In the first place, fashion overcomes far more serious objections than these, as is proved by the constant use of crinoline, in spite of the tragedies it daily produces. Besides, if we were to consider the artificial production of champagne as wrong, we ought equally to give up drinking a great many beverages of the same nature, such as punch, liqueurs, &c. Besides, it is quite certain that the respectable manufacturer will as carefully select the best sugar, wine, and brandy, as we try to get the best rum and cognac for our bowl of punch.

It is absurd to try and represent the physiological effect of champagne as deleterious. It is perfectly true that a drinker of it every now and then wakes with an awful headache, and then throws the blame, though unfairly, on the champagne, forgetting with what other fluids he has mixed it. Champagne, in fact, when drunk in moderation, is very healthy, and there are some illnesses in which it is the only wine a patient can drink. It is only to be regretted that its high price renders its use in such cases so restricted.

LASCELLES WRAXALL.

* In 1861 the stock amounted to 30,000,000 bottles, and the total consumption was 11,000,000,—8,500,000 being exported, and 2,500,000 drunk at home.

ABANDONED AT SEA

BY LIEUT. WARNEFORD, R.N.

ON the 23rd of March, 1802, just four days before the treaty of peace was signed at Amiens between France and Great Britain, a grievous misfortune befell James Henderson, sole owner and captain of the *Peggy*, a small schooner of about seventy tons burthen, and a brave, worthy man. The schooner hailed from Bristol, near which city, about a mile distant on the road to Bath, was James Henderson's land dwelling—a modest cottage, bequeathed to his wife, which might perhaps have commanded a rental of fifteen pounds per annum. It amply sufficed for the accommodation of the Henderson family, which consisted of himself, wife, two daughters, and two sons—hardy youngsters, the eldest of whom, Robert Henderson, when the misfortune I have spoken of occurred, had just entered his nineteenth year. James Henderson was somewhat more than a year his brother's junior—stoutly limbed, gallant lads both of them. The daughters, Margaret and Mary, were very much less healthily framed than their brothers. They were both delicate; Margaret had an affection of the spine, not conducive to gracefulness of figure, and Mary early showed symptoms of pulmonary decline. The doctor was consequently seldom out of the house, or cottage; he was nevertheless an always welcome visitor, forasmuch that he held firmly to the opinion that the girls—under continuous skilful treatment, of course—"would certainly grow out of it,"—Margaret being only fifteen, Mary two years younger. The sons idolized their sisters, all the more ardently, no doubt, that, so unlike themselves, they were weak and ailing. We may be sure they were lovable girls—father, mother, and brother lovable girls: except by those of the virago genus, afflicted maidens, whose sufferings are not too persistently acute, always are remarkably so. And weren't the sisters proud of their brothers? Rather! and they had just grounds for being so, long before they "grew out of it" and got married.

Brave, honest, indefatigable skipper Henderson had but one fault that I can discover,—that by which the angels fell, ambition; and like the fallen ones, he was over-confident, rash; prone to miscalculate chances. He was anxious to push his sons early forward in the world; to insure a comfortable home where care should never cross the threshold, for his daughters, for his wife. And yet, though all the capital he had was represented by the *Peggy*, he, upon the strength of newspaper reports, that peace with France was as good as signed, refused to renew his assurance of the schooner against war risks, and uninsured took on board a valuable cargo for Dublin, and sailed for that port on the 21st of March, 1802. The *Peggy*, which was handled by himself, his two sons, and two hired seamen—by no means too many hands—encountered rough weather for the time of year. That would have been of small consequence, had not her fore topmast—through a defect in the spar, which should have been rectified before the vessel left Bristol—snapped short off—an accident, if

accident it could be called, which seriously reduced her speed. And the schooner had soon need of all her wings. *L'Ecume*, a remarkably swift and audacious French privateer, carrying four guns, hove in sight when the *Peggy* was struggling across the Irish Channel, immediately gave chase, came up with the partially crippled schooner hand over hand, and when near enough, fired shotted guns by way of menacing admonition to her captain to lie to, and take the inevitable capture of his vessel pleasantly. The balls fell purposely wide at first, but finding that the schooner held on with every thread of canvas she could set, the guns were pointed seriously, and one unlucky ball smashed both of skipper Henderson's legs! The indomitable pluck of the man was not tamed by even that terrible infliction. "It's useless, boys," said he, addressing his half-frenzied sons, "the Frenchers must have the schooner; there's no help for it: but they sha'n't have *me*. Pitch me overboard rather than see me carried off to die in a French prison. Bear a hand with the tourniquets, and then hoist me over the side into a boat. The frog-eaters will not care to follow us when they have nabbed the vessel and cargo; and you must take care of yourselves, if only for your mother's, sisters', my sake." This only available course, under the circumstances, was promptly taken, and the schooner's boat, sufficiently provisioned, was in a very few minutes scudding before the wind towards the Irish coast. *L'Ecume* did not attempt pursuit, her commander being no doubt anxious to secure his prize and get back to Granville whilst he had a chance of doing so. The French skipper's object was successfully accomplished. He got back to France with his prize without so much as having sighted a British cruiser. The truth seems to be, that "general opinion," taking it for granted that the war was over, had not only misled James Henderson to his ruin, but paralyzed the energies and watchfulness of the royal navy.

Henderson's legs were amputated in Dublin; the operation was skilfully performed, and in less time than could reasonably have been expected, he was stumping about in his garden near Bristol. Much sympathy was expressed for him; but that is cold, barren comfort: much more to the purpose was the generous offer of an old friend, Captain Russell, to ship his sons—who had of course been released when peace was definitively signed—on board the fine brig *Charles*, about to sail for Bombay, as second and third mates. The offer was gratefully accepted, and the first week in November the *Charles* sailed for her destination. "May the Lord guide you aright, and always have you in His holy keeping," said the weeping mother, when her sons took a last leave of home. "Do not forget that we have now no earthly dependence except upon you."

The selection of the two Hendersons, notwithstanding their youth, for the responsible posts of second and third mates of a ship measuring between three and four hundred tons, proved to be not only a generous, but judicious act, on the part of Captain Russell. It would have been well had he been equally fortunate in his choice of a first mate.

The voyage to Bombay, though not the shortest ever before made, was accomplished without damage or accident, and the cargo delivered in excellent condition; thanks in a great degree, the captain more than once frankly acknowledged, to the zeal, watchfulness, and ability of his second and third mates. But this well-deserved praise was wormwood and gall to Daniel Fletcher, the first mate, and excited his serpent spirit to deadliest hatred of the brothers. His enmity was, however, of slight consequence to them, so long as Captain Russell held rule in the ship.

The *Charles* required somewhat extensive repairs, and by the time they were completed, and a full freight obtained, the month of September, 1803, had arrived. The cargo was in its bulk, consisting of silks, spices, &c., an unusually valuable one; but there was one, or more correctly, two items in her bill of lading of very costly character,—two iron boxes, containing precious gems, consigned to London houses, of the enormous value altogether of one hundred thousand pounds. These were placed under the special charge of Captain Russell himself. Two young children of a general officer, going to England for the benefit of their health, in charge of an English maid-servant, were also embarked in the *Charles*. They were a boy and a girl,—the boy about seven, the girl six years old. The anxious mother, when she brought them on board, guided, no doubt, by a suggestion of the captain's, solicited for them the watchful care and attention of the Hendersons, a duty which they promised to diligently perform.

The ship sailed on the 24th Sept., at which time, of course, no news of the renewal of the war with France had reached India. Had there been the least suspicion that so speedy a rupture of the Amiens treaty might have taken place, the iron boxes would unquestionably have been kept back for future transport in a ship of war. The crew were neither so numerous nor of such quality as those who shipped in the *Charles* at Bristol. No fewer than seven of the best men had died of excess and the Indian climate, whose places could only be very insufficiently supplied by four Malay sailors. To render the deficiency in capable hands yet more deplorable, five English sailors were swept overboard and lost during a tremendous night hurricane, and when the *Charles* had been only eight days at sea. To crown all, the captain was seized with sudden and serious illness, from which he from the first felt a strong presentiment he should not recover. One of the first precautions he took, in anticipation of a fatal issue, was to place the iron boxes under the care of the Hendersons. His gloomy foreboding was unhappily realized. On the evening of the fifth day after the attack, the good and gallant seaman was consigned to the deep, and Daniel Fletcher reigned in his stead. Thenceforth the Hendersons were exposed to all the petty annoyances that a mean-spirited cur, dressed in a little brief authority, could inflict. They bore it all patiently, continuing to zealously perform their duty. One of Fletcher's first demands was, that the iron boxes should be replaced in his (the captain's) charge—a requisition firmly refused; a refusal justified by Captain Russell's written directions,

given to Robert Henderson the day before he died. There was no fear that Fletcher would have recourse to actual violence: the brothers were favourites of the best men amongst the crew, and any unlawful stretch of power on the acting captain's part would have been boldly, and there could be little doubt successfully, resisted. Things continued much in the same state till the *Charles* was nearing the Line, when they spoke the *Pallas* frigate, outward bound, and learned that war was again raging between France and England. The news caused the greatest consternation on board, from which the second and third mates were not exempt. Fletcher had raised one of the fore-castle seamen, *per saltum*, to the post of first mate. The *Charles* was a slow sailer, and, moreover—in consequence of her insufficient, and as a whole, inefficient crew—badly handled; and no one could hope to escape capture in the North Atlantic, unless a homeward bound convoy, which it was absurd to count upon, was fallen in with. From that day there were frequent conferences held with each other, by the captain, first mate, and English crew, from all of which the Hendersons, by Fletcher's desire, were rigorously excluded. The brothers, nevertheless, overheard enough to enable them to guess pretty accurately at the little game on foot. Fletcher's infamous proposal, gradually acquiesced in by every man on board, was to run the ship on shore at some place on the coast of the United States, where a landing in the boats could be easily effected, seize and carry off the two boxes of precious stones, and whatever else were worth taking, and divide the plunder equitably amongst the plunderers. It seemed to be also understood that the Hendersons were not to be permitted to go with the crew, nor were the general's children or their attendant to be cared for. In fact, the enormous sums to be realized by the jewels—amounting, Fletcher assured the men, to nearly ten thousand pounds each, there being but twelve to share—extinguished whatever of moral principle they had ever possessed, degrading their human nature to the level of that of brutes.

The situation was a trying one for the two young men, but they encouraged each other to face the peril valiantly whenever it should present itself, and trust the issue to God.

That peril came suddenly, before the plotters themselves were prepared for it. On the 5th of January, 1804, and at dawn of that day, a fine frigate was seen steering southwards, under easy sail. She showed no colours, but a practised eye could easily, by the set of her spars, the cut of her canvas, decide her nationality, as certainly as if the tricolour had been flying from her masthead. She was unmistakably French, and saw the *Charles* almost as soon as she herself was seen. Up ran the tricolour; the white smoke and flash of a gun broke out of her side, and a ball, outstripping the report, came skipping towards the British merchant brig. It fell short by at least half the distance between the vessels, and the frigate was fortunately dead to leeward. There was a smart sea breeze blowing, and the escape of the sluggish *Charles* was simply impossible. In a

moment all was hurry-skurry on board the brig; the main preparations had been made; the launch was deftly lowered; water, rum, biscuit, and beef were safely stowed, and then Fletcher, with six or seven of his fellows, armed to the teeth, demanded the delivery, the immediate delivery, into their hands, of the iron boxes. The Hendersons were in no condition to resist that demand; the boxes were reluctantly surrendered; the keys were not asked for, and if they had been, a satisfactory answer would have been ready. The crew, Malays included, sixteen scoundrels in all, wished the Hendersons joy of the capital prospect they had of enjoying a French prison, most likely for twenty years or more, and with a loud hurrah pulled westward, in the certainty of striking the Brazilian coast in, at the most, forty-eight hours, should the weather continue moderate. As in the case of the *Peggy*, it was quite certain the French captain, having secured the ship, would not trouble himself to pursue a dozen or so of misérables escaping in a boat. Poor Mary Joyce, the English servant, was quite bewildered by the incomprehensibilities passing before her eyes, and even the merry-hearted children were hushed into seriousness and silence.

The first hour which elapsed after the departure of Fletcher and his fellows must have been an inexpressibly bitter one to Robert and James Henderson, whose memory still retained, in primitive vigour of impression, their mother's parting words,—“Do not forget that we have now no earthly dependence except you;” and they, the sole props of a lowly yet proud household, who *must*, but for them, sink into pauperism, were on their way to a French prison. And their sisters, who so much needed cherishing!—The cup held by fate to their lips must indeed have been a bitter one.

They were not then doomed to drink it. The launch had disappeared, and the Frenchman, who had not fired again, was within half a mile of the *Charles*, which had not changed its course. All at once there was a great bustle on board the French frigate, she luffed sharply, hurriedly let fall all the canvas she could spread, and sped off, close-hauled, in a direction which showed she was no longer desirous of closing with the *Charles*. The reason was not long to seek. A heavy British frigate, showing six more teeth in her side than the Frenchman, was just in sight, and bounding along at a tremendous speed. It was the *Doris* frigate—the Frenchman, *La Cléopâtre*; which, after a long and varied chase, managed to escape by doubling during the night upon her pursuer.

The Hendersons were, I need scarcely say, hugely delighted by so signal a deliverance. If the wind continued to blow from the same quarter, and did not much increase in force, they doubted nothing—the sails being set—of safely navigating the *Charles* to a South American port, where they could await the instructions of the owners of the brig and cargo. One capital trick they had played Fletcher and Co., which now that they had leisure to laugh, as one may say, added greatly to their hilarity, and was heartily joined in by Mary Joyce—“a pleasant-spirited, comely maiden, though

somewhat browned by the sun of India; and even the children capered, crowed, and laughed in unison with our mirth." The capital trick was this:—the Hendersons, knowing that the robber crew had determined to seize; at the last moment, the iron boxes, quietly unlocked them, took out the precious stones, relocked the caskets, and hid away both jewels and keys in a place where there was very little chance the most diligent searcher would find them. How Fletcher and his co-thieves would curse and blaspheme, when, with eyes on fire with triumphant greed, they wrenched open the boxes and found them empty; that, instead of clutching the hundred thousand pounds at least, for which they had pawned their souls, their precious booty consisted only of a few pounds weight of old iron! Ho! ho! ho!

The wind remained in the same quarter, and moderate, for about twenty-four hours only; it then shifted rapidly from one point of the compass to another; blew in violent gusts, and once throwing the *Charles* so suddenly and fiercely aback, before the brothers could manage to reduce the spread of canvas and properly brace the yards, that it was a miracle the brig did not go down stern foremost. The shiftiness and violence of the wind continued to baffle their efforts during six days and nights; they made but little real way during all that time, and were almost worn out with fatigue and want of sleep, when the *Cléopâtre* hove in sight again, and this time effectually secured its prize. Captain Lepage, delighted by the richness of the cargo—though he knew nothing of the jewels,—was very polite and civil, and listened with apparently real interest to the young men's story; assured them positively that the General's children and the attendant would be sent to England by cartel immediately after their arrival in France, and that he had every confidence that the grand, magnanimous Napoleon would order *their* liberation—a qualified assurance which the Hendersons appear to have held very cheap.

Captain Lepage placed all the men he could possibly spare, twenty-five, on board the *Charles*,—"fellows as nearly like real seamen as one can reasonably expect Frenchmen to be,"—and gave the lieutenant in command positive and repeated injunctions to run no avoidable risk whatever, and to bear constantly in mind that his only and supreme duty was to take the *Charles* into a French port. It may be that those reiterated orders had a tendency to defeat themselves, by inducing the lieutenant to observe a timid caution, which is about the worst conceivable policy for achieving success at sea, whether it be to fight, run a blockade, or thread a swift ship's way through a scattered score of cruisers. So at least thought the young Hendersons.

Lieutenant Maupas, in his anxiety to successfully carry his superior's commands, closely, much too closely hugged the American coast, within five miles of which he could not be attacked by a British cruiser, according to the long recognized law of nations. It thus happened that the *Charles* brought up in Boston Road, U.S., in fleeing for refuge from the pursuit

of a supposed British cruiser, but really, the Hendersons believed, a clumsy Nantucket whaler, that did not know exactly where she was.

At all events, the *Charles* dropped her anchor within the shadow of the stars and stripes, at Boston; and as there were some little repairs to see to, fresh meat and vegetables to take on board, and as there was, moreover, no knowing whether that cruiser or whaler was not waiting for her somewhere in the illimitable perspective, Lieutenant Maupas decided upon carefully studying the situation before hazarding a dangerous move.

An idea was suggested, by the curious state of things in which they found themselves placed, to the Hendersons,—first, I believe, firmly grasped by James Henderson. The elder brother had, however, soon as firm and confident a hold of the idea as his junior.

The “curious state of things” was, that loads of people who spoke English were constantly coming off, with different “notions” for sale, to a lot of fellows whose gibberish they could not understand a word of.

“I say, Robert,” one afternoon observed Henderson junior—“I say, Robert, if the sailors that swarm in this port ain’t English, they are surprisingly like them.”

“Nine out of ten are real English sailors. They get better pay here than at home.”

“And don’t you think blood’s thicker than water?”

“No doubt; and English guineas far before French francs. I see what you are thinking of,—see it quite plain. But here is the hitch. We must be dead sure of the man before we drop the least hint of what’s fermenting in our brains. I thought only yesterday I saw a Bristol man whom I could trust with my life. But do you look out; I shall depend upon it.”

“James,” said the elder brother, “I was right; I *did* see Bill Jenkins yesterday—”

“Bill Jenkins! What, he who left about the girl—”

“Oh, never mind about that. Girls of her sort would swear the legs off an iron pot. I say Bill Jenkins; he passed in a boat right under our stern. I dropped him a note which I had prepared in readiness for an opportunity of posting it. He got it, and nobody the wiser. He’ll be here, you’ll see, in a brace of shakes, with lots of things to swap and sell. He’ll do anything, I know, for the sons of the old skipper who had his pins smashed by the cursed Frenchmen.”

James quite agreed in that, and both youths went on deck. Jenkins was no dilatory laggard. He came on board with a lot of Yankee notions for an excuse, and whilst affecting to be chaffering about the prices of the articles, all particulars were definitively settled. The transaction was no doubt much facilitated by Robert Henderson being able to hand over at once two hundred golden guineas,—moneys of the owners entrusted to him by Captain Russell, which, like the jewels, he had effectually concealed. A more profitable investment of that money for the said owners

could not well be imagined. The affair was to come off the very next evening, the wind having set steadily in from the westward. Upon one point Robert insisted with quite needless vehemence;—"They would fight their own battles with their own people. No Yankees at any price!"

"I should think not! The genuine article, depend upon that. Steel all through, and warranted never to wear out." The Confederates then parted.

Besides carefully attending to the loading and priming of their pistols the next day, and carelessly leaving a couple of tomahawks where they could be easily picked up when "the flurry" was on, the brothers ventured upon only one other precaution,—that of significantly warning Mary Joyce to put the children to bed an hour earlier than usual. The young woman understood; and possibly the heightened colour of her comely face, the sparkling fire of her bright hazel eyes, betokened anxiety for the safety of others beside the children. It was James Henderson she replied to, though Robert had spoken to *her*.

A feverish day was drawing to a close at last. The bluff coast cast a wider, still widening shadow on the sea; when from out that shadow a large boat, propelled by eight lusty rowers, and containing besides the rowers some thirty armed seamen, stole swiftly out, steered by an officer wearing the United States' naval uniform, and with the stars and stripes floating from a staff at the bow. The destination of the boat was quite evidently the *Charles*. Lieutenant Maupas had no doubt about that, but why he should be honoured with an official visit at that hour of the day he could not comprehend.

The official boat was alongside. Bill Jenkins, the impudent rascal, in the full figg of an American naval commander, stepped upon the deck—his men followed—a scrimmage ensued, in which the bewildered Frenchmen, had each of them been a Roland, or a Count Robert of Paris, could not have had half a chance; and in precisely ten minutes after Commander Jenkins ascended the side, the recaptured *Charles* was gliding gracefully through the water, with the stars and stripes flying at the fore, to the utter paralyzation of the fort gunners, who could not, for the life of them, comprehend what it all meant. They were wiser an hour afterwards; but by that time the *Charles* was far beyond the range of hostile shot. The affair, as many of us remember, made a great noise at the time.

Lieutenant Maupas was a brave if a slow officer. The recapture of the brig stung him to the quick; and about an hour afterwards he passed rapidly into the after cabin, where, as it happened, only James Henderson and Bill Jenkins were seated. Uttering only the exclamation of "*Scélérat!*" he placed the muzzle of a loaded pistol at the young man's forehead, and would, in the twinkling of an eye, have made an end of Henderson junior, had not a sharp eye been watching his movements for the last half-hour—had not a light step followed him into the cabin, and a swift hand struck

down the muzzle of the pistol before it could fatally explode. The bullet merely made a hole in the cabin floor. The sharp eye, the light step, the swift hand, were Mary Joyce's eye, step, hand. No wonder she became Mrs. James Henderson within a month after the *Charles* brought up in King's Road, Bristol.

The two Hendersons were munificently rewarded by owners and underwriters; and all went merry as a marriage bell at that cottage a mile out of Bristol, on the road to Bath. In a future paper I may endeavour to illustrate subsequent naval successes achieved by these young men, especially by Robert Henderson.

SIMILIA.

Lo, I would bring the lily to my love,
And say that she was fairer than its snow;
But that faint flushes of a ruddier light
Than ever tinged its petals pearly white
Do up her cheeks in wondrous lustre go.

And I would bring the rose unto my love,
And say she was more beautiful than it;
But that a radiance lovelier than dreams
Wherein we gaze on silver-sanded streams
Doth o'er her face in trembling whiteness flit.

And I would bring the daisy to my love,
And say it only mock'd her cheerfulness;
But that her cheerfulness may not be told,
E'en though this little star of white and gold
Should its own shortcomings to her confess.

So I would bring the violet to my love,
Nor further seek her sweetness to compare
To any flower that decks this common earth,
As all too meagre to portray her worth:
The violet alone may equal her!

WILLIAM BLACK.

PHILOSOPHY A LA PATCHOULI.

“On the light wing of Zephyr that thitherward blows,
 What a dainty perfume has invaded my nose!
 And sure in yon copse, if we carefully look,
 Dwells a dealer in scents—”(cætera desunt).

Athenæus, “Cratinus,” lib. xiv., 81.

“Nec scutica dignum horribili sectère flagello.”—Horace, Sat. I., iii., 119.

It has ever been the case, that when a high civilization obtains in any community, it is certain to be accompanied by various parasitic evils. Among a host of others—needless to enumerate,—pretension, quackery, and charlatanism are, in most great cities, widely rampant and offensively conspicuous. The fungous element which breeds such social excrescences in the body politic is not confined to the advertising nostrum-vendor, who, *more suo*, builds a lath-and-plaster temple to Hygeia, or the sturdy clerical cushion-thumper who touts for a tabernacle,—each striving to puff the only panacea, as he says, capable of restoring health to body or soul. The exposure and castigation of these unblushing Dulcamaras are beside our present purpose, which, by the way, is not a grave one.

The folly we are about to have a snap shot at “as it flies” is that of the mob of dangling *dilettanti* and pseudo-erudites, whose pretentious scribbling and egotistic gabble on every possible occasion occupy the press with frothy trash, and the chamber with empty clamour. We are not, however, about to inflict upon our readers an impassioned tirade against the importunity of bad writers and worse speakers, but leave to stronger hands the task of laying on the lash to the backs of brazen-faced pretenders, whether saints or sinners, whose ignorance, impudence, and assumption deserve the smartest application of the rod. Leaving aside, therefore, the grave and sanctimonious charlatans, we propose to deal with a smaller and more harmless section of social humbugs,—the cloud-swarm of small scribblers and buzzing fry of empty talkers, who remorselessly intrude upon and pester society with their everlasting crotchets and vagaries. We begin, therefore, to switch with our playful *cravache* certain of that crew of carefully toileted, odour-besprinkled young men—and, indeed, children of a larger growth—who are constantly courting, directly or indirectly, some meed or other of applause, and who have laboriously and triumphantly gone through a complete course of all the sciences, divided into seven lessons for the seven days of the week, and thereby learnt much with little study. With such, of course, literature and science are useless, except to figure in the drawing-room, Rotten Row, the opera, the lady’s boudoir, or the club: their sole legitimate end being to embue us with a high sense of their own unrivalled talents and exalted acquirements; to infuse into us a spirit of delicate fastidiousness—which, however, the vulgar vote ridiculous,—and to inspire us with a sovereign contempt for those who have not penetration enough to regard them with admiring wonder.

With this section of "our private bores" in view—to be met with at every "drum" and *conversazione* during the London season,—we have, not unadvisedly, entitled our present lucubration, *Philosophy à la Patchouli*,—the extract so called being a favourite scent among the generality of showy fops and smattering sciolists of our own day; for we, Heaven knows, are at no loss for pseudo-literati erudite *à la patchouli*.

Let us now address ourselves in imaginary conversation (like Plato in the "Cratylus" playing covertly the part of an ironical sage) to a *savant* more devoted to flashy neckties and patent leather bootikins, and his bunch of charms, than anxious about books and meditation; but most delighted to have his gabble listened to by the ladies, whilst dispensing liberally around the pungent odours of Piesse and Lubin from his cambric *mouchoir*,—in fact, enacting the complete literary swell. Now these effeminate witlings must surely be unmindful that Sophocles, in his play called "The Judgment," as Athenæus remarks, represents Venus, "being a sort of goddess of pleasure, as anointed with perfumes, and looking in a glass; but Minerva, as being a sort of goddess of intellect and mind, and also of virtue, as using oil and gymnastic exercises." *

But to begin—or, by way of *proemium*, as *he* would say,—let us have a chat about poetry. "First, I would ask you, O noscent swell, what do you suppose Poetry to be? You have probably considered it a faculty to be cultivated only by the loftiest genius. That some of the earliest philosophers, historians, and legislators should have written their systems, annals, and laws in verse, may seem to you a portentous fact. It terrifies you, and you mention the names and works of the principal poets with a feeling of awe. But shake off this timidity; give me your attention, and you shall learn to bring low this loftiness, and thoroughly explore the height and depth of Mount Parnassus." (Forgive, gentle reader, the harmless irony, and let us proceed with our semi-serious counsels.) "Would you, my dear pupil—pardon me looking upon you as temporarily *in statu pupillari*,—desire to speak of the Greek poets, you have only to exclaim, 'What a wonderful imagination had Homer! What sublimity in Pindar! What exquisite sweetness in Anacreon! Without Homer, what would Virgil have been?' Or, assuming a tone quite the reverse, you may say, with a celebrated modern, 'What merit does Homer possess besides that of invention? Even in that he betrays poverty, for some of his battles are described with monstrous uniformity, and he represents his gods with all the crimes and weaknesses of mortals. I much prefer the Latins—Virgil, for instance.' And here drily, and all humour apart, you may introduce a grave dissertation upon the family, country, lot, and life of the Mantuan; to whom, in your graceful condescension, you manifest rather more courtesy than to the former. And by no means forget to mention his adulation of Augustus,

* "Deipnosophistæ," Book xv., 35.

when he says so appositely of what occurred during the festivities at Rome,—

‘Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane,
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet;’

which be sure to translate, in an undertone, for the benefit of the ladies who are only slightly *blue* belles,—

‘It rains all night, the games return with day,
Cæsar with Jove thus holds divided sway.’

“You may then relate how modestly restrained Virgil from subscribing his name to this distich, and that another undoubtedly inferior poet—Bathyllus,—profiting by this omission, publicly claimed it as the offspring of his own genius, and to be rewarded accordingly. Here you may cursorily inveigh against plagiarisms, laying great stress upon the word *plagiarism*, which is real Greek all the world over. Describe Virgil’s indignation, and how he headed some pentameters (placing a strong emphasis upon the word *pentameters*, which is not a whit less grand than *plagiarism*) with—

‘Sic vos non vobis——’

Repeat these few words three or four times, as if challenging some one of the attentive literati to complete the lines—or *cap* them, as Eton boys term it. Then, seeing that no one seems inclined to the enterprise—for in all times there have existed multitudes of learned in theory, but very few in practice,—proceed to relate how he openly placed in a public walk—as, for example, the Champs Elysées of Paris, the Puerta Sole of Madrid, the Broadway of New York, or Regent Street in London—the following:—

‘Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores:
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves;
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;’

which again kindly construe, *sotto voce*, and blandly, ‘I wrote these lines, another has borne away the honour:

Thus birds for others build the downy nest;
Thus sheep for others bear the fleecy vest;
Thus bees collect for others honey’d food;
Thus ploughs the patient ox for others’ good.’

Then kindly add, that Virgil alone proving able to complete the lines, of which the words *sic vos non vobis* were the beginning, the imposture of Bathyllus was detected, and he was dismissed with disgrace, while the real author obtained the credit and the cash—a thousand sesterces—which were his due.

“Continue thus to talk of the Mantuan’s works, skipping from part to part. Make some observations upon the forcible expression of the shepherd Corydon in the second eclogue, and remark the grandeur of the style in the fourth, in which, with a prophetic tone, he says,—

‘Jam nova progenies cælo dimittitur alto.’

Do not forget the celebrated verse, for which, had some hapless school-boy composed it, a flogging would have rewarded his pains,—

‘Cara Deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum !’

Thence skip to the Georgics; dwell a little upon them, observing that *Monsieur Reaumur* and many other academicians have infinitely better treated the subject of Bees and Agriculture, the connection of which with the poetic merit of Virgil must be quite evident to all.

“Next attack the *Æneid*; speak of the length of time the poet devoted to its composition; tell that he left it incomplete, which is fully proved by the unfinished state of some of the verses; and that when at the point of death he ordered them to be consigned to the flames, but that his executors did not fulfil his dying injunction—a case of no unfrequent occurrence even in our own times,—making it a matter of conscience not to deprive the literary public of so valuable a treasure. Doubt whether the four verses preceding the ‘*Arma virumque cano*’ ought or not to be included in the poem. Enter into a discussion with yourself on the subject; put questions, and reply to yourself; bawl, howl, scream, till you see your wearied auditors yawning around you: but in such case it will be necessary, in order not to risk losing your time as well as your points, that you arouse their flagging attention. To effect this, recite furiously the description of the Tempest, from the 81st to the 135th verse, where you should arrest the current of your enthusiasm at the words, ‘*Quos ego*,’—which all the world pretends to explain, though hitherto no one has discovered their meaning. Do not forget the loves of Dido and *Æneas*, which—tell your fair hearers significantly—Venus fomented by means of the innocent *Ascanius*. Declare that Virgil committed in that a gross *anachronism*; but, like one who is not in the best of humours, do not inform your *monde* that that word is Greek.

“Suppose that you begin the second book with the verses,—

‘Conticuère omnes, intentique ora tenebant;

Inde toro pater *Æneas* sic orsus ab alto.’

In the second of these verses make an evident distinction between the words *toro* and *pater*, which, I assure you, are two separate words. Describe the siege of Troy, the treachery of Sinôn, the mishap of Cassandra, the death of Laocoon, the entrance of the colossal wooden horse, which, to tell you the truth, was nothing less than *instar montis*. Point out the selection of words in those verses in which he says that some one darted a lance at the dummy nag, and that—

‘Stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso,

Insonuère cavæ, gemitumque dedère cavernæ;’—

verses in which we seem to see the vibrations of the spear, and to hear the hollow echo of the cavity; and which may be classed with that

in which Hector says to his companion, when he appears before him all covered with blood,—

‘Heu fuge, nate Deâ, teque his ait eripe flammis.’

Pass thence to the fourth book, which is the most beautiful; relate the scene of the wood, the tempest, the grotto, and so on;—with discretion, of course, and mincing words—*pace* the listening *blue-belles*. Thus you will cull a flower from every garland throughout the whole extent of the epic, and all the world—that is, ‘the fashionable world’—will rank you amongst the greatest and most elegant of critics: so great, that they will appoint you—some wags winking at one another will—to complete those verses in the *Æneid* which are so unhappily defective. But, besides this, you must, with an air of profound mystery—as if the poet himself had risen from the dead to whisper it in your ear—observe, that if Virgil made his hero so lachrymose and superstitious, it was in compliment to Augustus, whose character was very *analogous* to that of *Æneas*; and do not, for the love of Heaven! forget the word *analogous*, since you must perceive that it is extremely beautiful and imposing.

“Next you must talk about Ovid, and in an equally authoritative tone. Give also the history of his birth, his origin, his loves, his banishment, and his death. I would not advise you to plunge into the *Metamorphoses*, nor the *Fasti*. Turn to the *Elegiacs*, which are more flowery, more fascinating, and less erotic. Point out the touching sweetness of his *Elegies* and *Epistles* from *PONTUS*, the *HEROIDES*, and his *DE ARTE AMANDI*.

“Introduce next some remarks about Livia and Corinna; and we beseech you, for your own honour and ours, make a point of frequently reciting long passages from this mellifluous poet; for example, the whole of the third elegy of the first book, beginning,—

‘Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago.’

“Speak of his complaint against one of his friends who abandoned him in his misfortunes; and, in this respect, it is my firm belief that times are not much improved. It is the commencement of the seventh elegy:—

‘In caput alta suum labuntur ab æquore retro
Flumina, conversis solque recurrit equis.’

“The fifth and sixth verses of the eighth elegy contain on the same subject the following comparison:—

‘Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.’

“Point out the beginning of the second book of the *TRISTIA*, and the 33rd and 34th verses, which, if I remember aright, run thus:—

‘Si quoties homines peccant, sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter; exiguo tempore inermis erit.’

“Carefully commit to memory, from the first elegy of the fourth book, that most beautiful comparison which he institutes between the solace he

found in poetry, and that received by those who labour at the ring of their own verses :—

‘Hoc est cur cantet vinctus quoque compede fossor.’

“Above all things, learn, like a very parrot, the tenth elegy of the fourth book, in which he himself narrates his life, his vocation to poetry, the reproofs of his father because he wrote verses, and his own obstinate perseverance in composing them,—

‘Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?’

and how the poor old man opposed him, because the road to Parnassus conducts also to the workhouse, since whoever professes poetry devotes himself *ipso facto* to poverty; and this is proved by the greatest poets, for they were all poverty-stricken.

‘Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.’

But Heaven had ordained that, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, the child should be a poet. He recounts that when he was most idle, a torrent of verses fell from his lips, and—

‘Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos;
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.’

And so on of his other works; and take my word for it, it is as we say.

“Of Horace you must observe that he is sententious; that he has a considerable variety of metres; that his hexameters are not of the most beautiful; though, nevertheless, he is to be praised for terminating his verses with an *et*, or some half-word. And then out with a couple of examples, although nobody may care to look for them.

First Example.

‘Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.’

Second Example.

‘Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ, in
Contaminatis fulget honoribus.’

“Make every one observe that the beginnings of his odes frequently promise infinitely more than they realize; then, as an exemplification, deluge forth, without mercy, the following commencements :—

1.

‘Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus—’

2.

‘Eheu ! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.
Labuntur anni.’

3.

‘Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo—’

4.

‘Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.’

In uttering the last verse let your brows be arched, look around loftily above the heads of all, and throw your arm straight out. We say this, supposing you are very tall; but if, like ourselves, you should chance to be diminutive, make it a religious duty to mount upon a table. You may then continue citing divers other examples, such as—

‘Justum et tenacem propositi virum,’ &c.

“All these you will copy and learn by heart; for which purpose you must borrow a Horace from some friend, who doubtless will lend it to you with all possible good-will, and with the still more ready addition, perhaps of a loan of money—not to hear you recite your quotations.

“Next touch upon Lucan, and remark that he showed himself to be Spanish *by his pompousness of style*. Wonder who, after reading the ‘Æneid,’ could bear to read the ‘Pharsalia’! Notwithstanding this, talk about his country, his works—as to the titles of them, I mean,—and have ready in your mind some fifty verses to beguile the time, if by chance any should remain, of which, however, we have our doubts. Praise Martial for the innocent simplicity—by some termed indecency—with which he calls everything by its right name. Learn half a dozen of his epigrams, to distribute among the lucky folks who listen to you. But we caution you never to recite in the presence of a *ci-devant* young person the following:—

‘Si memini fuerant tibi quatuor, Elia, dentes :
Expuit una duos tussis, et una duos.
Jam secura potes totis tussire diebus ;
Nil istie quod agat tertia tussis habet.’

“In the same free and light-hearted spirit with which you canter along ‘the Row,’ glance at the beauties of Juvenal, Persius, Propertius, Tibullus, Catullus, and all others. Be very careful to display equal judgment throughout, and you will excite the profoundest wonder and admiration in all understanding people, and call forth the most heartfelt gratitude of those who are interested in the subject,—always provided that they wake up and hear you.”

It will perhaps require a keener vein of satire and sounder judgment in the pseudo-learned to skate gracefully over the slippery surface of modern literature. Let us see after what fashion the jauntty Aristarchus would be likely to “do” these same moderns.

“We hear you ask us, O essenced alumnus, what you are to say respecting the authors of later times. We are ready to reply; but first let us take a little rest, for Parnassus is lofty and of difficult ascent. Touching those who have won Iberian laurels, you will name Juan de Mena, Boscana, Garcilasso, Leon, Herrera, Ersilla, Mendoza, Villegas, Lopi, Quevedo, &c.

“Of the last-named cite the twelve-syllable lines of his quatrains.
Exempli causa,—

‘Al muy prepotente Don Juan el Secundo,’ &c.

And the famous octaves, after his own fashion, in which he describes the lamentations of a mother on seeing her son, who was killed in battle. They begin, if my memory is not treacherous,—

‘Bien se mostrabe ser madre en el duelo
Que hizola triste, despues que ya vido
El cuerpo en las andas sangriento y tendillo
De aquel que criara con tanto desvelo.’

“From Argensola learn very carefully, and recite with the utmost pomposity of manner, every month throughout the year, the sonnet upon autumn, beginning,—

‘Eleva tras si los pampanos octubre,’ &c.

“With the same sage gravity observe, of Fra Luigi de Leon, that he made excellent translations from Horace, and that you think by no means bad his ode, ‘La Profegia del Tago,’ which thus begins :—

‘Folgaba el Rey Rodrigo.’

“Extol the sweetness of Garcilasso. Give as an example, although he was speaking of the war between Russia and Turkey, his very sweet sonnet,—

‘O dulces prendas, por mi mal hallandas.’

Then instantly, like a rushing torrent, without affording your audience one half-moment’s respite from the fatigue endured in listening to you, and seeing you alternately tender, soft, sweet, melting like sugar-candy in a small boy’s mouth, pour forth the entire eclogue,—

‘El dulce lamentar de dos pastores,’ &c.,

and mouth it well and lick your lips when you come to the line,—

‘Sabroso cantor.’

“Repeat next, one by one, all the *barquillas* (barcaroles) of Lope de Vega,—never mind annoying the people.

“Respecting Quevedo, assure them, upon the faith of your poetical *verve*, that he was a mere tavern poetaster; and should any one have the consummate and never-enough-to-be-detested audacity to cite his serious works, take a pinch of snuff or a sniff at your scent-ring, and reply with an air of proud disdain and a deepening drawl, ‘Oh! oh! oh! oh!’ Laud his satiric canzonets; for example,—

‘Que trague el obro jumento
Por doncella una sirena,’ &c.

And immediately—with a scornful smile, to show off your well-waxed moustache—add, that Quevedo wrote thousands of *polissonneries* (for although *pilleries*, drolleries, signifies exactly the same thing, nevertheless it is a word too Castilian).

“Select similar scraps from other lyrists and satirists. As to epics, let Ersilla be the only one you mention, and do not recite anything of his but

his discourse of Colocolo; extol it to the stars, because a celebrated Frenchman has praised it. Do not speak in praise of any other of his pieces, however excellent, because they have not been eulogized by *Mossoo*."

We will now, with equal gratification, see how our fluent fopling should "bounce" about his acquaintance with other literatures. Turning the attention of our apt pupil to the classics of *la belle France*, we would thus proceed:—"Among our Gallic *moutons*, you must needs admire Boileau, his 'Satires' and his 'Art of Poetry.' Learn, without missing a single syllable, that beautiful passage in which he is pleased to call us English 'barbarians,' because we have no taste for comedy with 'the unities.' Say that he sowed the good seed of true poetry, afterwards cultivated by Racine, Corneille, and others who succeeded him." Quote some drama from each of them, saying that the *chef-d'œuvre* of the first is the 'Cid;' of the last, the 'Phédre.' Be cautious not to let it appear that you know the said Cid to be taken from G. De Castro, although he has so completely dressed and combed it *à la Française*, that no one would ever suppose it to be a native of Spain. With equal care avoid remarking that the style of the 'Phédre' is bombastic and pompous, like that of our poor authors who dangled at White's and Brookes' in the last century. Mention the novelties introduced upon the French stage; for instance, by Monsieur Beloy in tragedy, and in comedy by Monsieur Diderot. Observe how much it cost the first, in his tragedy of 'The Taking of Calais' (more, doubtlessly, than the taking of the place cost us English), for daggers, poisons, and other machinery used by him in his compositions—then a new method; but which, though we are at a loss to account for it, is still (witness the lucubrations of our prolific contemporary, the noble Marquis de la Paillerie—better known as Alexandre Dumas) not displeasing to the French.

"Then, *O formose puer!* say, with all that natural grace which is peculiarly your own—so allied to modesty that no Frenchman can possibly feel offended,—that as in painting and music, so also in poetry, the Italians rank first. Discourse of Petrarca, Tasso, Dante, and others. Do not forget Maffei and his 'Merope,' so furiously censured by Voltaire, and excellently defended by its author. Do not suffer to escape your memory the cavalier Guarino, with his 'Pastor Fido;' and, above all, take especial care to have your mind stored with numerous *ariette* from Metastasio.

"Then, with exquisitely good taste, or rather the taste of an English exquisite, proceed to depreciate English literature. Declare, with the *Mossoos*, that the English poets are *détestable*; that their epic Milton must have been mad when he placed artillery in heaven and gave speech to Death and Sin. Then, turning from him, continue, that nothing less than a Fury was the Melpomene who inspired Shakspeare with his lugubrious, dismal, sanguinary dramas, teeming with *le spleen*, and enveloped in the peas-soup-like density of Thames fog and black particles of fossil carbon. Do not forget one single word this harangue contains, for every one of them helps to maintain the high opinion of one's friends. With this, and

by pronouncing in the best way you can—following recent orthography—the name of the ‘renowned William,’ no one will venture to doubt your judgment and authority upon the subject of the English drama. And if, as the summit of erudition, and by way of assisting the subscription towards raising a monument to his memory during the approaching Tercentenary Commemoration, you will add, that one of the taverns or night-houses, in which, on quitting the theatre, some of the high-spirited English youths are wont to get intoxicated, has for its sign the head of the above-named Shakspeare, your learning will soar high above that of all who listen to you.”

Having thus “crammed” our dandy *dilettante* with infinite, though ready-made wisdom, sound philosophy *à la patchouli*, and genuine wit in our “complete course of all the sciences, divided into seven lessons, for the seven days of the week, for those who pretend to know much and study but little,” we flatter ourselves that we have performed a most useful and profitable service. For in subjects of such vast importance, silence is not to be imposed upon young men; who believe that they enter the world armed with wisdom, as Minerva sprang forth from the head of Jupiter; that it belongs to them alone to judge with proper acumen and calm discrimination of every work, both ancient and modern; and that in order to appear universally noscent and expert in learning, *one week* alone is sufficient to “get it all up.” We speak not only of literature, but of philosophy and every kind of science. To the rich and pseudo-learned, our “course” (*curriculum*) will prove a means by which they may triumphantly attain the wished-for prize. By its aid they will speedily become the “pillars of the state.” Let them study it then—at least for seven days,—since to intellects so bright and extra-human, a very few hours ought to suffice to render them great men. It would be disgraceful to persons of such dignity to seek honours with avidity and not endeavour to merit them. An unworthy desire would it be to strive to exalt themselves by drudgery and not by talents.

With these lessons, *à la patchouli*, they will not need to steal much time from their afternoon lounge; or when, through their glorious toils, exertions, and fatigue in Hyde Park, at Epsom and Ascot, or perhaps on some wider field with the Quorn or Pytchley, they obtain, by some rasping run at the “bullfinches,” the most honourable trophy of a pretty horse-breaker’s riding glove, the horn of a young deer from Perthshire, or the tail of an old fox from Sussex. It will be unnecessary either for them to shorten the time of their ennobling pursuits at “the Corner,” the Haymarket, or the club, over an odoriferous admixture of the fumes of sugar-of-lead-flavoured champagne with the smoke of the pure London-Havannah cigar. Sleep softly, then, scented swell! sleep softly; and if you will only learn carefully these lessons *à la patchouli*, you will infallibly be thought to inherit, in the fulness of time, the wisdom of Solomon! Therefore—

“*Macte novâ virtute, puer! sic itur ad astra.*”

S. M.

ADRIAN, THE ENGLISH POPE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SWINEHERD.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, wrote Solomon, and in its essential meaning there is no truer aphorism in the whole Book of Wisdom. Of this every hour of the world's life bears testimony ; but there is one especial period in that multitudinous existence which, illustrated by passing events, vividly demonstrates its truth. Seven centuries have been added to a past eternity since the same conflict was raging in Rome, Italy, Germany, France, with respect to the temporal as distinguished from the spiritual power of the Popes, as that which now agitates the public mind of Europe. The incidents, too, of the struggle bear a wonderful resemblance to one another. In glancing over the angry polemics of that tempestuous time, one fancies he must have before him the stinging sarcasms of Edmund About, letters from the Turin correspondent of the Times, Mazzini's passionate philippics, and the fiery protests of Montalembert and Dupanloup. Yes ; seven hundred years ago the Pope was driven from Rome by the people of the Eternal City, who insisted that he should abdicate his temporal functions—be Pontiff, not King ; and a Roman republic was proclaimed and established, which lasted fifty years, showing that though the same things may be written many times in the world's history, the text often varies in subordinate details. The banished Popes forced their way back to Rome with the help of foreign troops ; were again expelled ; and, to make confusion worse confounded, the conclave was divided (1130) as to who should succeed a deceased Pontiff in St. Peter's chair,—one half nominating Innocent the Second, the other Anacletus the Second—Pope and anti-Pope, as they are termed. It was a delightful hurly-burly, in which three of the most conspicuous combatants were St. Bernard—unquailing champion of the temporal power ; Abelard—Héloise Abelard ; and his famous disciple, Arnold of Brescia, a far abler man, opposed to him. The Guelfs—as the champions of a KING-Pontiff were called—ultimately triumphed over their antagonists, the Ghibellines. But the victory was achieved neither by the zeal and eloquence of St. Bernard, nor by the efforts of the savage soldiery enlisted on the side of the Popes. He who abolished the Roman republic of those days, brought back the Roman people to its allegiance to the temporal as well as spiritual dominion of the Pontiffs, compelled the mighty emperor of the West to hold his stirrup when he mounted his palfrey, was, when Abelard lectured, St. Bernard prayed, preached, and persecuted, Nicholas Breakspere, once a wretched, half-starved English boy, tending swine in the woods around St. Alban's, Hertford-

shire, and destined in the fulness of time to be the one hundred and sixty-seventh Pope, and the only Englishman who has ever worn the tiara. The purpose of this paper is to sketch in brief outline that marvellous career. However feebly done, it can hardly fail to excite interest and convey instruction.

Nicholas Breakspeare, the swineherd, was born at Langley, a village in the neighbourhood of St. Alban's, in the beginning of the eleventh century. The condition in life of the family was that of labourers, but not villains—*adscriptæ glebe*,—and one would suppose that Robert Breakspeare, the father, must have in some way obtained a smattering of clerky lore, as he, having in middle age taken sanctuary in the monastery of St. Alban's, was in due time consecrated a priest and admitted into the brotherhood. Learning, however, was not in those days an indispensable qualification for the priestly office; it was enough to be able to read the church services, and he may have acquired that faculty during his novitiate. He had committed some offence against the forest laws, and would have been strung up to the nearest tree had he not fled to sanctuary. In those evil days, monasteries were the only refuge of the oppressed Saxon. The great mass of the monks were Englishmen by blood as well as birth, and it was from a sentiment of nationality, as well as Christian compassion, that the poor hunted labourer of Langley was enrolled a member of the fraternity at St. Alban's, and permitted to supersede, as the Romish canon law has it, the marriage vow—his wife being alive—by a higher, yet more sacred obligation.

The compelled desertion of his wife and son by the husband and father threw the maintenance of himself and his mother upon Nicholas Breakspeare,—a frail support, though Nicholas was then a stout, handsome lad, some seventeen years of age, and did not spare himself in ministering to his mother's wants. His employment as swineherd barely provided himself with coarse distressful food and ragged raiment, and to eke out his mother's means he was fain, after his regular daily task was done—his herd of swine driven home,—to employ himself in any of the most repulsive menial work at the monastery which he could obtain; work paid for, not in coin, but by increase of the daily dole to his mother, which she, in common with the poor of the neighbourhood, received at the gate of the monastery. Nicholas himself remained as ill-fed, as ill-clad as ever. So altogether tattered and torn was the appearance of the future Pope, that his father, a stern, morose man, sought by threats, sometimes by violence, to prevent him from coming to the monastery, either for dole or to labour.

The uses of adversity were blessed to Nicholas Breakspeare; his clear, powerful, though untutored intellect early perceived that two powers dominated Christendom, and only two,—a warlike, territorial aristocracy, and the church. His father, securely bucklered from the vengeance of a great baron by the clerical power, was an instructive lesson; and the young swineherd intuitively seized the indisputable truth, that in those days,

when every one believed in the absolute privilege of the priest to send a soul direct to paradise, or shut it up in hell for ever, the power of the keys, *judiciously wielded*, would always prove an overmatch for steel and gold combined. Those who could kill the body were to be feared, but how infinitely more so those who could slay the soul! It was by that conviction the career of Nicholas Breakspeare was shaped. Guiding himself by it, he found his way to the pontifical throne, and, seated thereon, wielded a sceptre, absolute, triumphant as that of Hildebrand (Gregory the Seventh), the Czar Peter of the Romish church, to borrow a phrase from Monsieur Guizot. Nicholas Breakspeare the swineherd determined to be a "clerk."

But how obtain admission to the priesthood? That was the question, and one very difficult of satisfactory solution. The Abbot of the monastery—Abbot Richard—was not his friend; Robert Breakspeare frowned upon his son's timidly expressed aspirations, and Nicholas could neither read nor write. The lad was sinking into despair, when accident, or what men call such, befriended him. One of the monks of St. Alban's, a Father Wilfrid, was rescued from some imminent peril, whilst strolling through the woods, by the address and courage of Nicholas (the nature of the peril is not stated), and in requital he undertook to teach the ambitious swineherd to read and write. The lessons were given at irregular times as suited the monk's convenience, and always in the woods. Nicholas proved an apt scholar, and before his twentieth year knew pretty nearly as much of Latin as his preceptor. Many years afterwards, when Nicholas Breakspeare had become Adrian IV., he told his famous countryman, John of Salisbury (Bishop of Chartres), that the happiest days of his life were those passed in the Hertfordshire woods, tending his swine and conning his lessons with the good Father Wilfrid; and that he would gladly cast off the tiara which bound his temples as with red-hot steel, and all the pomp, dignity, and power of the Popedom, to be again a ragged, careless boy, with no riches but health, no task but that of watching his herd of swine, and mastering the mysteries of the monk's illuminated missal. So true it is, that sowing, watering the seed, not its fruition—the chase, not the seizure of the quarry—make up the charm of life.

As good a scholar as his instructor, Nicholas Breakspeare took courage to make a formal application to become a candidate for priest's orders. The request was peremptorily refused by Abbot Richard, he being urged to do so, it was believed, by the applicant's father. This was a terrible blow, but Father Wilfrid again stood his friend. The monk advised him to go to Paris; furnished him with letters of introduction to several fraternities of monks in that city, and a few crowns for his purse. For some unstated reason, Nicholas did not meet with a favourable reception in Paris, which he soon left, and wandered through a considerable part of France, vainly seeking to be admitted as a servitor in the monasteries at which he applied for food and rest, till he arrived at that of St. Rufus,

without the walls of Avignon in Provence. The brotherhood chanced to be just then in want of a strong, willing, intelligent servitor, and Nicholas was at once engaged. The handsome young Englishman proved to be a wonderful acquisition, fulfilling his duties, and more than his duties, with untiring zeal. Never had the garden of the monastery been so skilfully cultivated; the church furniture kept in such bright condition; the refectory tables so punctually, neatly set out and arranged. And then his edifying piety, not in the least obtrusively flaunted as it were in the faces of those in whom long practice had somewhat dulled the appetite for spiritual things; quite the reverse of obtrusive, and for that reason the more edifying. And though he never tasted any other liquid than water, and confined himself strictly to the meagre dietary of the order (wine and rich meats did not agree with him), who ever saw him reprove by a look the transgressions of the brotherhood in the matter of refection? How diligently he studied, too! The result was, that Nicholas Breakspeare succeeded so completely in gaining the favour of the monks of St. Rufus and their Abbot William, that he was unanimously invited to become a candidate for the priestly office; and the precedent conditions having been fulfilled in accordance with the canon, he was regularly consecrated priest of the most high God. The swineherd's foot was at last firmly placed upon the first rung of the ladder which was in the end found to reach so high.

CHAPTER II.

MONK AND ABBOT.

As priest, the monks of St. Rufus found a yet greater treasure in Nicholas Breakspeare, than as a lay servitor. He was indefatigable in his new duties; was ready for the confessional upon all occasions; and if a sick, possibly dying person sent in the dead of night to the monastery for spiritual aid, he undertook the duty with cheerfullest alacrity. A most attractive preacher, moreover; and the good people of Avignon came in crowds to the church of the monastery to hear the fervid discourses of the gifted young priest—with great benefit, I need hardly say, to the treasury of St. Rufus. And his piety was not in the slightest degree pharisaical; ascetic himself, eating and drinking in strict accordance with the prescribed rules, it almost seemed doubtful, so friendly, cordial was he at such times, that he could be aware there were flagons of wine and rich meats upon the table, whilst he was dining off black bread, skim cheese, and cold water. At all events, he was a man of unbounded charity as regarded the failings of others; largely, bountifully considerate for his weaker brethren. The brotherhood of St. Rufus were blessed, even blessed in their new acquisition.

Abbot William, who had been ailing for a long time, died, full of years, if not precisely in the orthodox odour of sanctity. Nothing more, however, I believe, could be fairly laid to the venerable man's charge, than

that he liked a good dinner, and felt a constitutional preference for the season of Easter over that of Lent. He was buried with his brethren, and the question thereupon to be decided was, who should reign in his stead.

There could scarcely be two opinions about that; brother Nicholas, of course. He as Abbot would confer lustre on the monastery, continue no doubt to do almost all the spiritual work, and look with a mildly indulgent eye—if he looked at all—upon the trifling divarications of the fraternity from the strict rules of the order. The whilom swineherd was consequently elected Abbot of St. Rufus by a unanimous vote. The new dignitary bore his honours meekly, till the document ratifying his election arrived from Rome. Then thunder fell upon the astounded, bewildered monks. The oldest of the fraternity was summoned to the presence of the new Abbot, sternly told that he—the Abbot—had been for years a horrified witness of the laxity of discipline which prevailed in the monastery; the shameful swilling and gormandizing of the monks, who were bound by their vows to set the world an example of temperance carried to austerity. He had not before reprov'd those practices, simply for the reason that he had no power to enforce a reform. Now that he *had*, the rules of the order would be rigidly enforced, not only in the matter of the dietary, but the punctual attendance of the monks at all the sacred services, &c. This announcement, one can easily believe, produced a fearful consternation amongst the shamefully betrayed brotherhood. The King Log they supposed themselves to have elected, had turned out to be King Stork with a vengeance. How had they been deceived! Consulting the almost forgotten dietary code of the founder, which enacted that water should be the sole beverage, meat, in homœopathic quantity, to be partaken of only on Sundays and holidays of obligation; upon all other days their food to be coarse bread, pulse, and other vegetables,—the unfortunate monks were excited to frenzy, and went in a body to remonstrate with the elect of their choice. They took nothing by that motion; were sternly ordered to go instantly to their cells, and in penance for their contumacy, every one of them was to recite seven times the seven penitential psalms. They *did* slink back to their cells, but with respect to the seven penitential psalms I have my doubts. I imagine it must have been anything but psalms the enraged monks poured forth upon that doleful day. The revolution was, they soon found, a grim reality,—the Abbot's *coup de maître* trenchant, unsparing, irresistible. The stock of rich wines in the cellars—pious offerings of the faithful for the solace of the sacred fraternity—was sent off in *charrettes* to Avignon, to be sold, the proceeds to swell the alms-fund for distribution amongst the poor. The sufferings of the unfortunate monks were not limited to the dreadful dietary. They were inexorably routed out of their cells at three in the morning for primes, which, with matins, masses, in ceaseless succession, and frequent benedictions, two sermons every day, and hearing confessions, kept them constantly to collar till ten at night, when,

after regaling themselves with a piece of black bread and a cup of water, they were dismissed to their allotted five hours' repose. Flesh and blood—even such meagre and attenuated flesh and blood as remained to them after a few months of “salutary discipline”—revolted against such usage. They were fast becoming ghostly fathers in a most hateful sense. What was it to them that a high church dignitary, no other than the Bishop of Provence, could boast in one of his pastorals, that the odour of sanctity emanating from the monastery of St. Rufus was purifying the moral atmosphere for leagues around its sacred walls; that the church of the monastery was always crowded, the confessionals constantly full? All that only increased the burden laid upon their galled shoulders. Finally, one of them, who was related to the Countess Beaujolais, interested that noble dame in the distressing case, and through her a cardinal presented a petition from the brotherhood—a sort of round-robin—to Pope Eugenius III., complaining of abuse of power on the part of Abbot Nicholas. The Abbot and a deputation of the complainants were in consequence summoned to Rome, that the matter might be fully investigated. The Abbot came triumphantly out of the ordeal, Pope Eugenius sternly telling the discomfited monks, at its close, that their Abbot was far too good for them. Poor fellows, they had been long painfully aware of that; he was *much* too good for them: they wanted a considerably less heavenly, holy Abbot!—a sinner, if such a favour could have been granted, like themselves. However, that was past praying for; and by way of impressing upon them the iniquity of falsely accusing their spiritual superior, the deputation were ordered to journey back to St. Rufus on foot; which they did, under the vigilant care of their Abbot—he mounted upon a palfrey,—and faring, if not sumptuously, plentifully every day, they rigorously restricted to the deteriorated dietary of the St. Rufus brotherhood—miserable monks! After this the severity of the Abbot's rule increased rather than diminished, till at last two of the monks fled the convent, and the others almost broke out into open mutiny. There was another appeal to Rome. Pope Eugenius said he knew it was Satan who stirred up these troubles; but to avoid further scandal, their excellent Abbot would not return to St. Rufus' monastery, and his Holiness would nominate one who would suit them better. Abbot Nicholas he should raise to an episcopal dignity, make him Bishop of Albano. The monks were overjoyed; his Holiness might—if he would and could—make the stern ascetic Abbot an archangel, so that they were finally quit of him. It is to be presumed there was a jolly carouse at the monastery of St. Rufus when the bringers of glad tidings arrived there. Almost immediately afterwards a bye-law was enacted by the emancipated brotherhood—never again to elect a foreigner to be Abbot; they could hardly be mistaken in the character of a good, simple Provençal, whom some of them would necessarily have known from childhood; and that rule was never repealed or contravened. The ancient monastery of St. Rufus was totally destroyed in 1792, by the revolutionary mob.

CHAPTER III.

BISHOP—APOSTLE—POPE.

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEARE was created a cardinal, and Archbishop of Albano in 1146, by Pope Eugenius, and forthwith despatched to convert the heathen nations of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, to the Christian faith. He was accompanied by a numerous retinue, and, if the monkish chroniclers are to be believed, his success in the holy work was marvellous. It is not anywhere asserted that he was endowed with the miraculous gift of tongues, or that he had learned Norse in the ordinary way. The conversions of the common people, who presented themselves in crowds to receive baptism, could not, therefore, have been effected by preaching. The clerical chroniclers easily account for the success of the cardinal archbishop's mission. Supernatural aid was abundantly vouchsafed to him; there were continual portents; signs in the heavens; the significance of which the most bigoted worshipper of the Scandinavian deities could not misunderstand. One expedient adopted by the astute archbishop must have told with great force. Having first obtained the consent of the kings and chief men of the three kingdoms, he caused as great a number of the most venerated idols—Thor, Woden, and the rest—as could be procured, to be collected at indicated spots, where great feasts were prepared for all comers; the carcasses of the animals to be eaten being roasted by the fire of the flaming images. Evidently, if Thor or Woden were genuine gods, they would never allow themselves to be consumed in cooking flesh for the delectation of Christian stomachs. No eloquence was required to enforce or illustrate *that* conclusion. There does not, in fact, appear to be any doubt that Cardinal Archbishop Nicholas Breakspeare succeeded in effecting a complete revolution in the religious ideas of the Scandinavian peoples, and that the effect of his labours was permanent. He is held to be the apostle of those nations as certainly as St. Patrick was of Ireland. He founded a bishopric at Drontheim, an archiepiscopal see at Upsal, which still exists.

The fame of his success had preceded him to Rome, finding wide echoes there; and he, arriving in the Eternal City in 1154—a few days only before the death of Pope Anastatius,—was unanimously elected by the conclave that pontiff's successor. He accepted the awful dignity with real or feigned reluctance—no doubt the latter,—and ascended the pontifical throne, to which, in the opinion of universal Christendom, all other thrones were subordinate, under the title of Adrian IV.,—truly a marvellous height to have been climbed, with such comparative ease, by a Hertfordshire swincherd!

In some respects Adrian IV. was certainly a type of the Divine Being whose viceregent he assumed to be. The Roman people crowned him, but it was with thorns. They cried "All hail," as to a supreme monarch,

and insisted that he should be a subject even as themselves, and gave him to drink from jewelled goblets, brimming with the vinegar mingled with gall of humiliation and defeat. The English Pope was not a man to submit to that humiliation, to accept that defeat. But he could patiently abide his time, as he had done in the monastery of St. Rufus. Till he could strike effectually, the tearing claw should be carefully hidden beneath the soft, silken exterior. Let me not forget to mention that Henry II., King of England, sent Robert, Abbot of the monastery of St. Alban's, and three bishops, to congratulate the new Pope on his elevation. Adrian IV. was exceedingly gratified, especially by the visit and homage of the St. Alban's abbot, and showed his gratitude by exempting the monastery from any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, except his own,—that is, of the popes. Few pantomimes present such a fantastic change of scene and characters. That exemption from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury remained in force till the time of Henry VIII.

The temporal kingdom of the Popes had departed from them. Weighed in Roman balances, they had been found wanting, and the papal population had been for many years governed by a senate, composed of fifty-six members, chosen by delegates from the thirteen districts of the city of Rome. A republic, in fact, had been established, with Arnold of Brescia at its head. This able disciple of Abelard was an energetic reformer in a restricted sense. He disputed none of the spiritual dogmas of the church, but wished to confine the clergy, his Holiness the Pope inclusive, to their spiritual duties. He would deprive him and them of all temporal dominion. These teachings were condemned as “political heresy” by the second Lateran Council. That unenforceable decree Arnold could afford to smile at. A sincere, earnest man Arnold seems to have been, but possessed of singular hallucinations. One was—and it was an article of faith with him—that Rome was, ought to be, and would be again, mistress of the world, the kings and peoples of which would be content to receive their laws from the senate of the Roman republic, elected by delegates from the thirteen quarters of the city of Rome. Assuredly a very remarkable illusion that!

The government of the senate, of which Arnold was the life, the soul, was in the main a just, efficient one. The mass of the Roman people supported, respected it. Evidently, then, the ambitious Hertfordshire swineherd—fully resolved as he was to establish the plenary power of the Papacy, in its temporal as well as spiritual sway—had a difficult, a perilous game to play. Perhaps no other man—not even a Hildebrand—would have played it so cautiously or so surely. The religious faith of the people was, he satisfied himself, unweakened. Even that arch-enemy of the church, Arnold, acknowledged the power of the keys, the authority of the priest to bind and to loose in *the next world*. Possessed of that fulcrum, Adrian IV. had no doubt whatever of being able to uproot and scatter to the winds the usurping republic of Rome.

No doubt at all. At the same time, no one was more impressed with the wisdom of the Italian saying, "*Che va piano va sano*," than the new Pope. He was secret and stealthy as Louis Napoleon Bonaparte himself. For an entire year the English Pope was the zealous chief pastor, and chief pastor only, of the church,—apparently indifferent to secular politics—friendly even with Arnold himself. His real piety rendered the assumption of such a part comparatively easy. It was essentially necessary to acquire a reputation for ascetic sanctity with the populace. In that Adrian IV. completely succeeded. He was a saint upon earth, the beatification of whom, *selon les règles*, would after his death be a mere matter of form.

All that time Adrian IV. was cautiously sounding the clergy of Rome, without whose zealous co-operation nothing effectual could be done. He found them, as he expected, animated by fierce enmity to the republicans; and all, as soon as it was clearly perceived that a resolute, sagacious man sat in St. Peter's chair, willing to follow his lead, unite their fortunes with his. Nothing more was required. Victory was organized; the day of battle with the foes of the church's temporal dominion would infallibly see those impious foes trampled into dust by the awful powers of that church. It proved so. That which seems very remarkable is, that, as in the case of Louis Napoleon, not one of the many hundreds of persons necessarily in the secret of the scheme for overthrowing the republic betrayed the confidence reposed in him. This circumstance has emboldened certain writers to assert that Adrian IV. did not contemplate the overthrow of the civil government of Rome,—that the doing so was a sudden inspiration suggested by opportunity. We happen to have a modern instance which refutes the false logic of that assumption.

The wounding of a cardinal—it was at first thought mortally—in the streets of Rome (whether this was or was not in the papal programme I have no means of judging) gave the anxiously expected signal. At once rolled the thunders of the Vatican; the living lightning of interdict was fulminated against the city of Rome, and obeyed with alacrity by the clergy. The churches were immediately closed; the priests withheld their ministrations; there could be no marrying or giving in marriage; no administration of the sacraments; no extreme unction; no viaticum for the dying, and the soul was compelled to quit its tenement of clay unanointed, unhouselled, and unannealed, and necessarily, therefore, in the firm belief of the age, taking the road—not the primrose one—to the everlasting bonfire; the dead buried like dogs in unconsecrated ground, no prayers said over them, no holy oil mingled with the clods flung upon their coffins!

Oh, you, strong-minded lady, you, strong-minded gentleman, may smile disdainfully at such mock terrors; permit me, however, to tell you, that in the middle of the eleventh century an interdict, timely launched and zealously seconded by the clergy, was a terrible affair—a real thunder-

bolt. And even now, in England, in this nineteenth century, where we no more believe that the Pope of Rome or the Archbishop of Canterbury could give any one of us a pass to paradise, than we do that the moon is made of Cheshire cheese,—I say that even now, and here in England, supposing there were no recognized Nonconformist ministry—I mean, recognized by the popular mind—and there were no omnipotent Parliament to control and correct the vagaries of our spiritual pastors and masters, I should for one feel a nervous apprehension as to the effect of an interdict—the great body of the clergy agreeing therewith—launched from Lambeth Palace! No regular marriages in church, no burials in consecrated churchyards, no orthodox funeral services! Depend upon it that, in such a case, the hearts of hundreds of thousands of brave men would sink within them. And as to the women——! How, then, must it have been, when the awful power of the keys was not even questioned by the boldest opponent of the church, to suddenly find the gate to heaven peremptorily locked against you and yours, and that to the unmentionable place flung wide open?

I can well understand and excuse the terrors of the people of Rome. What resistance could they oppose to weapons which they believed to have been taken from the armory of God himself? A few days' experience of the effect of the interdict sufficed to cast the Roman population at the Pope's feet. There was a universal wail in the Eternal City. The terrified populace besieged the gate of the Vatican, and with cries, tears, lamentations, implored the holy father to remove the terrible interdict. His Holiness, after much hesitation, agreed to do so, upon the peremptory condition that the senate should be broken up, and Arnold banished from Rome! By what process of reasoning the senate and Arnold could be made responsible for the criminal assault upon the cardinal—the ostensible pretence for launching the interdict—it is difficult to understand. Enough for the Roman populace, that they might, if they chose, get rid of the interdict without delay. They did not hesitate for a moment: the senators were deposed, Arnold driven from Rome. The temporal power of the Pope thus signally vindicated, the churches were reopened, the clergy renewed their functions;—the republic was a thing of the past. Spasmodic struggles of the Ghibellines, in opposition to the temporal dominion, often subsequently occurred; but Nicholas Break-spere had unmistakably broken the neck of the rebellion against the authority of the pontiffs as *kings*.

Not very long afterwards, Adrian IV. laid the dominions of William I., King of Sicily and Apulice, as southern Italy was then called under interdict. William was at last compelled to purchase peace with the Pope by costly presents, as payment of tribute, in consideration of which Adrian IV. conferred upon him the title of King of the Two Sicilies.

The conflict between the Hertfordshire swineherd, become Pope, with Frederick Ednobarthus, commonly known as Barbarosa, Emperor of the

West, will conclude this strange, eventful history. Frederick was very desirous of being crowned by the Pope in St. Peter's, and by way of putting a little pressure upon his Holiness, approached the Eternal City with a large army. Adrian and his cardinals went forth to meet him at a considerable distance from Rome. The meeting was friendly enough, but Adrian insisted that before he gave Frederick "the kiss of peace," the Emperor should hold his stirrup whilst he mounted his palfrey. This demand the puissant Emperor angrily refused to comply with; whereupon the frightened cardinals fled in a body to Civita Castellana. The important subject was debated during two days. At last Frederick yielded, and at Nepi went formally through the ceremony of holding his Holiness's stirrup. There was another condition to be fulfilled before the Emperor could be crowned in St. Peter's. Arnold of Brescia had taken refuge with the viscount and nobles of the Campania. The Emperor was required to send troops to seize Arnold, and deliver him into the power of Adrian. This was done, and Arnold, by order of the Pope, was hanged in Rome. His body was then burnt, and the ashes flung to the winds. This is the black spot upon the memory of the English Pope. But for that atrocious deed Nicholas Breakspeare might fairly claim the character of a wise, energetic, and, judged by the maxims of State policy which prevailed in his day, a humane prince. There can, I think, be no question that he was a sincere, conscientious man.

The Emperor Frederick was crowned by Adrian in St. Peter's; but the two potentates soon quarrelled, and when death surprised the Pope in September, 1159, at Anagni, his Holiness was about to hurl the major excommunication at Frederick for having put away his lawful wife, and espoused Beatriz, daughter of the Count of Burgundy. He was buried in St. Peter's, having filled St. Peter's chair close upon five years. It is Matthew Paris, I think, who says there was a report that he permitted his mother, even after his elevation to the popedom, to receive doles at the gate of the St. Alban's monastery,—an absurd, ridiculous calumny. Nicholas Breakspeare's mother died before her son left England.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D.

MARCH VIOLETS.

HIDDEN among the moss
 That around the gravestones lies,
 Peep out my little jewels of blue,
 With their moist and tearful eyes ;

And the tender violets white,
 Pure as a maiden's shroud,
 Whose short life never a blot hath marr'd,
 Nor her sunshine known a cloud.

My flowers on the green mounds rest,
 Mute sentinels of the dead,
 And they shrink with a tremulous sigh from the touch
 Of the sharp winds overhead ;

Shedding their perfume soft
 On the freshening, keen March air,
 As bloometh the good name after death
 Of a life whose deeds were fair.

Sweet wild violets blue,
 First nurslings loved of the Spring,
 What a train of sorrows and mingled joys
 To our longing souls ye bring !

Violets crouching low
 In the holy home ye love ;
 Handmaids pure of the dead, whose names
 Are writ on the stones above ;

From your chalices, blue and white,
 Doth your God-given incense rise
 In a wordless sermon to the weak,
 And a warning to the wise.

How in our work and our toil
 There is something of the divine !
 And to silently work and silently pray
 Is *your* duty, friend,—and *is mine* !

BERTIE BRAY :

A STORY THAT MIGHT BE TRUE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY LORME," "THE CROSS OF HONOUR," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT WILL CONSTANCE SAY?"

MRS. WILLIAMS had mainly organized the bazaar for the restoration of the church, and the re-carpeting of her own pew. But the Barringtons had assisted largely. "I cannot deny, my dear," she said, in speaking of it a day or two previous to its coming off, to her husband—"I cannot deny, my dear, that the Barringtons have been very serviceable, very indeed; instrumental in a great degree, I may say, in bringing it about. I should not like to seem negligent of them at the last; so I think I shall drive over to their place this afternoon, and prepare them for seeing Bertie Bray take a stall."

"What will they need preparation for?" asked Mr. Williams, with a masculine disregard for all those finer feminine feelings which might be upset by contact with one who "was not in their set."

"Oh, well, of course they won't actually need it, but they haven't heard of her; they won't be prepared to know her unless I go over and prepare them; and any little unpleasantness like a coolness might quite spoil the bazaar, you know."

"I'll be bound they've heard enough of her—more than they like," Mr. Williams replied, laughing; "such a pretty, charming girl as Bertie Bray is heard of more than ten miles from home in a neighbourhood like this, where pretty girls are scarce. I suppose what you want to tell them is that she is going to be married to Captain Power; isn't that it, now? and *that* won't throw much additional sunshine over your bazaar, I fancy; they'll hate her more for being engaged before them than for anything else."

"Really, Henry," said Mrs. Williams, loftily, "I am surprised at your attributing such low and envious feelings to some of the best born girls in the county: just consider what blood they have in their veins, and then ask yourself if it be possible that they could condescend to be jealous of Bertie Bray?"

"Very possible, I should say, seeing that Bertie Bray has the advantage of them in possessing blood that circulates healthily and becomingly, instead of coagulating, as theirs does, in the tips of their noses and fingers." And the Rev. Henry laughed: he liked having a harmless jest occasionally at these worst liked of all his wife's aristocratic friends.

"Well, at any rate," said Mrs. Williams, "I shall go over, and I have no doubt that they'll be very glad to hear of Bertie Bray's good fortune."

"Ah, there it is, there it is," said Mr. Williams, with what, if he hadn't been a rotund rector on ever so much a year, would have been a snigger. "No woman can keep such a piece of news to herself, whether it concerns her or not."

The Barringtons were at home: two young ladies of the camel-like order—tall, and sandy, and raw-boned. They were very glad to see Mrs. Williams, for two reasons;—one was, that she had come too late for it to be incumbent upon them to offer her luncheon; and the other, that they wanted to ask her something about the bazaar.

"You should have come earlier, such a distance as it is from Fincham," the eldest Miss Barrington observed, with a warmth that was not at all put on; the time was quite gone by when an offer of food could be expected. "We are much more friendly: we always time our visits to you so as to find you in at luncheon; you should do the same."

Mrs. Williams promised that "she would next time," and made a mental vow that she wouldn't. She had enjoyed one experience of the Barrington *ménage* at luncheon when there was no one expected, and it had not been pleasant enough to make her risk another.

"We've been wishing so much to see you," the second daughter said, when the friendly altercation between her sister and the guest had been brought to a termination. "We want you to give us another stall for a young friend of ours who has come down from town to stay with us for a week or two."

And then Mrs. Williams had to say that she was sorry she couldn't, but that she had offered the only vacant stall there was to Miss Bray. And on a deeply dignified silence succeeding to this announcement, she further had to explain that it now behoved her not to cavalierly ignore Bertie's claims to consideration, even to oblige her dear friends, since she (Bertie) was going to be married to Captain Power.

"Captain Power?" one of the Miss Barringtons said, interrogatively, to the other. "Can that be the Captain *Maurice* Power that Constance was speaking of last night?"

"His name is Maurice," said Mrs. Williams.

"Then you must be misinformed about the engagement, Mrs. Williams, I think. Who are these Brays?"

"Mr. Bray has been a—engaged in tuition, I believe, for many years," Mrs. Williams replied, rather deprecatingly. She felt almost as if she had been detected in vaunting honours that were not well founded. "This Captain Power, a young man of both family and fortune, was with him long ago, so I suppose the attachment was of long standing."

"Oh, a regular trap!" said one sister. "Clearly a take-in for the young man," said the other; and then they both simultaneously asked, "What will Constance say?"

"Who is Constance? and what has she to say about it?" said Mrs. Williams, rather testily. She did not like her news being received in this spirit. The details of this interview would crop up in conjugal intercourse with her husband, and then he would crow over her, and laugh more than ever at "those spiteful old camels, the Barringtons."

"We were speaking of Miss Pashleigh, the friend we wanted the stall for. She came to us last night, and as she has been *very intimate indeed* with Captain Power in town, I think she'll be surprised at this engagement—if it is one."

With which the Miss Barringtons tossed their heads and dropped the subject; for the door opened, and a young lady came in, who was forthwith introduced as Miss Pashleigh.

"So sorry, dear, you can't have a stall, though you had so kindly promised to do your best; Mrs. Williams has already given it to a Miss Bray," one of the Miss Barringtons said, with a look at her sister that implied the latter was to continue the subject.

"Then all I can do," said Miss Constance, "will be to fluctuate between the stalls and beguile the unwary up to them. I'll do that for you, Mrs. Williams; I can make anybody buy anything, so you may look upon the richest of Turkey carpets as your own, now I've come down."

"They've evidently been laughing with her about the fancy fair," thought Mrs. Williams, angrily; and then, the other Barrington commencing to speak, she gave her attention to the scene unreservedly, in order that she might fully inform Bertie Bray.

"I suppose Miss Bray's name is familiar to you?" said Miss Barrington; "perhaps, even, you know her?"

"Oh dear no, I don't," answered Miss Constance, carelessly, lying back in her chair as she spoke, and pushing her bright yellow hair off her lovely little face; "but I shall be very happy to know her. 'Bertie Bray;' it's a pretty name; she seems to be of importance amongst you?"

"Oh dear no, she isn't," said one; "and—"

"If she is, it is only through the fact of her being just engaged to the very Captain Power *you* were speaking so much about last night, Constance."

They would not spare even her, their friend, in their venom,—these women who had never known or inspired a tender passion, and who had vainly and hardly striven for many years to establish themselves. They said it out as abruptly as they could, and watched her the while with keen-eyed sarcasm. If they could have looked inside, they would have been gratified; but Constance was equal to the occasion: she gave them glance for glance, and then she curled her lip a little, and laughed.

"How put out you all seem about it!" she said,—"*you*, who don't know him! Now if I choose to give myself airs and graces about a delightful, handsome, agreeable man, who promised to be useful to me all the season, coming down into these wilds and throwing himself away, there

would be reason in it. But I don't; I'm only too delighted to hear of something that will stir up your normal stagnation a bit."

And then the young lady laughed again, and asked Mrs. Williams what kind of demi-toilette she ought to wear at the bazaar, with as much composure as if she had not till this moment considered the hand Maurice had clasped the night before he left town, pledged to him.

"Something neat and plain, and suitable for a quiet little place like Fincham," Mrs. Williams thought Miss Pashleigh ought to wear.

"But I detest neat plain things," said that young lady; "they don't become me: if I am not all fuss and feathers, as my cousin Victor calls it, I don't look well."

"And bazaars are *such* trying things," said Miss Barrington, peevishly. She was labouring under a general sense of ill-usage, consequent upon hearing that a "chit like Bertie Bray, a nobody, and the daughter of the same," was engaged to a man of family and fortune; while she, Lucretia Barrington, whose blood was as blue as indigo, should be still unwooed, unwon.

"And bazaars are such trying things: standing the whole day in a sunny tent, being laboriously sweet to everybody who may possibly invest in a butterfly penwiper, is unbecoming work; you're well out of the stall-keeping, Constance."

"I didn't know you considered it such a bore." Mrs. Williams rose pettishly as she said it. Lucretia was putting her in the position of the obliged in a manner that was painful to her dignity. "I am really sorry," she continued, more suavely, "that you should have taken so much trouble about it; for I, thinking you liked it, have had to refuse so many offers of assistance. A lot of my young lady friends are quite hurt at not being admitted to a share, an *active* share, in the proceedings."

"Benighted beings!" said Constance Pashleigh, laughing; "I'll show them, on the field day, that it is feasible to get a great deal more pleasure out of a bazaar if one's free to go where one likes, than if one's tied to a stall."

"Oh, I've no doubt you'll get a power of pleasure out of the affair," said the youngest Miss Barrington, who set up for being a wit on the strength of having giggles at command, and a right to indulge in Irishisms because of her name.

"Well, I generally make the best of the occasion," Constance replied, carelessly ignoring the joke. "And there are the elements of plenty of it (pleasure, I mean) in the affair of Tuesday. In the first place, it will all be new to me, and I like new things; and in the second place, I shall meet my old friend Maurice Power, and be introduced to his future bride."

And then, Mrs. Williams taking her departure, Constance changed the conversation, in a way that gave them to understand she was not going to discuss the engagement farther.

"I can't make her out," Lucretia Barrington said to her sister, when

their guest had retired that night; "she carried it off with a high hand, and never changed colour; but *did* you see the look that came into her eyes before she thought of lowering her lashes?"

"No, I didn't; I never *do* see much in her eyes: it's a great want, in my opinion, with all her vivacity and sprightliness, she has no expression."

"Why, the other day you said she hadn't a single good feature; that what little good looks she possessed were entirely due to animation."

"So they are—to animal, *not* intellectual animation. I admire her, myself; but still I think she's immensely overrated."

"And so is Bertie Bray," said Lucretia.

"*She's* simply a brown little fright," said the younger camel.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN POWER ACTS QUITE PROPERLY, BUT RATHER
PUZZLINGLY.

FATE was propitious! The heavens smiled upon the restoration and re-carpeting scheme: not only was there an absence of rain, but a presence of sun. "The day has great capabilities, thank goodness," Mrs. Williams piously ejaculated when she drew up her blind, "if only the most is made of it."

The bazaar was held in a series of tents on the rectory lawn; outside one of the tents, the best band the neighbourhood afforded took up its station on green benches at an early hour of the day, and essayed to signalize its advent, and the commencement of the auspicious proceedings, by playing "Hail, smiling morn!" But the hilarious welcome to morn fell rather flat, the company not having arrived yet, and the sole audience consisting of Mary the housemaid, who paused at the staircase window, with her master's shaving water in her hand, to listen.

But torpor did not reign long; the neighbourhood assembled itself in the good cause, and presently the Barringtons drove up, and then the ladies who were good enough to hold stalls took their places.

With the Barringtons came Constance Pashleigh, dressed in a high white silk, that fitted her like a habit, a black lace mantilla, and a little white hat, that looked merely like a sort of appendage to the long, drooping white feather that fell down behind and mingled with her rich clusters of golden curls. Directly Mrs. Williams saw her she felt sorry that she had not thrown Bertie Bray over, and given the stall to the beautiful little blonde, who had a way with her that evidently no one could withstand.

She was the centre of a group of county people who had been introduced to her by the Barringtons, when she heard a voice she knew well: it came from a stall just behind her; but she would not turn her head round to solicit his attention,—he should come and solicit hers, presently.

Then, even while she was answering some light badinage in an equally light tone, she heard a young, clear female voice saying,—

“Oh, Maurice, Mrs. Williams has just been to me to say that there is an old friend of yours, either here already, or coming some time to-day. She has not had an opportunity of letting you know it before.”

And Maurice Power replied, “Mrs. Williams is very kind, Bertie; but I really can’t say that I can call to mind the existence of a single old friend whose presence could add to my pleasure to-day.”

And as he concluded his speech, Constance Pashleigh forgot her resolution, and turning round, faced him, her old acquaintance, and the future bride she had expressed anxiety to see.

There are pleasanter things in life for a woman than this first meeting with a man she loves, and whom she once supposed loved her, in the company of the woman to whom he is now engaged; but I doubt if hers is not a more agreeable position than his. Unless he displays the rarest tact, he infallibly loses in the estimation of one; and, indeed, he is lucky if he pass through such an ordeal without losing in the estimation of both. Maurice Power had tact.

“When I said *that*, I made an exception mentally in favour of Miss Pashleigh!” he exclaimed, stepping forward to meet that young lady; and then, after shaking hands with her, he walked back with her to Bertie’s side, and took an early opportunity of whispering to the latter, after introducing Constance to her, that he “had pleasure in renewing an acquaintance that it must give her (Bertie) pleasure to make.”

He was rather distraught in mind, though not a bit in manner, on the occasion. The one clearly defined sensation he had was of intense gratification that Bertie did not lose by immediate comparison with Constance. The latter was lovelier, was better dressed; but there “her advantages ended,” he murmured to himself, as the two girls stood smiling and talking to one another, but well “on guard” the while. “Constance might cut her out in a ball-room,” he allowed; “but it would be a dead heat between them in a more open field: of course, Bertie would always win with me; but then I am prejudiced.”

“I heard you were down here, and I heard something else too, from Mrs. Williams,” Constance said to him, after a little time; “and something in the present appearance of things rather serves to corroborate what Mrs. Williams said. *Is it true*, Captain Power?”

She asked it in the most unfaltering voice, and with the most unwavering, polished little smile on her face. Bertie might, and did, hear every word she uttered without experiencing the smallest thrill of jealousy. Miss Pashleigh furled her parasol as she spoke, and then handed it and her gloves to Captain Power to put down for her, as she “meant to stay with Miss Bray for a long time,” with the coolest unconcern; but Maurice was not so coolly unconcerned, for he was only a man, and in love, and therefore liable to make a fool of himself. He had an air of not being able

to centre his attention on the thing in hand, and his face flushed as he answered,—

“You may conclude that Mrs. Williams spoke the truth about my being here, since you see me here yourself.”

“Yes; but about the something else?” She asked it with a laughing pertinacity that struck Bertie as being somewhat remarkable even from an old friend; but Maurice’s reply struck her as being something else scarcely so agreeable, even as somewhat remarkable.

“It is not wise to trust to either report or appearances on all occasions. Miss Pashleigh, do let me escort you to the sherry and sandwiches;—and then I’ll come back for you, Bertie.”

So he left her, with the pretty blonde leaning on his arm, looking up into his face, and apparently continuing that course of questioning which had already drawn forth such a dubious answer from usually frank Maurice Power.

When he came back there was a bright spot of crimson on Bertie’s face; but for all her bright colour, she looked tired.

“Don’t you get on well, darling?” he asked, sympathetically; “or is the heat too much for you?”

“Where have you left Miss Pashleigh?” was the somewhat irrelevant reply.

“Eating an ice, that she swears is warm. She’s such a nice little thing, I think you will like her when you see more of her in town.”

“I don’t think I shall,” said poor Bertie, most unguardedly; “and as to her being a nice little thing, you’d have been the first to say, if you didn’t like her, that she was an ill-bred little thing, for betraying so much idle curiosity about *me* before my face.”

“About *you*?” said Maurice, with unfeigned astonishment.

“Yes; I understood quite well what she meant about the ‘something else.’ And oh, Maurice, how you shuffled out of it!”

“That was about *me*,” said Maurice, eschewing the latter part of Bertie’s speech altogether. “She was much less severe in her criticisms on you than you have been on her. That’s always the way,” he continued, waxing cross; “the woman who has the most cause to be is always safe to be the least jealous and envious.”

“Oh, Maurice! has she cause, then, to be jealous of *me*?”

“I don’t know but what she has,” he rejoined, shortly; and then, catching sight of something in Bertie’s face that startled him, he caught her hand, and asked her not to look cold and displeased, and not to magnify trifles, to her own and his sorrow.

“But, Maurice, it is no trifle if she has cause.”

“My dearest Bertie, every girl that I’ve danced with or spoken to in London since my return would imagine that she had, if she came down and found you monopolizing me; it’s a pettiness that no woman is free from, and Constance Pashleigh least of any.”

"I wouldn't have you think for the world that I grudged your attentions, dearly as I prize them ; and I wouldn't have *her* think for the world that I dreaded her enjoying them temporarily for fear they should be transferred to her permanently. I won't be jealous for a trifle light as air, Maurice, so you may be as attentive to your old friend all this day as any reasonable old friend can expect : I'll trust you."

"That's right, darling,—to-day, and to-morrow, and every day ; trust me 'not at all, or all in all.'"

He said it gaily and laughingly : and, very seriously, Bertie Bray held out her hand, and gave the pledge he asked.

"I will, Maurice,—'all in all,' no matter *how things look*,—or *not at all*."

A painted velvet cushion was in request the next moment, and while Bertie was selling it Maurice went back to Miss Pashleigh, who was finding the bazaar a bore, since the ice was warm, and no one near with whom pleasant converse might be held.

"Where have you been ?—back to account for yourself ?" she asked as he came up to her.

And he answered, almost pleadingly,—

"Constance, I *am* engaged to Bertie Bray, if that's what you meant just now. Will you be a friend to her when she is my wife ?"

"Oh yes—when she is your wife."

"And not before ?"

"I don't exactly see the occasion for it before ; but I may as well say Yes to that too, for we are not likely to be thrown much together."

"And will you be my friend too, Constance ?—mine in the future as you have been in the past ?"

"Yes, *yours* always, Maurice," she answered, frankly ; and considering he was an engaged man, that was a strange thrill of pleasure that he felt, both at the promise, and the use for the first time of his Christian name.

"She must have been considerably touched before she called me Maurice," he thought ; and he was right—she was.

A woman always is when she speaks the Christian name of the man she loves for the first time familiarly ; it is all pure gold to her at that moment ; afterwards it seems coarser coinage to her ; others have used it,—his mother, his sisters—these she can forgive ; but his other lady friends, these she abhors, for their free use of that which she would make her own now entirely, in the past as well as in the present and future.

Perhaps something of this feeling influenced Constance as she said, presently,—

"I must remember to get out of the habit of calling you anything but Captain Power before she is your wife, or Miss Bertie Bray may not like it."

"Constance, how can you imagine her to be so foolish ? I have told

Bertie that *we* are old friends; believe me, she will never be one to wish us to be less to one another than we have always been."

"What a way—what a stupidly sentimental way—you put it in, Captain Power!" said Miss Pashleigh, coolly. "You must learn to leave off these little stock phrases of yours,—less to each other than we have always been;—it sounds quite touching, till one reflects that we have never been anything to one another."

Miss Pashleigh swallowed her last spoonful of ice and rose from her seat, placing her hand quite calmly and collectedly upon the young soldier's arm. "You may take me back to Miss Bray now," she said; and he could not resist crushing that little hand against his coat in recognized indication that he thus pressed it to his heart, and saying,—

"Constance, it is all very well for you to say that,—you'll never lose your heart or your head either; but you don't know what you have been to me."

He felt horribly uncomfortable when he went back into trustful Bertie's presence; the consciousness of that temporary lapse from the perfect faith he had just repledged to her harassed him; but for all his remorse, he couldn't help feeling gratified at the sort of romantic sombreness which from the moment of that avowal fell over Constance like a cloud. There are some women who can never hear that they are beloved without emotion!

Constance tried hard to be frankly friendly and graciously polite to Bertie Bray, and she nearly succeeded. Sometimes the pain at her heart imparted a slight tinge of asperity to her tone, when the fact of Maurice being Miss Bray's legal property was made palpable to her just before speech was required of her. But on the whole she behaved very well: she saw that Bertie distrusted her; she owned that this distrust was not quite undeserved, and at the same time she felt virtuously indignant with Bertie for daring to feel it.

Maurice, the by no means unconscious cause of these conflicting sensations, felt that though much was due (the greatest care, the most respectful caution) to his intended bride, there was also much due to the beautiful little blonde who betrayed her love and her resentment clearly enough to him, though imperceptibly to others. It was hard to have, as she had, reason for feeling outraged, and at the same time no right to be jealous. She felt ashamed in her soul of the strong, loving wrath that raged there. She had come to this meeting intending to be dazzling to Bertie (the one he had left her for), and delightfully defiant to him in a way that would alternately pique, flatter, and bewilder him. And here, now, she could only by a strong effort constrain herself to be calm and self-possessed, since he had elected to awake the past by telling her that she didn't know what she had been to him. Every woman likes to hear that she has been something more than another to a man, especially if that man be the one who has taught her the full power of love.

"Bertie, you're not quite yourself; has anything happened to vex you, darling?" Maurice asked, rather anxiously, as they were walking home after the bazaar had been brought to a most satisfactory conclusion.

"I don't think I'm vexed."

"You're tired, then? or perhaps I bore you?"

"Maurice, *you* bore me! no; but that Miss Pashleigh has, rather. It may be unjust, and all that sort of thing; but I felt all the time I was trying to be friendly with her, that I was perfidious, for I didn't like her."

"You certainly don't trouble yourself much to adapt yourself to any of my friends," Maurice said, coldly, putting his hands into his pockets as he spoke, and thus rendering it an exceedingly difficult task for Bertie to retain possession of his arm.

"You have not given me the chance of trying to 'adapt myself,' dear, to any but Miss Pashleigh," Bertie replied, half laughing. "I couldn't help not liking her. I couldn't help seeing that she turned her attention from you to me every now and then with an effort—"

"*Don't* get jealous, Bertie," interrupted Maurice, wearily; "you don't know how it worries, and what a nuisance it is to a fellow when he can't help himself. I sha'n't be able to avoid meeting Constance Pashleigh, and so I can't well be cool to her; can I?"

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY BLAYNE JUSTIFIES THE EXPECTATIONS SHE CREATED IN GIRLHOOD.

MRS. POWER did not often call upon her daughter early in the morning; there was none of that free, unconstrained intercourse and perfect understanding between them which alone renders constant companionship or unexpected invasion pleasant and desirable. There are some houses in which you feel it to be a necessary thing that some reason should be given, some account rendered, for your being there at all. Her daughter's was the only house in which Mrs. Power experienced this feeling. She went there whenever it was right that she should go; she went there to call, and to dinners, and to parties of all kinds, for if she had stayed away her absence would have caused comment; but she rarely went there to see her child.

So this morning, when she entered Lady Blayne's room at eleven o'clock, Lady Blayne could not quite conquer the look of surprised annoyance that would, despite her habitual self-control, come into her face. But she was very well bred, so she rose with as much animation as she ever permitted herself to display, and welcomed her parent unexceptionably.

"Dear mamma," she said, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Power replied, as if she could dispense with all civilities for the time, "I am intruding upon you very early, Frances, but

I've no time to make apologies. I've had a note from your brother this morning, and——But before I go on, just tell me, how does Victor Rawley stand with regard to Constance Pashleigh?"

"As far as I know, very well," said Lady Blayne, placidly; but though her tones were placid, her mother's quick eye detected a momentary deepening of the shade of pink on her cheek.

"As far as you know; well, I should imagine that you are likely to know as much as most people, so very intimate as you are with—the lady."

Mrs. Power laid no emphasis on the last words, she merely made a slight pause before she said "the lady," and the pause made them more emphatic than any strong stress could have done.

"And with the gentleman too," Lady Blayne replied, coolly; "my old friendship with him, and his being such a constant visitor at my house, has made me very intimate with Mr. Rawley."

"So intimate that he would naturally confide a love affair to you?"

"I do not say that, mamma."

"Why did you lead your brother to suppose that there was an attachment between Victor and Constance, then?"

Lady Blayne drew the work she had discarded when her mother entered the room towards her again, as if the subject were not sufficiently interesting for her to devote her whole attention to it.

"Dear mamma," she said, after a few moments, "does Maurice say I did that? I did not intend to mislead him at all; I simply told him facts; I simply told him that Mr. Rawley contrived to be here whenever Constance was with me."

"Thereby leading Maurice to suppose that he abstained from coming here when Constance was *not* with you."

"Maurice was at liberty to suppose what he pleased, mamma; I had no intention to mislead him; I had no motive for doing so. Mr. Rawley's presence and absence are alike immaterial to Maurice, I presume; but what has all this to do with the note you came to speak about?"

Lady Blayne was evidently far from unwilling to change the subject, and Mrs. Power marked this willingness.

"Only this, Frances,—that your caution to your brother not to fall in love with Constance over again—with the young heiress *I* should so delighted to have seen his wife—acted upon him sufficiently to make him keep heart-free while he was with her here in town, and sent him away into the country, where he has actually lost his head to the extent of engaging himself to Miss Bertie Bray."

"I am very sorry for it, mamma; but he can get out of it if he wishes, I suppose."

"He does not wish it; at present he is desperately in love with her, or imagines that he is, and in any event I could never wish my son to act dishonourably. I could never urge him to do so, or even hint that it would

be desirable. No, no; the best must be made of it, but it is a bad affair: she is penniless, and, worse still, she is of no position, no family whatever."

"Well, mamma, I do not see why I am to be blamed for Maurice's folly; if he feared his fate too much to try it with Constance after what I said—the *very* little I said,—his liking for her must have been very lukewarm; even if he had proposed to her he might have repented it when he met this Bertie Bray. I am sure *I* had no desire to injure his cause with Constance."

"No," replied her mother, bitterly; "*I* know that, but your brother did not: you thought to pique him on; you thought a little opposition conjured up would enhance her value in his eyes; you thought as your brother's wife, Constance would still be a fair excuse for Victor Rawley's incessant visits, while all real danger of her ever seriously rivalling you in his heart would be past."

"Mamma!" was Lady Blayne's sole reply, and in the tone of her daughter's voice Mrs. Power knew that through her weak allusion, through her half-accusation, which she knew, and Lady Blayne knew, that she could not substantiate, she had put arms into the enemy's hands; she had put herself in the wrong, and Lady Blayne in the position of the injured and insulted. To pursue the subject further would be to lead to open war, and if open war were once made, Lady Blayne might perchance decline to hold to any terms. Any sort of apology would make matters worse, so in answer to her daughter's tone of indignant expostulation, Mrs. Power only said,—

"I am very much annoyed, very much annoyed indeed, with the turn affairs have taken; of course a thing that is done cannot be undone, and as I cannot consent to compromise in any way the name she *will* bear eventually, I suppose, I have come to consult with you as to what had best be done. I must write and accord her a welcome, a 'kind one, because she is very sensitive and proud,' into the family, Maurice says; and after a few civilities have been interchanged, one of us, either you or I, must ask her up to stay."

"I shall not do it," said Lady Blayne.

"You will not? Well, perhaps there is no reason why you should put yourself out of the way to oblige your brother, but still—"

"According to you, mamma, I should not be a fit *chaperone* for the piece of unsophisticated innocence my brother has chosen to engage himself to."

"Really, Frances, you are most perversely perverting both my words and meaning."

"You should not have clothed the latter so ambiguously, mamma; I could only suppose, from the language in which you couched your reproach to me just now, that you thought I was inclined to give false reasons for Mr. Rawley's visits here, through shame at their being paid at all."

"My dear child, you misunderstood me."

"I am glad I did, mamma; but I do wish you would express yourself more clearly: it is too annoying to be put on one's defence when one has nothing to defend one's self about. Sir Michael is quite tiresome enough; I don't require other supervision."

Frances had never in the whole course of her life spoken to her mother with such asperity; but there was a reason for it: it was now half-past eleven, and at twenty minutes to twelve Lady Blayne had an appointment which Mrs. Power's presence would interfere with.

"I must invite her to my house, then," said Mrs. Power, ignoring the other subject; "perhaps it will be better, but at the same time I hoped you would have taken the trouble off my hands: a visitor to you makes very little difference in your arrangements, whereas at my age a guest in the house interferes very often and very considerably with plans and habits that are fixed, and consequently dear."

Mrs. Power had a way of referring to her age whenever she wanted to avoid trouble; her daughter knew this, so on the whole it was not perhaps quite so heartless as it sounded, that answer of hers.

"Well, mamma, I really cannot assist you in this dilemma that Maurice has got you into; a little change in your plans may do you good, too: one gets very fanciful living alone; half the social bogies take their rise in imaginative idleness."

Lady Blayne was annoyed with her mother, and not at all averse to her mother seeing that she was so. Mrs. Power rose up from the chair she had been sitting on, and Lady Blayne rose immediately from her favourite couch, and offered no protest against her mamma's departure.

"It is nearly twelve," she said, "and I have several letters to write before luncheon, otherwise I would offer to go out with you, mamma; as it is, I will write to Maurice, and say that you've apprised me of the pleasing addition he is about to make to our family, and anything else civil I can think of; and when Bertie Bray comes up, if the engagement lasts, which I don't suppose it will, I will invite her here."

Lady Blayne was standing before the glass while she was speaking, and Mrs. Power could see that her eyes were directed to the clock, and that the expression of her face was one of watchful anxiety.

"It is no use my staying; my presence probably will only cause us both pain and mortification, and complicate what is not too clear already," thought Mrs. Power; "there is no use in seeing what is painful while one is powerless to prevent it."

"Good-bye, Frances," she said, aloud, rather sadly.

"Good morning, mamma," replied Lady Blayne, with a pleased alacrity that was most refreshing; and then the bell was rung, and Mrs. Power was shown down the stairs, and to the hall door, just as Victor Rawley rode up, and signalled to a little street Arab to come and hold his horse.

Mrs. Power was bowing coldly to him, and stepping hurriedly into

her brougham, when a sudden impulse moved her, apparently, for she paused, and held out her hand.

"Victor," she said, with all the old lovingkindness in her voice and eyes, "can you spare *me* half an hour? I have news for you, and Lady Blayne is engaged writing letters, so you will not gain admittance."

"I promised Lady Blayne that I would call on her to-day, and give her some information she wanted about a private sale of valuable pictures; it is an appointment in the cause of art, you see, Mrs. Power, therefore I cannot break it, even to renew those old friendly relations that I regret to feel have long ceased to exist between us."

She had seated herself in her carriage while he was speaking, and now that he had finished, he fastened the door and raised his hat in indication that he had said all he thought necessary, heard all he intended hearing, and was by no means unwilling to depart. He looked grave, and pale, and pained, but bent on going his own way.

"Will you come to me this evening, Victor?"

"I regret that I cannot, but I am engaged."

"Of old no engagement stood in the way of my invitation being accepted," she said, sorrowfully, "and now I ask you to come because I have something to tell you that I ought to say and you ought to hear."

"Too late, Mrs. Power," he replied, with a sort of reckless candour, that half pained, half pleased her. "Time was, time is; nothing you could say would alter the past."

"But it might the future," she said, eagerly; "it might alter the future that I see and tremble at."

"I think not," he answered, coldly; "I have come to be a bit of a fatalist." Then he stepped back and bowed to her, and the coachman, taking that as a signal to drive on, drove on, and Victor Rawley was left free to have that interview with Lady Blayne against which her mother had so vainly striven.

"So ends my dream of security for them both," Mrs. Power murmured to herself. "Weak, weak that I have been, to think that silent protests would be of any avail with such natures,—his so fiercely passionate, hers so phlegmatic and passionless; but I *had* such faith in that boy's honour."

And the tears that Mrs. Power let fall as she sat there pondering were given as much to the lost trust in Victor Rawley, as to the possible danger in which her own daughter might be placed.

"Mamma has been here," Lady Blayne exclaimed, as Victor entered the room; "I was afraid you would meet her."

"I *did* meet her. She spoke to me; she said little enough, God knows, but quite enough to make me feel that she is miserable, and that I am a rascal to come *here*. Frances, it would be better to end all this."

A deep crimson flushed her brow and cheeks, and her whole frame trembled as she asked,—

"How?"

"End this living lie with Sir Michael."

"And forfeit the position his widow will have? Thank you, Victor, no; Sir Michael is not likely to live many years, and while he does I can bear my fate."

She had golden hair, and haughty, delicate, aquiline features, and a queenly grace of bearing; and he saw that she had all these things; but there was something mean about the fretful conclusion to her speech, after a minute's pause,—

"I have *tried* to keep you from saying anything, Victor, but men are so selfish; while you held your tongue, *I* was not compromised, but now you've put it on other grounds than friendship, what am I to do? I ought to forbid you the house."

"Either do that or leave it with me," he said, passionately. "For God's sake don't try me any more. Long ago, when you made this hateful marriage, I told *you* the truth, and asked you to tell me the same for both our sakes. You chose silence then as the better part. You were cold and false then, but since that time you have made me think that you loved me. Are you going to be cold and false again now? Frances, I have loved you so long and so dearly; as you said just now, it must end; end it, darling. You are not true at heart to your husband; it will not mend matters by being false as a fiend to me."

Lady Blayne rose and left the room; her progress along the corridor to her own room was marked by a stately repose, a well-bred calm, that would have been infinitely refreshing to Victor Rawley if he could have seen it. When she gained her goal, she found her maid sitting there at work.

"Take this book to Mr. Rawley; he is waiting for it in the drawing-room, Wilson," she said, quietly.

"That will make him think that I dared not trust myself with him any longer," she thought; "that my love is only one degree less strong than my sense of right. If he once thinks that, he will be quiet and good enough. Foolish fellow, to imagine that I would either run away with him, or give him up entirely to see him the slave of some one else!"

CHAPTER XV.

"HOW WILL IT ALL END?"

"I WILL never see her again," Victor Rawley said, when he had received her message and departed from her house; "she is not worth all I have gone through on her account; she could not go on playing her devilish cool, deceitful game if she were. And yet I can't help loving her still; she's like my soul to me."

He turned into the Park, meaning to go and take two-pen'orth of chair and amusement, but before he could achieve his object he was

stopped by Sir Michael Blayne, who had been taking his morning canter oblivious of his wife's proceedings.

"You Treasury fellows take it easy; how comes it that you are doing less than usual to-day, Rawley?" asked the baronet, in a jocular tone that was particularly offensive to the man who was smarting under the cold coquetry of the baronet's wife.

"I am on my way down to the studio; I meant to give the day to painting, so I haven't been to the shop at all; but I have idled away the best part of it."

"Where?"

Sir Michael asked it in a very disagreeable way—in a nasty sort of a "Ha! I've found you out" manner,—and we all know how particularly offensive such a manner is; still, perhaps it did not deserve the retort it met with.

"What the deuce is that to you?"

There was nothing at all romantic or melodramatic in Sir Michael's appearance; he was simply a stout old man, padded into a tailor's idea of symmetry, and braced into neatness, on a thick-set, reliable cob; a matter-of-fact, commonplace-looking man: but his manner was not matter-of-fact, as he leant forward with a double-handed hold on the reins, and said,—

"You young scoundrel! I'll let you know—I'll expose you."

"If you try anything of that sort, you'll only expose *yourself* more," Victor Rawley replied, sneeringly; and then he walked away, leaving the irate baronet with the profound conviction impressed upon his mind that he, Sir Michael Blayne, had executed a *fiasco*. "For he'll tell *her*, and if Mrs. Power doesn't stand by me, I shall be in an awkward place," he thought.

I have not endeavoured to present Sir Michael Blayne to my readers as a type of the lofty-minded, high-souled man; had I done so, I should tremble in recording the following fact, feeling convinced that after it my representations as to the loftiness and height of his mind and soul would be regarded as weak things, and untrue. He went home from that *rencontre* with Victor Rawley in the Park, and immediately sought Lady Blayne's presence.

"My dear Frances," he said, "I met Rawley; and after speaking to him for a minute, *as usual*, you know—quite as usual—'pon my word, I made a quiet little joke—one of my quiet little harmless jokes that you so kindly appreciate,—and he got offended at it, actually offended. He's a good young fellow, deserving and industrious, and all that sort of thing. I shouldn't wish him to think that I would insult him; so you may as well write and ask him to dinner, and *say I told you to do it*."

And Lady Blayne wrote the note of invitation, and Victor Rawley came; and Mrs. Power, when she heard of it, as she soon did, mourned afresh over the failure of the second injudicious move she had made in anxiously suggesting to the egotistical old husband that it would be well

for him not to so entirely ignore all participation in his young wife's proceedings.

"I'll go to Italy, and study ; or to South America, and hunt ; or somewhere to do something that will make me—*not* forget her, that I never can do,—but not be so horribly alive to her as I am now," Victor Rawley said to himself as he walked home that night after the dinner. "I'll make Art my mistress——" and then he remembered that he had been saying the same thing any time the last four years, and that Art had found him but a desultory wooer yet, and laughed in bitter scorn of himself and of the idleness of his own resolutions ;—he had made countless good ones, for he was far from being utterly worthless : it is not the worst men on whom the burthen of being too faithful to a bad cause is laid.

He went back to the time when he had first known her, a beautiful patrician girl, before she had sullied her soul by this alliance, which so honoured her before the world. "She might have made anything of me, I loved her so," he muttered ; "and she wouldn't take the trouble the moulding would have cost her. And still, God help me, it's my cursed fate to pine in my soul for her, and to love her as never wife was loved."

It is not those who don outward and visible signs of mourning and misery who are the most mournful or in the most miserable plight. To all outward seeming Victor Rawley was richly favoured by fate : he was well-dressed, and looked haughtily cool, and self-reliant, and indifferent to the unknown who were about him. He was handsome and well-bred, and that subtle air of refinement hung around him which alone hangs over the well-bred and well-circumstanced ones ; and yet he knew that not a poor creature grovelled in the gutter more sad at heart and tired of life than himself.

For he had come to that terrible stage when, with honour as high and pride as keen as of old, he was ready to blast the life and name of the woman he dearly loved. He knew this, and to himself he acknowledged that deeper degradation would be difficult to gain. He thought of how he had tempted her again this evening to burst her own bonds, and the loathsome ones which bound him to this mute, ignominious slavery ; and then he remembered the day when Frances Power had first risen in his path, a pure, bright star of love, and he shuddered to think on how they *both* had fallen short of the promise of that bygone day.

"God help them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall."

For "vainly" he did recall them ! Strong as were his memories, they were not sufficiently strong to kill his resolution—born of his wild passion for her—to have this woman at any price. The shade of his old self reproached him for the madness he knew to be madness, and the villany that he knew to be villany, and hated himself for contemplating ; but he had

given passion the reins, and could not get his head again, though he knew well that a fearful precipice was near.

"What a beast I am, when her mother trusted me so entirely at one time! Ah! she's a good woman, but she didn't understand a hot nature like mine, or she would have been wiser," he thought, as he doggedly determined on going along the dark path his mind had sketched out. "What a life it will be when the worst has come, and she has only me to give her the praise and glory the world has given her before! Poor girl! I needn't sneer at her pride; she'll have need of all she possesses to bear her up and carry her through."

Very slight had been the wordy communion between them that evening: when he came into the drawing-room he found his fair hostess supported by her husband's presence, and rather distraught than otherwise, in consequence (she said) of a missive just received from Berkeley Square, apprising her of the unexpected advent of her brother. She had given Victor a sweet welcome, gentle, and well-bred, and cordial,—nothing more: there had been no warmth in the little hand that had been placed for an instant on his. And he, feeling that Sir Michael's eyes were on him, had not dared to impress the customary clasp upon it. But later in the evening there had been one brief moment of bliss (that he raged inwardly to think should be dishonourable and unholy); their eyes met, and their hands, and he found time to whisper one passionate sentence and listen to an agitated reply. And now, in the solitude of his own chamber, he thought of that brief moment of bliss, that passion-fraught period, and he muttered, "I'll *never* give her up—never, never; it would be tearing my heart out to try."

Lady Blayne would have some trouble in chilling him back to his normal state of uncompromising devotion and silent affection.

"How will it all end?" she asked herself, as she sat with outward placidity and listened to a few speeches Sir Michael deemed it incumbent upon himself to utter cheerfully when the guest had gone, in order that his wife might be reassured as to his "complete confidence," even though Victor *had* found an opportunity of telling her of that lapse from prudence he had made in the Park. Lady Blayne was by no means "a perfect woman nobly planned;" but she was worthy of all sympathy and pity (despite her coldly polished exterior, she stood in need of it, poor woman, ay, and craved it, too, had any been near whom she dared have trusted), as she sat there and politely paid a dumb attention to the platitudes it was her bounden duty to hear, and thought of the fire she had been playing with, which now seemed to threaten to burn her up. But, like many another woman in dire distress, she made no sign.

Miss Pashleigh came to call on her the following day, and amongst other items of interest they spoke of the engagement.

"I can't understand what made Maurice do it; but there, we none of us *can* ever know what determines another person upon an act," Lady Blayne

said; and Constance was rather surprised at the words, for Lady Blayne was not wont to be tolerant and lenient.

"I can understand what made him do it very well indeed, for quite accidentally I chanced to go into her neighbourhood, and I've been introduced to her. She's very nice, and, from all I hear, her family will never disgrace you."

Miss Pashleigh marked that a slight flush rose to Lady Blayne's cheek as she listened, but she did not guess the cause; who should have guessed the cause, indeed? Lady Blayne was thinking, as her friend spoke, that perhaps these quiet country people, whom it was considered necessary to excuse before they were accused, might think some possible moves that were on the board disgraceful to *them*.

"Still, I can't help thinking," continued Constance, with that strange clinging to a subject that is painful, which is so essentially feminine—"still, I can't help thinking that, nice as she is, Miss Bertie Bray is not exactly the most suitable choice Captain Power could have made. She's dreadfully in love with him, but I thought his a very calm and well-regulated affection on the occasion of my seeing them together."

"Maurice could hardly be demonstrative at a bazaar."

"Oh no, of course he couldn't. Do you know, we came up to town together yesterday, quite by chance. I had no idea he was coming away so soon; for when I mentioned to him, at the bazaar, that I was coming up on Thursday, he didn't tell me that he was also; but when I got to the Fincham station, there he was; so we came up together."

"Poor Maurice!" Lady Blayne said, softly; "I hope he'll be happy,—I hope his wife will love him."

"Good gracious! why shouldn't she? What makes you say that, Lady Blayne? there's no fear of any woman he may marry not loving him: the danger is all the other way, I should think, for Captain Power is rather fickle."

Just a little—just a very little, she could not help baring her wound before his sister; perhaps she would have been more guarded had she not supposed that Lady Blayne was too coldly unsympathetic even to care to trace out a possible cause for spoken words that were not quite clear in themselves. Certain it is that she was considerably startled when her usually unimpassioned friend came swiftly across, and, putting her arms round her neck, bent her cold, pale face down on Constance's head.

"Oh, Constance, a life without love is very hard—very hard indeed. I have tried to live it; don't you get piqued with Maurice, and do anything rash. You don't know what it is to be tied down to a weariness that it is your duty to endure."

"Piqued with Maurice!" Constance replied, rather touchily; "pray don't put down whatever I may do to the score of pique.—There, I didn't mean to answer crossly," she continued, affectionately; "but *you* know that some things drive one wild if they're mentioned,—they're too hard."

And then the tears welled up and flowed over her cheeks, and bright little Constance Pashleigh sobbed convulsively. He had made love to her—devoted love—on more than one occasion, and she could not get the memory of his words, and tones, and looks out of her mind now, even though he was engaged to Bertie Bray. This first waking from love's young dream is a horrible agony, but people get over it; if they did not, the race of rubicund matrons would materially decrease. Lancelot was very dear in the old days, and very passionately loved while he remained, and regretted when he departed; but, somehow or other, his place got filled, and the thought of his falseness or fickleness ceased to come with a smarting pang; and the sun shone again, and it was not "Lancelot, but another;" but before that other comes, Lancelot has a good deal to answer for.

Miss Pashleigh soon recovered from her fit of temporary insanity, and grew bright again outwardly: she rejoiced that she had done so when Maurice came to see his sister, and be congratulated.

"I didn't anticipate the pleasure of meeting *you*," he said to Constance; and she forgave the story, for it was told to hide a something that was a little too flattering to herself, considering the circumstances to be altogether advisable. Perhaps he had forgotten it, but when they were taking leave of one another at the terminus the day before, she had casually mentioned her intention of paying Lady Blayne an early visit on the following morning.

"Constance has given me a description of Bertie Bray that has prepared me for seeing something very charming indeed, Maurice," Lady Blayne said, with the praiseworthy desire of saying something that should sound well to Maurice, and for Constance.

"She is very good," he replied, rather coolly. It would have been more agreeable to his feelings, on the whole, if Constance had not shown herself capable of being so very magnanimous with regard to Bertie Bray: he did not wish to see perfect indifference reign in Constance's breast with regard to himself just yet.

"When is mamma going to invite Miss Bray to come and stay with her?"

"In a fortnight, I believe;" and as he said it, it occurred to Captain Power that the intervening fortnight would be rather dull unless more genial relations could be established with Constance Pashleigh. That young lady's present state of cold self-possession and apparent abnegation of all interest in him was not pleasant. A mournful expression gloomed over his face, and presently, when Constance glanced towards him, she found that his eyes were fastened upon her, fraught with a something that might be love and woe, or only the semblance of the same.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to go for a drive with me, would you, Frances?" he asked, after another short pause. "I should like to take you out."

"I shall be very happy to go," she said. "When shall it be?—this afternoon?"

"Yes; I think the day's too hot to remain in town. It would be a good plan to drive down to Richmond, or Greenwich, and dine; dull for you by yourself, though. We must ask some one else to join us. I wonder if Rawley'd go?"

"And, Constance, could you?" suggested Lady Blayne.

"Yes," Constance said, indifferently; she thought she could, and she would send and ask Victor.

So the party arranged itself, and Maurice drove them down in his drag to dine at Greenwich:—a dangerous drive for the peace of mind of all concerned; a dangerous dinner, for they fed on other things besides white-bait and such like edibles. It was an unexceptionable arrangement, of course,—a young matron for a chaperon, and her brother for her escort, and a brace of cousins whose relations were really and truly strictly fraternal; but the party did not happen to divide in the way I have indicated above. The room was large, and there were two balconies; Constance, in her white, fluttering dress, leant over the rails of one, and close beside her a fair-haired, handsome man lounged and talked—*not* of the present and future that belonged to absent Bertie, but of the past, that belonged to herself, Constance Pashleigh. And in the other balcony another pair stood,—saying little or nothing, it seemed, for their voices seldom floated on the warm, soft air; but dreaming away the hour with a most perfect appreciation each of the other's silence and feelings, that was most rarely sweet.

That night, when Maurice returned home, and was alone at last, he exclaimed, "Poor little Bertie! how will it end?"



THE MAN IN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SACKVILLE CHASE."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEETING AT GOODWOOD.

IN all the realm of England there is not a more magnificent domain than Goodwood, the ancestral seat of the lord of Lennox. It is diversified by hill and dale, and richly wooded as by a painter's pencil; and in the distance, as seen from the elevated points, shining like a mirror, the sea forms a brilliant frame to the landscape it encloses.

The Goodwood race meeting is always held in the first week in August, when the country all around is in its brightest glory. At such a time the scene is one of sylvan beauty, over which the breath of heaven appears to have spread its influence, and nature seems to sit upon a throne above a realm that is rich in wood, rich in pasture, and widely rich in corn.

And there is an admixture of the glories of nature and the embellishment of art in Goodwood delightfully blended. A visit to Goodwood at the time of the year when its world-renowned race meeting is being celebrated would be of advantage to the cynical, the heartless, the hypocritical, and the evil-disposed; because such a scene at such a time could have nought else but a softening influence even upon the most rugged nature of the genus man.

Goodwood is one of the ancestral glories of England. A spreading and an ample domain, umbrageous undulations, fertile plains, frequent valleys, and a princely mansion, are the features of a natural picture which

no other country in the world can display in such richness and such beauty.

And Goodwood Park on the race days presents a scene which is unique, and which probably will never be equalled of its kind. The characteristics of a public festival and a private pleasure-party are so blended, that a picture of English society is produced which stands alone in its colouring and its effect. The patrician and the peasant, the man of the world and the pleasure-seeker, rank, beauty, fashion, and all that is bright and gay, are so associated, that the mind, through the eye, becomes enrapt in its contemplation.

Yes, a visit to this same Goodwood in the autumn-time is a joy which goes to the heart's depths, and leaves an impression there which comes out bright and green amidst the winter scenes, and by Christmas fires when the yule log burns brightly.

Lord Montalban and his daughter had been down in the neighbourhood for some days, and Augusta Montalban had thoroughly enjoyed her rides on horseback over to Chichester and Bognor, and sometimes as far as Portsmouth, and she had been admired by all the country round for her equestrian prowess. She had risen soon after daybreak, in order to ride over from Lord Templebloke's house, where she and her father were staying, to the racecourse that is situated on the other side of Goodwood Park, so that she might see the horses even go through their daily exercises there, preparatory to the events in which they were engaged during this race week at Goodwood; and she would watch them eagerly as they galloped over the course,—some in their clothes and some without; and her eyes dilated with pleasure as she gazed upon them.

Of course she was very curious to see her favourite "Peeping Tom" out in his exercise of a morning, and she was all anxiety when she was informed that he was coming. A great number of horses were out, and they were so thickly clustered together on the hill and about the long course, that it was impossible for Miss Montalban to particularize them without the assistance of a guide. Such guide happened to be in attendance upon her in the shape of one of Lord Templebloke's grooms, who seemed to be well up in turf knowledge and all matters connected with the racing celebrities of the day. It was the possession of these qualifications probably that had induced Miss Montalban to elect him as her attendant squire in her excursions every morning at cockerow to the racecourse at Goodwood.

This worthy had obtained special information, so he said, from a friend of his, "which was a tout by profession," that "Peeping Tom" was to be brought out rather late in the morning, in order to have a rattling gallop "on the quiet," as Miss Montalban's equerry expressed it,—the precise meaning of the expression, "on the quiet," being, we presume, that the gallop would be taken when the other horses had left for their stables. This was on the morning of the first day of the race meeting,

and Miss Montalban was determined to witness the final exercise gallop of "Peeping Tom" before his approaching contest, and she had been informed by her chaperon that for the purpose she must go down to the stand, and thither she went. After waiting for some time, the object of her anxiety made his appearance all alone in his glory, without an attendant even, save the boy upon his back. He is walking gently down towards the stand, and as he proudly walks along he looks indeed the *beau idéal* of a magnificent race-horse, and Miss Montalban gazes upon him with admiration beaming all over her beautiful face. The horse trod the turf like a deer, and was a pattern of gentleness and docility. First of all he was cantered up to the hill and back again to the stand, and then he was taken "the rattling gallop" over the cup course. Miss Montalban watches him as he flies along, and he seems like a loadstone to her eyes, for they are fixed upon him as he moves. His rattling gallop is a rattler indeed. He is flying like the wind over the course, down round the hill and the clump of trees in the far distance; he is coming round towards the stand again, and still with undiminished swiftness. He approaches the stand; before Miss Montalban can draw a long breath he is passing her at his greatest speed, but in the next instant, at the bidding of his rider, indicated by the most delicate pressure of the fingers on the reins, with a skin that looks like shining satin, he stands as quiet as a lamb.

Miss Montalban cantered over to where her favourite was standing, and entered into animated conversation with the boy on his back, who felt very proud and gratified at being talked to by such a splendid lady, albeit he had been enjoined by his employer not to hold converse with anybody during the time he was out with his horse at exercise.

As Miss Montalban rode at a walk through the park down the hill that leads from the plantation that belts the racecourse in Goodwood Park, she fell a-musing upon coming events and coming people. The Marquis of Milltown would arrive at Lord Templebloke's in the course of the morning, and Mr. Silvester Langdale had promised to join their party on the lawn; and so in musing thus, Miss Montalban came to institute comparisons—odious, as we know they are, at all times—between the Marquis of Milltown and Mr. Silvester Langdale.

And why did she institute these comparisons in her own mind at that moment? She had never done so before. She had always looked upon the Marquis of Milltown as a kind of ridiculous toy, admirably constructed and made up,—an animated automaton, a living marionnette; but since she had known Silvester Langdale the Marquis had gradually assumed a different character in her eyes. She had an instinctive knowledge or feeling that, as far as the intellect of the young Marquis was capable of embracing such a sentiment, he looked with something more than ordinary admiration upon herself; and when the suggestion occurred to her she smiled, as though she were amused by it. But a somewhat similar suggestion had imperceptibly dawned upon her mind with regard to

Silvester Langdale, and she did not smile at that; and although she pondered upon the subject, it could scarcely be said to assume the shape of definite thought in her mind. But now, as she is passing through the fragrant woods that lead to Lord Templebloke's house, she finds herself instituting a comparison between the Marquis of Milltown and Silvester Langdale.

She is passing slowly along beneath those perfumed hedges, and at the same moment Silvester Langdale is flying over the land in a Brighton express train at the rate of fifty miles an hour. And he, too, is absorbed in thought, and the object of his thoughts is Augusta Montalban.

The party at Lord Templebloke's have been assembled at the breakfast-table some time when she arrives, and when she reaches the breakfast-room there is a general exclamation of confused, good-humoured remonstrance, which takes no definite form of words. Amongst the guests assembled at the breakfast-table is the Marquis, who rises on the entrance of Miss Montalban. He has finished his breakfast, and says,—

"How de do?" with the same drawl. "You have been lying late in bed for such a morning."

"Bed!" she exclaimed, rather indignantly; "I was up and out upon the racecourse four hours ago."

"Four hours ago!" cried the Marquis of Milltown, in a tone which implied that it required all the resources of his mind to comprehend the intimation. "Why, that would be—that would be—let me see, it's now nine o'clock,—why, that would be between three and four o'clock in the morning. What ever time could you have gone to bed?" and he put this question with such drawling deliberation, that it quite irritated Miss Montalban.

"I have been to see the horses at exercise," she cried, quickly, "as I have done each morning since I have been here."

"Oh, how I should have liked to have been there too!" said the Marquis of Milltown.

"Why didn't you go, then?" inquired Miss Montalban, pettishly.

"I hadn't the least ideyaw that you were going, and I only arrived late last night, you know. Oh, I wish I had known!" and really the noble young Marquis, his brilliant attire notwithstanding, looked quite lackadaisical, and Miss Montalban laughed.

The Marquis of Milltown felt that he had a little strained his intellect in indulging in the unwonted excitement he had just gone through, and so he sauntered through the open French window on to the lawn outside, and there meeting with a kindred spirit, they each indulged in a cigar in the brilliant sunshine, and amongst the flowers that were in beauteous profusion all around. And presently they were joined by nearly all the company at Lord Templebloke's, who passed the early morning in various ways about the parterres and on the lawns, as their fancies led them. But Miss Montalban did not leave her room until it was time for the party to set

out for the racecourse, and once in the course of the morning this fact struck the Marquis of Milltown forcibly as he was lounging with Lord Montalban; and making the discovery, he exclaimed, in a kind of scared tone,—

“Where’s Augusta?”

Lord Montalban happened to look towards one of the upper windows of the mansion, and seeing his daughter there, he said, “There she is, looking down upon us from her room.”

The Marquis of Milltown’s soul was mollified. From that chamber window, as he slowly paced the lawn, his magnificent figure could be seen to unusual advantage, and that very day he wore a suit the pattern of which had for the first time appeared in Paris only the Sunday before. The Marquis was indeed happy.

Miss Montalban was looking at him, but she was not thinking of him. Her thoughts were anticipating an approaching scene.

Along the road that winds through the park at Goodwood in front of the mansion there is a stream of carriages of all kinds, and of pedestrians wending their way to the racecourse that is behind the wood at the top of the hill.

There is not a more brilliant outdoor scene than that which is presented on the greensward beneath the trees at the side of the grand stand at Goodwood when the annual and world-renowned race meeting is on. The rank, the fashion, the beauty of the land, are there in all their brightest gaiety. If it be not the greatest, Goodwood is undoubtedly the most aristocratic race meeting in the country—not even excepting Ascot. Its influence is not confined to our land; for the list of brilliant fashionables that annually assemble at Goodwood House is always adorned by an accession of foreigners of high rank, not unfrequently including royalty itself. It is a meeting, too, that has always hitherto attracted some foreign equine celebrity to contest its chief event. It would seem to be a widely coveted honour to carry off a Goodwood prize, and so we find that kings and princes seek it. Under these circumstances the meeting is always one of national interest, and is looked forward to as a kind of national event.

The slopes of the velvety lawn by the side of the grand stand are occupied by the brilliant gatherings from the ducal houses, and the houses of other noble entertainers in the neighbourhood. Lord Templebloke’s party are conspicuous on that lawn, and conspicuous in that conspicuous party is the beautiful, and, as some would say, the proud and haughty, and others the passionless, daughter of Lord Montalban. Few who looked upon her noble form, as she stood gazing upon the cantering competitors for the approaching race, understood the character of Augusta Montalban; least of all, perhaps, that faultlessly attired figure with the handsome face and aristocratic bearing, that is at this moment indicating on the card and pointing out to the

grand beauty which is her favourite for the approaching struggle—"Peeping Tom."

She is admired by a thousand eyes that are now turned upon her, and she is at this moment gazed upon by a pair of eyes as brilliant as her own, and adorning a face as beautiful as hers, for they might have been modelled in the same mould. The person to whom that face belongs is leaning over the end of the balcony in the grand stand, and she has been visited once or twice by the Marquis of Milltown. Indeed, he would seem to have oscillated between this lady and Miss Montalban, although this was not known to Lord Montalban's daughter.

Yes, those brilliant eyes above the corner of the balcony are flashing upon, rather than gazing at, Miss Montalban. And how beautiful the two faces look! and how similar the beauty of each! Why, if they were placed in the stereoscope together they might almost do for one face. But the expression of the two at this moment as we gaze upon them is widely different. In the one there is pleasurable excitement; in the other there is ill-concealed passion. And strangely has that passion been conceived, and strangely is it cherished in that beautiful breast. Yes, she gazes with passion in her countenance upon Miss Montalban, and yet how little does she know Augusta Montalban! She will, however, perchance know more of what her real character is ere this, her history, closes.

The great race of the day is over, and Augusta Montalban was right in her prediction, for "Peeping Tom" has won.

Before the great race of the day Silvester Langdale had joined Lord Montalban's party on the lawn, and he had felt the deepest interest in the proceedings on the racecourse; not that he really cared much about them, but simply because Augusta Montalban was so absorbed in what was taking place. Truth to say, for the sports themselves he did not care very much; and as he had made his way through the shouting and gesticulating mob that constitutes what is technically called "the ring"—so called, we presume, because there is little therein that is conducted on "the square,"—the scene therein was not calculated to impress him very favourably with regard to the adjuncts of the sport of racing. He shared, however, the excitement which Miss Montalban exhibited, and as the great race was being contested, the enthusiasm of the beautiful girl near to him extended itself to him.

The glittering occupants of the velvet bank that slopes from the enclosure to the right of the stand are promenading beneath the trees, and Silvester Langdale is walking by the side of Miss Montalban,—charmed, delighted, and absorbed; for all thought of the sports of the day is banished from his mind,—such sports are not in harmony with his thoughts. But Augusta Montalban's heart is still with her equine favourite, and she is anxious to have him brought on to the lawn, for the privileged occupants thereof to observe his appearance after his recent contest. The desire is conveyed to her father, and by him is conveyed to the stewards,

one of whom is the Marquis of Milltown, and orders are instantly despatched to have the noble animal paraded before the admiring eyes of the assembled beauty on the spot.

The commission with which the Marquis of Milltown has been entrusted has thrown that distinguished individual into quite a flutter of excitement, and having despatched the order for "Peeping Tom" to be brought on to the lawn, he takes his way to the corner of the balcony on the stand, where the beauty who bears such a strong resemblance to Miss Montalban is seated.

"Oh, I thought you were going to leave me to myself here," she said, pettishly. "I do not know whether you consider this acting up to your promise;" and she drew herself up haughtily as she spoke.

"Now don't look in that way—pray don't," cried the magnificent Marquis, piteously. "I have been walking up and down the middle of the lawn, just where it is the least frequented, in order that you should have a full view of me, and there all the time you would look another way; it was very cruel of you—it was indeed."

"Walking up and down for me to see you!" she cried, impetuously. "What do you suppose I wanted to look at you for?"

"There now, isn't that too bad! I waited last night to the very last minute for the parcel from Poole's, and at three o'clock he had to telegraph to Paris about the finish of the wristbands, and it was not until nearly six o'clock that he got the reply. Look, isn't it wonderful?" and he held up his arm, so that the lady might observe some new style with regard to the working in the sleeve; "and all this I did for you, and see how you treat me!"

"You did not do it wholly for me; you did it as much for her;" and she pointed with a quivering finger at Augusta Montalban.

"Now I didn't, for I never told her anything about it; so there you are wrong now!" and the young Marquis quite brightened up under the impression that he had said something irresistibly convincing.

"Why, they are taking the horse down to the lawn!" she cried, in a gratified tone.

"Oh dear me, yes! it was that that I came up to tell you about, but you put it all out of my head," said the Marquis, very languidly, as though he would not be able to hold out much longer under the fearful mental pressure of the last two or three minutes. "And I came up," he continued, "to ask you to go down with me to look at him."

The intimation is evidently pleasing to the lady, for her countenance brightens up as she receives it; and taking the arm of the brilliant Marquis, she descends the steps that lead to the lawn.

The gallant winner of the chief race of the day is in the midst of the array of beauty that adorns the slopes of the lawn, and he stands as quiet as a lamb to be admired and caressed. He has been rubbed down, and his coat shines brightly in the sun, as though it had been oiled all

over. There is no admirer so ardent, so enthusiastic, in that gay throng as Augusta Montalban; and as she leans upon the arm of Silvester Langdale, and with her father on the other side, she is eloquent in the praises of the victorious steed.

"If we had our stud now, papa, he should certainly be one," she said.

Lord Montalban shrugged his shoulders, and smiled across at Silvester Langdale, who was a little bewildered, partly by the scene around him, and partly by the excitement of Miss Montalban. She almost dragged him to the side of the horse, and as she patted with her delicate hand the arched neck of the noble animal before her, she inquired of Silvester if it was not indeed a splendid creature.

Silvester Langdale has turned his head to offer some corroborative observation, but he is arrested in that intent by a marked and sudden change that has come over the expression of Miss Montalban's countenance. Instead of the joyous look which it displayed but a minute before, it is now clouded with passion.

On the other side of the arched neck of the racer is a face in which Silvester Langdale sees the counterpart of Augusta Montalban, and the expression upon the two countenances is now the same. Passion is agitating both, and is flashing from those brilliant eyes. Silvester Langdale, with Augusta Montalban, stands on one side of the horse, and the Marquis of Milltown, with Marie Wingrave, stands upon the other.

"What can be the matter?" Langdale anxiously whispers to Miss Montalban.

"Come away," she almost gasps,—“come away to papa;” and then turning hastily round, she encounters Lord Montalban, to whom she cries, in a tone of great excitement, “Look there, papa—look; surely we could not be humiliated or insulted more.” And she directed his attention to the Marquis of Milltown, whose companion was still gazing at Miss Montalban, and with an expression of scornful triumph on her countenance now.

“Come away!” again she cries to Silvester Langdale, as she almost convulsively clutches at his arm; and they take their way to the slope underneath the trees.

Silvester Langdale feels utterly bewildered, for this strange change in the bearing of Miss Montalban is wholly inexplicable to him. He feels hesitation in his desire to question the young lady upon the subject, and yet he would fain seek information upon it. To this end he turns to look towards the horse, still standing to be admired upon the lawn, and then he observes the Marquis of Milltown languidly and yet attentively indicating the prominent points of the animal to the lady who is with him, and who had struck Langdale as bearing such a remarkable resemblance to Miss Montalban.

Silvester Langdale looks again, and as he does so a cloud comes over

his countenance, for he fancies he has instinctively discovered the cause of Miss Montalban's excitement and embarrassment. And yet by what title could Silvester Langdale claim to have any unusual feeling in the discovery that he believed he had instinctively made, that Miss Montalban, having had a cherished feeling for the Marquis of Milltown, now felt the pangs of jealousy in the discovery that the Marquis was with another, and preferred that other to herself? Silvester Langdale believes that he has a full right and title registered in his heart to justify the feeling which animates him. And speedily that feeling generates others, and there is a confused admixture agitating his breast. He feels a kind of satisfaction—scarcely, if at all, defined, it is true—in the discovery that the Marquis of Milltown was attracted by some one other than Miss Montalban; but then, as he turns to the beautiful face beside him, he sees it passionately agitated, and he attributes the agitation which is exhibited to the baffled hopes that she has entertained with regard to the Marquis. This imagined discovery supplies the antagonistic feeling of satisfaction with which he had gratified himself with regard to the selection of the Marquis of Milltown.

Silvester Langdale had been but a short time in the world of society; he knew nothing of the high civilization of that world's centre, London, and he had yet to learn much that was necessary to enable him to read aright the feelings which agitated himself and Miss Montalban.

"Now don't agitate yourself, Augusta," Lord Montalban says to his daughter, as she resumes her seat beneath the trees. "She will not come near you, she will scarcely venture here."

"It is so, then," thought Silvester Langdale; "this is, indeed, a favoured rival." And he was of course plunged in the depths of misery at once.

The horse has been removed, the Marquis of Milltown has conducted Marie Wingrave back to the balcony on the stand, and Miss Montalban has recovered her equanimity, and Silvester Langdale's heart is delighted, for with a pleased smile she thanks him warmly for his attention.

The magnificent Marquis of Milltown was entirely innocent of any intention of putting a slight upon Miss Montalban. He had accompanied Marie Wingrave through the crowd, and he had not the slightest anticipation that Lord Montalban's daughter would be conducted to the same spot at the same instant; and as it was utterly impossible that the mind of the Marquis could be occupied with two objects at one and the same time, he was quite oblivious, during the inspection of the horse, of the flashing indignation that was darted from the eyes of Lord Montalban's daughter at his companion.

There can be no doubt that Augusta Montalban finds much gratification in the attentions of Silvester Langdale, and that young gentleman begins to flatter himself that after all he may have been mistaken in his impressions with regard to the recent *contretemps* on the lawn. While the young barrister is in conversation with Miss Montalban upon subjects

wholly unconnected with the scene before them, a tall, gaunt, but very aristocratic figure approaches Lord Montalban. This is no less a dignity than his Grace the Duke of Chaumontel, whose eldest son and heir-apparent is the Most Noble the Marquis of Milltown. The noble Duke attracts attention wherever he goes; for, as we have said, he is very tall, is very grim and gaunt-looking, and he dresses in the fashion of fifty years ago, when that great and good man, whose memory is revered by a grateful country on account of his brilliant and conspicuous virtues in every relation of life, whether as father, as husband, as son, or as king, and who was designated by that high-minded aristocracy with whom he associated as "the first gentleman in Europe,"—fifty years ago, when this brilliant ornament of the nation's greatness was the glittering representative of an idiot king. The Duke of Chaumontel was a fossil exquisite of a former generation. He was Corinthian Tom preserved. He wore Hessian boots; a light fawn-coloured garment immediately above, fitting so tightly that it appeared to be his skin; a coat, the collar of which was so deep that it seemed to force his head forward, and the tails of which were so pointed that, in profile, he looked like a bird upon a perch; and a hat broad in the crown, arched, and turned up at the side in the brim; and his neck was encased in a broad, white, stiff neckcloth, over which came up beneath his ears a white collar, so starched and thick that his head appeared to be a fixture, so that he could turn neither to the right nor the left except by moving his whole body. Such was the father of the Marquis of Milltown,—a nobleman now about sixty years of age, and who had not married until rather late in life, as it had taken him many years to decide in his own mind whether it was consistent with his dignity to marry at all.

"Montalban," said this august being, approaching Lord Montalban like an ambulatory statue, "I want to speak to you;" and he beckoned his friend aside by a motion of his hand that made the beholder almost fancy that he heard the click of the works that were in the interior of the noble Duke, through whose agency he moved.

Lord Montalban, thus invited, strolled with the Duke of Chaumontel to a somewhat secluded spot under the trees at the back of the grand stand, and when they had arrived there, the Duke stopped mechanically, and turning to the Viscount, he inquired if that noble lord had observed the conduct of the Most Noble the Marquis of Milltown that morning.

"Why, he seemed determined that it should not escape us," said Lord Montalban.

"Damme, Montalban, if something isn't done, that girl will be sure to marry him, you know."

The Duke of Chaumontel did not say this in an excited tone; he did not utter the words as though he had any very intense feeling in the matter, but as though it were a disagreeable subject that they had better

send to the family man of law to have abated according to the form of some necessary judicial proceeding.

"But why have you such alarming apprehensions?" Lord Montalban inquired.

"Do you know her?" asked the Duke of Chaumontel.

"I have seen something of her," replied Lord Montalban, with a frown on his brow.

"Most charming creature, I admit, you know," exclaimed the Duke, with a crisp, parched smile, "and I cannot but admire the boy's taste; but what more does he want? And yet what is the use of my putting that question? It is she, not he. She has got all the arts of intrigue natural to her; he has none. Montalban, she'll marry him if something isn't done."

"What can be done?" inquired Lord Montalban.

"That's what I want you to tell me, Montalban. Damn it, what's the use of a friend if you can't depend upon him at a pinch like this?" and then the Duke of Chaumontel laughed as before, as though he had said something particularly good and smart or *à propos*. "I tell you, Montalban," he continued, "that if I was to lock him up in Tilbury Fort, that girl would get at him, and compel him to marry her. I'm sure of it."

"Do you think she can be dealt with?" Lord Montalban suggestively inquired.

"Dealt with! What, with a dukedom in perspective, and two hundred and twenty-five thousand a year at the back of it! Not a bit of it;" and the Duke of Chaumontel laughed a kind of approving laugh at the determination and vigour of the young lady who was the subject of the conversation. "No, Montalban," he added, "there is but one way, and that is to marry him off before she does it;" and he drew himself up as though he had made a profound suggestion, and one indicating great sagacity.

"That will be a very good plan, if you can carry it out," said Lord Montalban.

"I don't care a single damn whom the boy marries, so that it's somebody in our own sphere, you know. He may marry the old Dowager Bompaspottle, if he likes,—she's got blood, at any rate,—or that young catamaran, Dunkirk's daughter, who was so saucy about the baker's son, and threatened that if anybody said anything about it, she'd say that it was the Duke, as she might, she declared, as well fix it upon him as anybody else. Wicked young puss, eh?" And the Duke of Chaumontel laughed quite heartily at the idea of a more august duke than himself being involved in such a matter. "Indeed," said the Duke, continuing his suggestion, "I think she'd do very well for him, supposing we can't find anybody at once that is a great deal better, and with equal blood." And as he said this he looked askance at Lord Montalban, who appeared for

the moment thoughtful. "But, however, Montalban, you think the matter over, and I'll ask your advice upon it farther, either after dinner to-night or to-morrow morning."

Lord Montalban indicated acquiescence, and the two noble peers took their way back to the gay party under the trees, where they found that Silvester Langdale had just been introduced to Lord Templebloke, who had very courteously invited the young barrister—of whom, he said, he had already heard so much—to stay at his house while he remained in the neighbourhood of Goodwood. Need we say that the invitation was joyously, not to say rapturously and eagerly, accepted?

Silvester Langdale said, in a whisper, to Lord Montalban, that he would go back to Chichester at once, and send his servant with his luggage to Lord Templebloke's.

"And who do you think that servant is?" said Silvester Langdale. "But of course you can't guess."

"Why, is he somebody very remarkable?" Lord Montalban inquired.

"He's Abel Barnes."

"No!" shouted Lord Montalban, with a loud laugh. "I'll go and tell that to Templebloke; he'll be delighted to hear it, I know; it will be fun to him."

In five minutes afterwards Silvester Langdale was on his road to Chichester, having directed the driver of the hackney carriage to drive as fast as he could, which he did.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FAMILY ARRANGEMENT.

THE Duke of Chaumontel was not staying at Lord Templebloke's, but was sojourning with another great magnate in the neighbourhood, at whose house there was as distinguished a party as that which was assembled in the mansion of Lord Templebloke,—more distinguished, indeed, because, besides the Duke himself, there were two or three Serene Highnesses, with round turnipy countenances and fishy eyes, and whitish-brown hair, and thick intellects; and, in addition to them, a queen regnant—for royalty of various grades very frequently visits Goodwood at the time of the race meeting.

The Duke of Chaumontel was awake at least twenty minutes before his usual time on the morning after the occurrences recorded in the last chapter, and his valet was quite astounded at being summoned to his noble master's chamber so much out of the usual course. The fact was, the noble Duke was embarrassed with a feeling that very nearly approached to anxiety,—or rather, we should say that he was suffering from a conflict of feelings, and this had caused him to awake twenty minutes earlier than usual. The various feelings by which he was agitated partook alternately

of the hilarious, the serious, the dubious, and the irritating. In the first place, in his mind it was quite funny to think that anything requiring consideration at all should cause him to wake in the morning twenty minutes before his usual time. Indeed, he could not believe that he had done so until he had summoned his faithful valet, and ascertained that his Grace's watch had not mysteriously lost twenty minutes during the night. Then he became a little serious when he thought that some little energy and considerable promptitude were required in the matter respecting which he had consulted his noble kinsman on the previous day. He felt dubious upon a domestic consideration,—namely, whether he should consult the Duchess on the matter. The Duchess was with him in Sussex. There could be but little doubt that she exercised a commanding influence even in the august company by which she was surrounded; for, to say nothing of her exalted social position, she was impressively stout. In this respect she was a striking contrast to his Grace her husband, who was so gaunt and thin, that when they promenaded together, which was not often, they looked something like a Jack-in-the-green and a hop-pole out for a walk. If she had been born in the centre of Africa she would certainly have been claimed for royalty, and, by reason of her bulk, have been elevated to a diadem. Being the wife of the Duke of Chaumontel, it is almost needless to say that she was a daughter of one of the most exalted families in the land; and although she came to her noble husband without a sixpence of her own, yet she had such an appreciative notion of the dignity of her blood and the exaltation of her race, that the Duke her husband had once been known, in an unwonted fit of enthusiasm, to exclaim that she was worth her weight in gold, which, as the declaration was made on the word of a peer of the realm, of course was conclusive proof that her value was almost incalculable. It was with regard to consulting this substantial and august lady that the Duke of Chaumontel felt dubious, and after turning the matter over in his mind for fully fourteen minutes, he came to the conclusion that it would be better not to trouble the Duchess upon the subject until it was finally settled and disposed of.

And, lastly, he was slightly irritated that this affair should have arisen to trouble him at all. There was one thing, however, pressingly plain to his mind, and that was that it had arisen, and that it must be disposed of. He had therefore come to the determination of riding over to Templebloke's immediately after breakfast, in order to consult Montalban upon the subject, and to settle it, and he had braced himself up to the effort of considering, during his ride across the country—it was not far, only a couple of miles—what, under the circumstances, should best be done. He had, however, in this slightly miscalculated his own mental powers, or, at all events, the distance he had to travel, for he found himself at the door of Lord Templebloke's mansion without having troubled his mind for one instant on the subject he had in hand. Indeed, for a moment he experienced just the shade of a feeling of wonder when he found himself

at the portico, as to what could have brought him there at that hour of the morning; and he was only recalled to a proper state of consciousness by the appearance of Lord Montalban at the window of the room in which the Templebloke party had breakfasted.

As the Duke of Chaumontel entered the hall he was met by Lord Montalban, who had left the room for the purpose, and the Duke at once dashed into the object of his visit by exclaiming, "I tell you what it is, Montalban; this business must be settled out of hand: I haven't had a wink of sleep all night in consequence of it. Let's go and settle it at once."

Lord Montalban laughed, and led the way into a small drawing-room, where the two noble peers would be sure to be undisturbed in their momentous consultation.

"Now what do you think, Montalban?" said the Duke of Chaumontel, as soon as they had entered this room.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I haven't thought about it at all since," replied Lord Montalban, smiling.

"No, I expect not; but we must think about it now," said the Duke, hastily.

"What have you thought about it?" inquired Lord Montalban.

"Damme if I know!" exclaimed the Duke, laughing, as though he had uttered a good joke, as perhaps he had.

"It's impossible to get him out of the way," suggested Lord Montalban.

"Oh, quite, of course," replied the Duke, decisively. "Where are you to get him to?"

"He won't take office, I suppose?" Lord Montalban asked.

"Office!" cried the Duke, in a tone which implied that he did not understand the allusion.

"Can't you put him into the Government in some way?"

"Egad, not a bad idea!" exclaimed the Duke of Chaumontel, quite joyously. "What do you think we could make him?"

"Couldn't you make him Lord Chamberlain, or Lord something or other in the household?" Lord Montalban suggestively inquired.

"Won't do at all—won't do at all," hastily responded the Duke of Chaumontel. "She'd be sure to get at him there, as sure as you are standing before me, Montalban."

Lord Montalban laughed hilariously, and said the Duke seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with her.

"I am, I can assure you," said the Duke, quite seriously; and then brightening up, he added, "There are two offices that we might take our choice of, and I do believe that they are the only two that will answer the purpose."

"And what are they?" inquired Lord Montalban, evidently much amused.

"Why, either the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Secretary for War."

Lord Montalban elevated his eyebrows, and, in a tone of astonishment, asked why, on earth, either of those offices.

"Why, you see, if he was First Lord of the Admiralty, we could stick a file of marines or blue-jackets outside the office; or if he was Minister for War, we could have a company of guards outside the War Office, and they might perhaps keep her out, although even that protection might be doubtful."

Lord Montalban laughed heartily, and said he was afraid that scheme was hopeless.

"Well, then, it only comes to what we said yesterday, you know," said the Duke, in a tone of slight despondency.

"What is that?" Lord Montalban required to know.

"Why, we must marry him out of hand."

"Yes, that's the most effectual way, certainly; but how's that to be done?"

"Well, you see," said the Duke, solemnly, "there's the difficulty. Of course one can get him married to some bishop's daughter, or judge's daughter, or the daughter of a baronet, or people of that class, or to a daughter of some member of the House of Commons; there's plenty of opportunity, of course, amongst these classes; but then, you see, that's the very thing one wants to avoid. He might as well marry Marie Wingrave as one of them. As I said yesterday, if he marries by arrangement, he must marry blood; but of the two, to be candid with you, I don't know if I would not rather see him marry Marie Wingrave than the daughter of a mushroom bishop, or a barrister, or a House of Commons man, I would indeed, because Marie Wingrave would have the advantage over them,—she would have no connections of her own, as they would have, bah!"

"Is there no one that you know who seems eligible?" Lord Montalban inquired.

The query seemed suddenly to brighten up the noble Duke with some striking and pleasing idea, for his face became suffused with a gaunt smile as he exclaimed, "Why, of course, Montalban, how strange that it never struck me before!"

"Struck you before? what do you mean?" inquired Lord Montalban.

"Struck me before!" echoed the tall Duke; "why, I mean what you mean;" and he laughed.

"Do you?" said Lord Montalban, rather puzzled; "and what may that be?"

"Have you ever hinted at it yourself?" the Duke inquired.

"Hinted at it to whom?" said Lord Montalban, more puzzled than before.

"Ah now, Montalban, what is the use of beating about the bush in this way? The match, you know, would be all that could be desired on all sides;" and the Duke looked smilingly at Lord Montalban.

"Of course it would be, if you are so pleased with it; but you have not told me who the lady is;" and Lord Montalban still spoke with a puzzled look.

"Come, now, I call that a fine joke," cried the gaunt Duke, laughing. "You propose to me for her yourself, and now you ask me who she is."

"I proposed to you!" exclaimed Lord Montalban, in a tone of astonishment. "What is it that you mean?"

"Damn it, Montalban, what is it *you* mean?" cried the Duke, laughing. "What is the object of this finessing? Surely we are not two women?"

The Duke certainly did not bear the least resemblance to one.

"Now just tell me, Chaumontel, what it is you are driving at, for, upon my soul, I can't tell—I have not the least notion, I can assure you;" and the Duke might have perceived that Lord Montalban was serious, from the tone in which he spoke.

"Why, that I perfectly agree with you, that of all things it is the very match for him," replied the Duke, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, but what match?—Marie Wingrave?" and Lord Montalban could not help laughing as he put the question.

"Marie Wingrave!" exclaimed the Duke; "now have you not just suggested that my son Milltown and your daughter Augusta would be a very proper match?"

Lord Montalban elevated his eyebrows in amused astonishment as he answered, "When did I suggest it?"

"Why, not five minutes ago."

"Such was not my intention, then."

"Don't you think it would be a proper match?" the Duke inquired, rather loftily.

"An admirable match, if we can get the two principal parties to agree to it," replied Lord Montalban.

"I'll make Milltown agree to it," the Duke said, in a tone of decision.

"Very likely," said Lord Montalban, drily; "but perhaps the task on my side may not be so easy."

"But as far as you are concerned the match is agreed upon?" the Duke of Chaumontel suggested, with as much indifference as though he were concluding a match to be run off upon Newmarket Heath.

"If Augusta is content, I shall be delighted," Lord Montalban replied.

"Then that's settled," exclaimed the Duke, decisively; "we may as well have the ceremony off at once, as soon as we get back to town, eh?"

"Perhaps it would be as well; the season is drawing to a close," said Lord Montalban, abstractedly.

"And I will give the *déjeûner* at my place," said the Duke, loftily.

"If you desire it, of course," answered Lord Montalban, still musing.

"As you have very truly remarked, Montalban, it is drawing to the close of the season, and so we may as well make a grand affair of it to wind up with, eh?" and the Duke laughed as though he had said something funny.

At this moment Miss Montalban passed the windows of the room, and in company with the Marquis of Milltown too.

"Odd coincidence, isn't it?" said the Duke, extending his arm towards the windows.

Lord Montalban smiled, but gave no opinion on the point.

"I'll settle the matter with Milltown to-night," said the Duke, rather joyously, and then the two noble peers adjourned to the lawn.

The Marquis of Milltown, however, was not the only person that had to be settled with.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OPENING OF THE COURTS IN NOVEMBER.—SILVESTER LANGDALE AT WESTMINSTER.

THE summer has passed away, and the indigenous fog of the British Isles holds possession of the huge metropolis of an evening. In order thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate that national fog, shoals of tourists, from every locality where Nature blooms in freshness, displays herself in grandeur, or exhibits the charms that in the autumn-time she invitingly puts forth, have hurried home by those various iron channels that supply the circulation of London. In the interval that has elapsed since the Goodwood meeting, Silvester Langdale has had many opportunities of displaying his equine purchase to advantage by the side of Miss Montalban in Rotten Row; but that was, of course, before Lord Montalban and his daughter had taken their departure for their seat down in the midland counties, whither Silvester Langdale had engaged himself to follow them to enjoy the hospitalities of the Christmas-time.

The winter season in London may be said to be inaugurated by the opening of the law courts at Westminster. To this ceremony Silvester Langdale had looked forward with much anxiety and interest for the anticipated business to pour in upon him, but not in Gray's Inn Square. The chambers of Silvester Langdale, Esq., barrister-at-law, are now in the Inner Temple, and they look out upon that beautiful oasis in the desert of London, round which, at the time when the courts are opening at Westminster, and all the locality becomes busy, and the hum of human kindness echoes over the spot, the bright and variegated chrysanthemums bud out in all their glittering glory, and become, for a few days' time, a London sight. In those chambers Abel Barnes takes especial pride, and

keeps them with tender care. He is Silvester Langdale's devoted servitor, and he has told his wife at home, that if the young barrister had been brought up all his life to the saddle, he could not have been a more expert horseman ; indeed, Abel Barnes tells his wife that his belief is, that there is nothing in the way of ability, talent, and cleverness, that his master is not expert in.

The opening of the courts at Westminster is, of course, a novel sight to Silvester Langdale, and he takes his way to Westminster Hall betimes on the morning of the first day of term. He finds no interest in the procession of the learned judges to their several courts, which, truth to say, has more of the ludicrous than the dignified in its exhibition. He proceeds at once to one of the back seats of "the outer bar," as it is technically termed, the quarter to which the juniors are first relegated. This court was the Queen's Bench, and there was a large attendance of the members of the bar and the general public, consisting mostly of people who have no earthly business there, are squeezing and crushing to obtain a sight of the august and mysterious personages who sit enthroned beneath the canopy that is adorned with the royal arms, and made awful in appearance by the substantial sword of justice that hangs rather dangerously above the back of the wig of the Lord Chief Justice.

The student of that high civilization which is so conspicuous in our British law courts cannot fail to find much that is worthy of reflection in the proceedings that take place on the first day of term in November in our courts of law at Westminster. Such student may be an ardent admirer of the institution of trial by jury. If so, he may find some of his preconceived notions with regard to it rather shaken by what he perchance may have to observe. If he be a cynical student, he will not fail to be much gratified by the manner in which unmistakable fraud is pleasantly coquetted with ; and he will be amused at strange arguments—we might almost say grotesque arguments—that are gravely listened to, and occasionally acted upon, by those reverend seigniors who sit in banco there ; and still more will he be gratified to find the stoical indifference that is manifested by all who are operating in that ancient court, with regard to individual rights, and what the outer world is prejudiced enough to consider the better feelings of the human heart.

And then, again, the general student of our laws, customs, and manners, will not fail to discover the facility with which the learned judges make the law as well as administer it ; and it will require but little observation, sagacity, or penetration, to discover that those learned functionaries have a strong predilection in favour of the unwritten law, as against the statute law by Parliament enacted ; and so he will occasionally find strange efforts made to throw obstructions in the way of the due development of any new statute that is introduced to the notice of the puissant court.

The legal mind is a strange agglomeration, of which it is not for us, in such a place as this, to attempt the analyzation.

Silvester Langdale is a close observer of all that is passing in the court, and it must be admitted that he himself was an object of some little curiosity and scrutiny in the court; for his fame—so suddenly acquired, and since so well maintained—had, of course, preceded him thither. He had, it must also be remembered, made himself rather conspicuous in the world of fashion, as it is so well reflected in Rotten Row; and hence, with some of the brightest ones around him, he had obtained the reputation of being a young man with great private means,—an assumed fact, from which they reasoned that it was ever thus that luck attended upon the wealthy. “If he had been a poor devil who had nothing but his brains and his native luck to depend upon,” they argued, “he never would have obtained the chance that has so miraculously fallen upon him.”

Silvester Langdale has listened with much attention and interest to the proceedings that have been going on around him; in which, however, the “outer bar” have little or nothing to do. He is still listening, and still with great interest, when his attention is called to some one at the side of the court, and that some one is no other than Marl Baskerville. The sight of the lawyer money-lender recalls to the mind of the young barrister an obligation, of which he had thought nothing until that moment from the time when it was incurred.

Silvester Langdale immediately left his place in “the outer bar,” and joined Baskerville in the purlieus of the court.

“I know what you are come about,” he said, as they took their way into Westminster Hall; “and, to tell you the truth, I have lately been in such a whirl that I have forgotten all about it.”

“Indeed,” said Marl Baskerville, and he did so as though he were much surprised; but he was not surprised. Who better than he knew that Silvester Langdale had suddenly entered into a brilliant circle, in which he had partially lost himself? and who felt more satisfaction than he, if his inward thoughts could have been revealed, in the knowledge?

“I suppose you want the money, Mr. Baskerville?” said Silvester Langdale, with rather a dismal smile.

“I do indeed, Mr. Langdale; in fact, I never was so pressed in my life.”

This was wholly untrue; he had never at any time been stronger in funds, and the probability is that if Silvester Langdale had approached Marl Baskerville with the money in his hand he would have been disappointed, and not gratified.

“I’m very sorry to hear it,” said Silvester Langdale, earnestly; “but the fact is, you see, I calculated a few days too early. When you were kind enough to lend me the money—”

“When I obtained it for you,” suggested Marl Baskerville, with a peculiar expression of his wild eye.

“Well, at all events, when the money was advanced, I spoke of the beginning of November, and I meant, of course, the end, you know.”

"Did you?" said Marl Baskerville, quite ingenuously.

"I did indeed. Why, wasn't it but natural that I should?"

"Humph! Well, I suppose so; but what am I to do?" asked Baskerville.

"Well, that is the question that I must put to you for myself," Silvester Langdale said, laughing.

"It is embarrassing for both of us, I admit, and it would be a cruel turn of fortune for you to be crippled just at this moment; I would do anything to prevent that, Mr. Langdale, I would indeed."

How earnestly he spoke! and in a tone of feeling, too.

"I have observed that during the season you have been a frequent guest at Lord Montalban's," Baskerville said. "I have much to do with Lord Montalban too."

Was this a subtle allusion of Marl Baskerville's? Had he some occult motive in making it? It may be so; at all events, it had a visible effect upon Silvester Langdale. He turned and looked full in the face of the inexplicable man by his side, and that peculiar expression of Baskerville's eyes to which Count Moule had referred was very perceptible. It was wild and weird-like; but Silvester Langdale could only for a moment observe it, as the instant their eyes met Marl Baskerville looked down, as though oppressed by his companion's gaze. The close observer would have discovered that this was always the case when any one looked full into Marl Baskerville's face. He seemed incapable of bearing the gaze full in his own eyes of those of another person; and hence, when any one was in earnest conversation with him, he invariably looked down upon the ground,—except, indeed, when he was in a room in such a position that he could sit with his back to the light, and place his face in the shade, as it were—a habit of his to which we have previously alluded. The dazzle of the light, we presume, prevented the gazer's looking fixedly into the eyes of Marl Baskerville as he sat before them, although it was believed by those who had observed the practice, that it was adopted by Marl Baskerville in order to enable him to read, through the expression of the countenance, the emotions of those by whom he was consulted.

Although the observation by Silvester Langdale of the strange expression of Marl Baskerville's eyes was but momentary, yet it almost startled him; and as the money-lending lawyer drooped his eyes upon the pavement upon which they were walking, he looked earnestly into that strange countenance, strongly marked as it was. But with his eyes bent upon the ground, the face of Marl Baskerville exhibited no emotion; it was almost placid, and there was not the slightest trace of passion about it. It was perfectly calm beneath those overhanging, drooping eyelids; and not once during that interview in Westminster Hall did the eyes of Baskerville and the young barrister meet again.

But Marl Baskerville and Silvester Langdale continued to pace the echoing flags of the broad pavement of Westminster Hall in earnest con-

versation, and it was evidently an animated conversation too, and gradually became pleasing to both, for they laughed and became merry, both of them, as they walked backwards and forwards from end to end of that ancient hall. At length they stopped at the entrance to the Court of Queen's Bench, and on the steps thereof Marl Baskerville took his leave of the young barrister, saying,—

“Very good; then I will be with you, Mr. Langdale, in the Temple to-morrow morning.”

And as Silvester Langdale took his way along the dark and dismal corridor that leads into the chief court of justice of Great Britain, he was evidently light-hearted and full of spirits. Half an hour ago the chain that he had forged in Gray's Inn three months before was beginning to chafe him—at the very moment, indeed, when he made the discovery that it was fixed upon him. It chafed him no longer now, and yet he had not removed it; he had simply bound it tighter round him in such a manner as not to feel it for the present. He had simply, so to speak, doubled its strength, or was about to do so; but the binding links hung lightly on him, even as though they had been woven out of roses.

The Michaelmas term went smoothly on, and the young barrister's good fortune never seemed to flag; it was an uninterrupted stream, and his name became famous in the ancient halls of Westminster. In the jury cases he was sought with eagerness, especially by the speculative attorneys, whose business depended much upon the success in trial of these cases. To such practitioners Silvester Langdale was an acquisition indeed in Westminster Hall; for his commanding figure, his noble face, his sonorous voice, and his emphatic, impassioned eloquence, led juries captive, and drew verdicts easily. The brilliant advocate in his appeal to the jury—for Silvester Langdale usually found himself retained for the defence—was followed by the prosy judge, who droned his summing up, and thus made stronger by contrast the fervent appeal that had just been made to them. Yes, fortune not only favoured Silvester Langdale, but it seemed also to favour those who were associated with him, in whose behalf he pleaded.

What is good fortune?—luck? Is luck as good fortune incident to humanity in partial distribution? It certainly might be argued that it is. We know, upon the authority of the ancient adage, that perseverance will prevail, and books have been written to chronicle and register the instances in which the truth of the adage has been practically and triumphantly demonstrated; but we have no records that can tell the instances in which hard perseverance through long years of toil and sharp anxiety has failed. If the adage, which we know so well, anent the sure results of perseverance, were true incontrovertibly, and were universal, there would be but two classes in all the world of civilization. But it is not universally true, even if it be partially true. But there is an adage that is somewhat analogous to the one that is never absent from the school-

boy's copy-book, and that is, that it is better to be born lucky than rich. That adage is universal in its application, and is incontrovertible in its truth. There is no profession in all this world of enlightened civilization that does not show it. There is no class, however obscure, that does not furnish strange instances of its general truth. The wide world over is its illustration, and all the men and women in it are the agents that supply its demonstration.

Silvester Langdale knew not his birthplace, and he had never known a parent. He was an orphan, without a blood relation in all this world that he had ever known. He was cast out friendless upon the wide world, and he had fallen upon a sunny spot, and beneath the fairest influences. In his case perseverance had no share in producing his good fortune; but he might, even at the moment in which he stepped out into his new career, have seen around him those who had persevered long and anxiously, but who had never known success, and who never would. Silvester Langdale never moralized upon this, for his surroundings in this respect were not apparent to him; but if he had moralized upon the subject, and had reasoned it out, he must inevitably have arrived at the conclusion that there was universal truth in the old adage that declares it to be better to be born lucky than rich.

CHAPTER XX.

AUGUSTA MONTALBAN AND MARIE WINGRAVE IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

THE circuit which Silvester Langdale had selected was the one in which Lord Montalban's seat was situated, and this selection was certainly not an accidental one. It was made before the young barrister went to London, simply because its very centre was the quaint old city in which he had passed his youth. It was, therefore, but a coincidence that the seat of Lord Montalban should be situated in one of the counties which the circuit embraced; but it was certainly a most pleasing, and perhaps a most fortunate one. Undoubtedly Silvester Langdale thought it was a most fortunate one.

Lord Montalban's seat was in a hunting county, and that noble lord and his daughter always passed the hunting season at their place in the country. As we have in a previous chapter intimated, they scarcely ever omitted to be at the cover's side. They were the most brilliant members of a brilliant hunt. Miss Montalban entered with all her heart and soul into the spirit of the chase; it was a passion with her.

It is the height of the hunting season, and it is at the same time the close of the winter assize on the circuit of which Silvester Langdale is now a member. He is therefore in the immediate neighbourhood of Lord Montalban's place. A large and more than usually brilliant gathering is expected at the cover side the day after Langdale will finish his labours on

the circuit. He has therefore sent his trusty serving-man, Abel Barnes, to London, to bring down the hunter that was purchased at the obscure repository that is under the shadow of St. Paul's, in the city of London. Silvester Langdale intends to be at the meeting at the cover side,—a dangerous resolve, it may be, because he is not only not experienced in going across country, but he has never yet tried his hand or seat at the operation. He, however, intends to be discreet and cautious, and therein perchance may be discovered a danger to him—or, at all events, to his hopes. He will be near Miss Montalban, and he must have a care lest, in his horsemanship, he should be subjected in her mind to a comparison between himself and the Marquis of Milltown. A comparison between the two has been mentally instituted by her, as will be found recorded in a former chapter, but it was a comparison that had nothing whatever to do with prowess in the field.

Silvester Langdale was resolved. Augusta Montalban had seen his horse in Rotten Row, and had admired him much,—nay, she had expressed a desire to see him in the country. The opportunity now favourably presented itself, and Langdale was determined not to allow it to pass.

And on this same day upon which the young barrister was to make his first appearance in the hunting-field, another appearance was to be made of a purchase that was effected on the same afternoon as his own. Marie Wingrave had known, of course, of the brilliant gathering that was to take place, and she had come down to the spot with "Raglan," the noblest hunter, as she boasted, in all the land.

It is a glorious day upon which this brilliant meeting takes place, and the gathering at the cover side is as extensive and numerous as it is brilliant. The Marquis of Milltown is there, and is magnificently made up; Count Moule is there, upon a steed as sombre-looking as himself; and our hero is by the side of Lord Montalban, next to whom is Miss Montalban, superbly mounted.

Silvester Langdale has not donned the scarlet hunting coat; his courage was not equal to that, although in all other respects he was duly attired according to the recognized fashion of the chase.

There can be no doubt that the young barrister felt nervous when they arrived at the cover side, albeit he had practised much in London at the leaping-bar; but his nervousness gradually evaporated as the crowd of horsemen accumulated round him. The scene was, indeed, exhilarating, and made him feel certainly a new excitement. The country, albeit it was the depth of winter-time, and all the trees were bare, looked charming beneath the glowing sun—that bright sun that, in the country, is sometimes, though not often, seen in December.

The place of meeting was some extensive and undulating downs, which were soft as velvet, and which were thickly covered with furze, so that, although it was the depth of winter, there was a bright green all around.

The brilliant gathering is assembled in one of the valleys of the green downs, and the huntsmen have commenced to beat a neighbouring thicket, when an arrival takes place that creates a sensation amongst the members of the hunt, that is various in its effects upon various people. As Marie Wingrave dashes up to the assembled group upon the magnificent "Raglan," she reins in her steed, and looks defiantly to where Augusta Montalban is standing.

Lord Montalban has done much to obtain a prohibition against the admission of Marie Wingrave to the privileges of the hunt of which he is a member; but his efforts have been fruitless, for the lady has many powerful friends in that association. She is not only received at the meetings, but there are those of the number who do her honour and pay her respect where she appears.

There is an expression of triumph on her flushed countenance now as she looks across at Augusta Montalban, who returns the look with one of scornful defiance. It is manifest that the bosom of the peer's daughter is swelling with rage, and there is passion in her. The expression upon their countenance, as they gaze upon each other, is widely different, but the likeness between the two is very striking. The character of the beauty of each is the same, and the bearing of them both is similar. They might almost be twin sisters. Perhaps it is this knowledge that gives poignancy to Augusta Montalban's feeling with regard to the gay intruder upon that aristocratic circle,—for such is the light in which she looks upon Marie Wingrave. Of course, the candid and good-natured people of that exclusive circle attributed the feeling, which Miss Montalban never attempted to disguise, to the promptings of jealousy; because, they argued, it was plain enough for anybody with ordinary sagacity to perceive that Miss Montalban was trying to entrap the Marquis of Milltown, and a splendid catch, no doubt, it would be; but surely the Marquis had a right to please himself, even though his choice should fall upon Marie Wingrave. And then the young friends of the Marquis of Milltown would laugh, and say it was not the sort of thing that they should do; but then they were not the Marquis of Milltown; but this they would say, that if the Marquis of Milltown chose to take a fancy to Marie Wingrave, and stick to it, damn it, they didn't see why Miss Montalban should take on, so much about it.

How little they knew Augusta Montalban's heart!—as little, indeed, as they knew of the scene that took place on the lawn in front of the grand stand in Goodwood Park. She looked now with something like loathing upon the Marquis of Milltown; and so far from her feeling being such as that with which they credited her, she had never harboured one worldly thought with regard to any matter that affects the heart; and those who knew her best knew this well enough. She was wayward, she was high-spirited,—nay, she may be said to have had a tinge of chivalry about her; and that she was, proud, and scornful, and determined, we

have had some opportunities of observing, and shall probably meet with others.

Marie Wingrave is courteously welcomed by those in her immediate neighbourhood, and the Marquis of Milltown takes off his hat to her gallantly, and she returns his salute gracefully, at the same time casting a look of conquest over to where Augusta Montalban is sitting upon her horse, with her father on one side and Silvester Langdale on the other.

But now the exhilarating cry is heard that scatters that goodly company over the line of country through which the fox has headed.

With wild impetuosity Augusta Montalban dashes down the slope upon which she is standing, and in a few minutes she is close up with the hounds, which are now in full cry, and are just taking to the open. There is a thick cluster of horsemen around her, and her father is by her side—Silvester Langdale, perhaps judiciously, being a little in the rear. The late excitement of Augusta Montalban has vanished all, and given place to another of a far more exhilarating nature. Her heart and soul, as we have said, were in the chase, and her heart and soul are now following the fox, as he is heading away yonder to the open country that is a plain for miles away.

The run is an exciting one, indeed, and it is followed eagerly. The whole field is well mounted, and nobody is in distress as yet. Proudly Miss Montalban holds her course, herself and horse sweeping across each hedge and other obstacle like an elegant machine. But not far distant from her, like the reflection of herself, glides swiftly on and across each obstacle, as elegantly and lightly too, Marie Wingrave.

The horsemen of the hunt gaze on these two with admiration, and with as much interest as that which actuates them in following the chase.

And then they fly from field to field, and over hedges and dangerous brooks, and thus the chase is kept unflaggingly up; but the time is coming when the pace will tell upon that gallant field, so numerous and so full of spirit lately. Still with the lead, and close upon the trail, is Augusta Montalban; and still even with her, and in the same field now, is Marie Wingrave,—both as full of fire and energy, and as ardent, as when the chase commenced; but many of the hunt who started with them are distressed behind them, and but the stouter few are left close up with them. That few cannot fail to observe that at every field the space between the two fair equestrians is narrowed, and now they are almost side by side. And as they gallop on in close propinquity, passion flashes from the eyes of both. Indeed, it is plain to see that they are maddening with excitement. And now the daring opponent of Augusta Montalban is manifestly struggling with baffled rage, for she instinctively feels that the noble "Raglan" is tiring under her. The blood runs madly through her veins, and her eyes glare as she discovers that Augusta Montalban has perceived the incipient distress of the stout "Raglan;" for in the eyes of Lord Montalban's daughter there is a look of triumph, for her own steed is

stalwart still. This Marie Wingrave does not fail to observe, and a sudden impulse lightens up her countenance. They are crossing a rather heavy field, and are approaching a thick-set hedge, on the other side of which is a yawning ditch, and beyond that a heavy ploughed field. She probably feels that the noble "Raglan" will be hopelessly beaten in that ploughed field beyond, and she has conceived a purpose which her maddened thoughts suggest, and which in its execution will require a nerve that cannot shrink. Side by side, Augusta Montalban and Marie Wingrave dash across the heavy field, the peer's daughter holding a slight lead; they approach the thick-set hedge; they ride together in the air, and with a wild shriek, the daring, and ambitious, and maddened Marie Wingrave, with a sudden jerk at her rein, causes her horse to swerve heavily against Augusta Montalban, and amidst a cry of horror from those who are behind them, they both roll heavily over into the excavations on the other side.

In the next instant Lord Montalban and several of the leading members of the hunt rush up to the spot, and they find that Miss Montalban has risen unhurt from her fall; but she is gazing, terror-stricken, upon the beautiful form that is lying near her motionless. As her father joins her it is evident that all her recent passion has passed away, and in its place is now a feeling of deep solicitude for one upon whom she lately looked with a feeling somewhat akin to hatred.

"You are not hurt, my darling?" cried Lord Montalban, anxiously, to his daughter, as he came up to her side.

"No, no; not in the least," she answered, hastily: "but she—oh, my God!—I fear that she is dead."

And, indeed, it did appear as though the unfortunate Marie Wingrave had been killed in the desperate effort she had made. All the recent feeling towards Marie Wingrave is gone, and her woman's heavenly instincts gush up, rushing in her breast as she kneels beside the inanimate form of the beautiful girl who is lying upon that cold bank. She hastily tears open the bosom of the riding-habit, and anxiously places her delicate hand over the region of the heart. She listens, as it were, for an instant, and then, with pleasure beaming in her countenance, she cries,—

"Her heart is beating; she is not dead!"

And Augusta Montalban was nearly sinking senseless on the ground herself.

A messenger is hastily despatched to a farmhouse, that fortunately was very near, and in a few minutes the necessary appliances are produced for carrying Marie Wingrave to the house, and she is carefully borne senseless from the spot.

And there could have been no more anxious watcher by her side than was Augusta Montalban, who accompanied the inanimate form of the beautiful girl to the farmhouse, and saw her laid upon a couch, and with her own hands applied restoratives. And the emotion was sweet and

grateful that she felt when she saw those large and lustrous blue eyes of the lately senseless girl open upon her, and heard the long-drawn sigh that indicated the return of consciousness.

Lord Montalban, and Silvester Langdale, and the Marquis of Milltown were in the room too, and when Augusta Montalban felt that her holy mission was ended, she fell upon the breast of her father, and her feelings found relief in a passionate flood of tears.

Augusta Montalban was gone before Marie Wingrave could be made conscious of the fact that she had been so carefully tended and watched by Lord Montalban's daughter; and when she was made acquainted with the fact, her woman's instincts came up strongly within her, and she also found a sweet relief in tears that seemed to gush up from her very heart.

Conventionality and the forms of civilized life may deaden the feelings of the heart, and create false attributes therein; but, in spite of them, there are moments when the best instincts of our nature will triumphantly vindicate themselves in the possession which they, for a time, will hold of the entire soul.

The Marquis of Milltown remained with Marie Wingrave until she was sufficiently recovered to be removed, which was in the course of the same afternoon, and then he accompanied her to the nearest railway-station, and the same evening she was at her residence near to Kensington Gardens; and all the gentlemen of the hunt declared, that if the noble Marquis was not in love with Marie Wingrave previously, he was madly in love with her from that moment.

The next day there was not the slightest trace of her accident perceptible in Marie Wingrave, and she was as gay and light-hearted as ever; but she and Augusta Montalban never met in the hunting-field again.

COMING.

SHE is coming, she is coming,
 The merrie, merrie Spring,
 With her wealth of song and sunshine,
 With her ripple and her ring :
 With her beautiful day-dreams,
 With the flashing of her streams,
 With the glory of her gleams,
 The merrie, merrie Spring.

She is coming, she is coming,
 In her maiden beauty rife,
 Bringing glory to the woodlands,
 Bringing sunshine to my life :
 Songs of welcome sweet arise,
 And a million violet eyes
 Open with a glad surprise
 To the merrie, merrie Spring.

She is coming, she is coming :
 Lo ! the earth is faint with bliss,
 And the roses flush to crimson
 'Neath the passion of her kiss :
 O the sunshine and the bowers,
 O the music and the flowers,
 O the tender, twilight hours,
 Of the merrie, merrie Spring !

She is coming, she is coming,
 The merrie, merrie Spring,
 Around the fond and eager earth
 With loving arms to cling :
 In her too, too fickle fleetness,
 In her bright and rare completeness,
 In her glory and her sweetness,
 The merrie, merrie Spring.

SUGAR

BY DR. SCOFFERN.

SOME of us are aware, and some of us probably are not aware, that on Thursday evening, April 7, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed his budget, and that the budget thus proposed embodied a very material alteration in the system of sugar duties. Mankind and woman-kind are getting better and better, no doubt, as the world gets older and older. The time will come, everybody knows, when the lion and the lamb, starting hungry from the common lair upon which they have lain, will arise in the morning, shake off the morning dew, and then, side by side, will begin to pull wisps of hay for breakfast out of the same haystack. The time will come when there will be neither wars nor rumours of wars; and then, of course, there will be no war expenditure. *It will come*; but we shall not live to see it, nor probably will Mr. Gladstone. Pending his life and ours, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to raise by annual taxation a sum varying from sixty to seventy millions sterling, I fear; and until men and women can be made honest enough to put themselves on conscience with the Chancellor, and pay him by way of direct tax the sixty or seventy millions he is in want of—why—there must be such things as duties levied by Customs and Excise. There are not at present so very many articles of food upon which duties are leviable; but sugar is one. Very few minds that have not been specially trained and educated can rise to the comprehension of very high figures; however, no one can do justice to the article of sugar without giving some very tall figuring—some very large sum totalling. Considered as an article of food merchandise, sugar only takes rank second to corn; whilst the difficulties it presents to the finance minister in the way of levying a fair and equitable taxation are enormous. First, as regards the sum total of sugar produced in various parts of the world, that cannot be got at. As regards the amount of sugar, however, which finds its way into commerce in various parts of the world, the aggregate amount of it has been taken as equal to two millions of tons. Of this sum total more than a quarter finds its way to these islands, either for consumption or export, as raw or else refined. I now come to indicate a fact of considerable interest. The value of sugar imported here rises to the enormous annual sum of twelve millions sterling, and of this the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been wont to say, “I must have one clear half.” To put the case in another way, he has been wont to say, “I must raise six millions through a sugar tax; and *you*, Materfamilias, must pay double as much per pound for sugar as you need have paid but for my financial necessities.” The result of Mr. Gladstone’s altered duties on sugar will be to lower the customs’ receipts on this article by a trifle, though not much. He could not afford to lower it much—he did not intend to lower it much; the Chancellor’s great object being to distribute the duties leviable upon sugar more

fairly than heretofore amongst the various classes of sugar manufacturers. “*Manufacturers* ;” the word is used advisedly. The two expressions, raw sugar and refined sugar, have been long consecrated by usage ; fostered by certain people who found their interest in keeping up a delusion. British sugar refiners, though numerically small—their whole number falling considerably below a hundred,—are a very rich and influential class ; how rich will appear from the statement, well attested, that from eight to ten millions sterling are embarked upon sugar by refiners of this country. For a long time these gentlemen laboured, and successfully, to make successive Chancellors of the Exchequer believe that refined sugar—as the public understands refined sugar to be,—namely, white sugar—could only be got through their intervention ; through an operation conducted on the coloured material, ordinarily known as *muscovado* or moist sugar. Now the fact is, that sugar is generated white ; the cane and colonial sugar growers imparting yellowness or brownness through the imperfection of their manufacture. Mr. Gladstone—and it does infinite credit to his sagacity—is the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who has ever apprehended this circumstance fairly. He has been brought to see that the home refiners’ object was to prevent the colonial people from turning out their sugars otherwise than in a very impure condition, in order that the interests of home refining might not be prejudiced. Well, such is an outline of the fiscal case of British sugar as it was. The refiners have been playing a very pretty little game to their own aggrandizement. The new budget has rather interfered with the profits of that game ; though the refiners are still to some extent protected.

Is sugar a necessary of life, or is it not ? Reflecting upon the enormous amounts of it consumed, one might almost be disposed to call it so ; and yet European people had to do the best they could without it until wellnigh our own period, historically speaking. Probably good Queen Bess indulged in the luxury of sugar from time to time ; but we may very well doubt whether her Majesty consumed a portion daily. Shakspeare may have tasted it—one can assume he did—but, if fond of sweets, he must have eaten a good deal more honey than sugar. It was not until the reign of James I. that sugar was specially mentioned in the British tariff ; and for a long time subsequently, the importation of it was but limited. At the commencement of the present century the quantity of sugar imported was four million hundredweights ; it gradually increased to about six million hundredweights towards the middle of the century, and now amounts to no less than eleven million hundredweights. We get it from a variety of places ; the fact being that sugar-canes flourish well anywhere under the conditions of good soil and a mean temperature of 76° to 77°. The native land of the sugar-cane was some part of Eastern Asia, probably Southern China, Cochin China, and Siam. The West India islands and America had no sugar-canes until there conveyed by the Spaniards :—such, at least, is the opinion of persons who have most fully

and carefully applied themselves to the question; and much probability is impressed on this belief by the circumstance that sugar-canes rarely, if ever, blossom in the West Indies or America; much less produce seed. Does this not appear to be a silent protest of complaint, to the effect that New World sugar-canes feel themselves aliens in a strange land—one in which they have not been able to feel quite at home? Soon after the Asiatic expedition of Alexander the Great, in the fourth century before Christ, notices of sugar (vague, and few and far between) were announced by Greek writers; but at no period did sugar become known to the ancient Greeks or the Romans either. When small quantities of it had been obtained, they were either put aside in museums as natural curiosities, or else used as physic; for all ordinary sweetening purposes honey being used. “Indian salt” was the common designation applied to sugar, both by the ancient Greeks and ancient Romans; hence the sort of sugar which used to come to Greece and Rome was probably in the form of candy. Aretogenes, a celebrated Roman physician who flourished in the time of Domitian, published some casual notice of sugar. He described it as for colour and hardness being comparable to salt; for sweetness comparable to honey. The first thousand years of the Christian era bear only scant records of sugar in Europe. From the fifth to the seventh century Byzantium monopolized whatever of commerce in sugar there was between Europe and Asia; and during that period, if ever a portion of Indian salt travelled so far west as our isles, it must have been obtained through Constantinople. Probably the native region of the sugar-cane was some part of Eastern Asia, as already announced. The naturalists who accompanied Alexander the Great in his Asiatic expedition do not appear to have met with the sugar-cane; otherwise they would have furnished a more precise account of the Indian salt than they did. It would appear, however, that by the time the Eastern or Byzantine empire was founded, the sugar-cane had gradually been extending its dominion westward, even so far as Syria.

In tracing the European historical sugar chart, the Saracenic conquests in Europe next merit attention. Sugar-canes, pomegranates, and the date palm, are three chief members of the vegetable kingdom which the Moslem conquerors brought with them from the East, and naturalized in certain favoured parts of Europe.

It is a fact, though one either little known, or, if known, remembered, that various parts of Southern Europe, especially Andalusia, Valencia, Cyprus, and Sicily, grew their own sugar-canes, and produced their sugar long before even the discovery of the West Indies and America. Nor has Europe ceased to grow sugar-canes and produce sugar from them even at the present day. In Southern Andalusia, between the Sierra Nevada range and the Mediterranean, occurs a narrow slip of land, perhaps having no more than an average width of five or six English miles by sixty or seventy long. This tract, though small in area, is remarkably fertile as to soil, and favoured as to climate. The “*tierra caliente*” is what the

Spaniards call this region; and hot enough a northern stranger finds it in the summer. The tierra caliente produces sugar-canes and cotton shrubs; not as mere curiosities either, but in good commercial quantities. If some future Chancellor of the Exchequer should desire to brush away from his financial vision the last floating veil of cobweb mystification which the home refiners have spun out of their long-drawn yarns—if in applying himself to this he should deem a sight of sugar-canes, and the process of getting sugar out of sugar-canes advisable—then, in that case, he need not dare the malice of yellow Jack, or raise the expectation of Jamaica land crabs. He need not steam or sail away to the Mauritius—though once there, he would see the process of sugar extraction conducted more neatly and philosophically than elsewhere. A far easier tour would be to the Spanish tierra caliente, where the sugar-cane flourishes quite as well as it does in the West Indies; and where he might find several modes of manufacture, each on a different estate; modes varying from those of almost primitive barbarism, to others involving the use of hydrostatic presses, vacuum pans, and other modern refinements.

Between the Saracenic Moslems of Europe and the Christians of Europe there was little love to spare, but small intercourse. The Saracens of Europe kept all the sugar they grew pretty much to themselves; for their own advantage, and that of their ladies. It is a fact quite worthy of remark, that wheresoever and whensoever Mohammedanism has gained dominion, sugar has followed. The opinion I adopt may be vain—I advance no pretensions of infallibility in the matter; but to my own mind the explanation of this circumstance is simple. The typical houri of Mahomet is the reverse of sylph-like. She is a stumpy, adipose, waistless lump of sleek feminine mortality, with no more creases on her velvet skin than has an air-expanded rubber foot-ball, or Monsieur Nadar's balloon. Now, sugar is like milk—a fattening thing. Chemists furnish a reason for this; and Mr. Banting's practice lends confirmation of their theory. I am of opinion, then, that the connection between sugar and the Koran turns upon the partiality of Moslems for plump, sleek, *embonpoint* ladies.

It was the Crusades that first familiarized the sweet Indian salt to Christian Europeans. Warriors, returning from Syria to their baronial halls, did not fail to bring with them a taste for certain Oriental luxuries to which they had been accustomed; and of these, sugar was one. Venetian enterprise was equal to the need. Venetian merchants imported much of the sugar required from Asia, and moreover discovered the method of refining it; producing the refined sugar as we do now, in the form of white crystalline loaves. Hence is deduced the origin of the term "*pains de Venise*," by which loaves of sugar were for a long time known in Europe.

The whole question of sugar has been very much confused and embarrassed; sometimes designedly, as we have seen. One common error has been adverted to,—the error, namely, of assuming that white sugar could not be made from cane juice direct. Another common error has been the

belief in certain specific differences between different samples of cane sugar. This is absolutely incorrect; specimens of *pure* cane sugar being absolutely identical, from whatever source derived. Here, too, let us explain the exact meaning of the term "*cane sugar*;" it does not mean sugar that has been of necessity extracted *from* the cane, but sugar that, from whatever source extracted, is identical with the sort found *in* the cane. Several distinct kinds of sugar are recognized by chemists; the variation between them dependent on composition, and chemical and physical quality. Of these different sugars, something may have to be written by-and-bye; but for the present it is desired to fix the reader's attention upon that variety only of sugar which assumes any commercial importance,—the variety, namely, denominated by chemists "Cane Sugar, or sugar of the cane." As for the physical qualities of cane sugar, the more obvious and prominent amongst them may be recognized in a crystal of white sugar-candy, or white lump sugar; the only difference between the two consisting in a variation of dimensions of crystal.* Such, then, is pure normal or typical sugar of the cane,—a material not only procurable from the cane, but from many other sources. Let us enumerate them—or at least the chief amongst them. Having disposed of the sugar-cane proper, and stated, for the advantage of all who need the statement, that the sugar-cane is only a gigantic grass, it may now be mentioned, that the stems of most grasses either generate cane sugar or tend to generate it. Lately, a sort of spurious or imitation sugar-cane has been brought from China, and cultivated pretty extensively, not only in Southern France, but in various of the North American Disunited States. This particular sugar-cane, botanically known as *Sorghum saccharinum*, does not refuse to grow in England, but here it secretes little or no sugar. In North America, considerable amounts of sugar, *i. e.*, crystallizable cane sugar, are obtained from sorghum juice; and also varying amounts of another variety of sugar, not yet indicated by this paper, namely, glucose or grape sugar. The next species of grass which merits our attention as a producer of sugar is maize, or Indian corn; the stems of which, when grown under favourable conditions, are somewhat rich in sugar. Perhaps, however, the vegetable family most rich in sugar is the palm tribe; especially the cocoa-nut and the date palm. In order to impress on the memory the saccharine qualities of the palm tribe, it is only necessary to call to mind the numerous accounts published by travellers of the intoxicating qualities of certain liquors made from fermented palm juice. Most of us may have read how certain happy savages, when they want to get tipsy, climb up some friendly palm; then—boring a hole into the base of its spathe, or top-knot, cabbage-like expansion—tie a pipkin thereto, and wait

* A journalist, carried away by the impulsive furor of fine writing the other day, used the expression "*glittering cubes* of crystal sugar."—MEM. Sugar crystallizes in oblique prisms or derivatives of the same—never *cubes*. It is as well to be correct.

until the pipkin has become full of palm juice ; which latter, when set aside to ferment, becomes intoxicating. Now, whatever juice or liquid is capable of fermentation and generation of alcohol must hold sugar of one or two sorts, or else mixtures of the two, the sorts being sugar of the cane and sugar of the grape. In a general way, and not to be pedantic, it may be said that sugar, and only sugar, can generate alcohol.* Literally and chemically, I know quite well, and Maga's readers had also better know, that alcohol *may* be got out of coal gas. Some fellow of late, I perceive, has been trying to get up a joint stock company for getting alcohol out of coal gas—*n'importé*. This is a novelty, and in some sense a mystery ; sugar is the only practical spirit-maker at the time being.

The palm tribe, then, is rich in sugar—rich in actual cane sugar ; the juice of certain palms being even richer than cane juice itself. Very much of the sugar which comes to us from the East Indies has a palm juice origin. If, then, palm juice be richer in sugar than even cane juice, it might seem probable that palm might supersede canes as a source of sugar supply in time. Such a result, however, is not likely to come to pass ; and this for obvious reasons, when we come to scrutinize them. The great merit of canes is, that they accord well with the general necessities of systematic agriculture and concentrated labour. *You*, we will assume, possess a field of sugar-canes, and I a plantation of palm trees. Your canes actually hold less sugar than my palm trees ; but the question now is, Who will get his sugar soonest, easiest, you or I ? Let us see how the case stands between us. On your part, when your canes are ripe, you send your people—servants, voluntary or involuntary—into the field to cut down the canes ; and these being cut, you send them to the mill and roll them ; so you get the whole sugar treasure of your estate in one compact bulk, and it only remains for you to extract, by competent processes, your sugar. How am I dealing meanwhile by my palm trees ? Every morning I should have to send out a gang of naked, climbing savages, each of whom, with pipkin in hand, would work his way up a palm tree, change pipkins, and bring down the juice. Then, saccharine juice will not keep ; it easily ferments ; consequently, it has to be converted into sugar by detail, in small lots as collected. Thus stands the case between us ; and being so, you will readily perceive that your canes, though intrinsically poorer than my palms, are a far more workable property. Nevertheless, owing to the peculiar conditions under which India is placed—those, namely, of a teeming population and low rate of labour,—enormous quantities of palm sugar can be made available—and in this way. Though it would never pay one to be collecting the juice of an entire plantation of palm trees, yet had I one or two palm trees growing in my garden, were I a climber by

* Only glucose or *grape sugar*, to be scientifically precise ; but inasmuch as cane sugar readily changes to glucose, the distinction may be practically disregarded.

nature or predilection, and were I further absolved from the fear lest palm-tree friction might not conduce to the immortality of my breeches, (through the very circumstance of my not wearing any such article of attire), then might I, without any particular tax on my time or trouble, collect and boil down the exuded palm juice. Now this is just what happens in India; millions of natives do this,—boil down their own rough sugar, and sell it to proprietors of European refining establishments. Practically, there is good reason to believe that, but for a certain legislative protection afforded to British refiners, the bulk of white sugar consumed by England and her colonies would come from India.

Regarded as a commercial source of sugar supply, the beet root should undoubtedly come next; but as the nature of our disquisition has led us to take cognizance of the saccharine juice of stems and trees, here would seem the most proper place for adverting to the white maple (*Acer saccharinum*) as a commercial source of sugar supply. The juice of this tree is obtained by boring into it, collecting the juice which exudes, and manufacturing it into sugar by evaporation and crystallization.

In some parts of North American Canada, as well as Northern Federal States, maple sugar is extracted by the farmers, and made to take the place of cane-extracted sugar, with which it is in every respect identical.

At last we come to that very interesting branch of our subject, the beetroot sugar manufacture. The existence of sugar in beet juice was indicated so early as 1605, and after a lengthened interval Margraff and Achard managed to extract it; but the knowledge failed to be turned to practical commercial account until the great French revolution had almost—through war with this country—isolated France from every sugar-growing colony. From France the beet sugar manufacture extended to Belgium, Germany, Poland, and Russia; but perhaps it could not subsist but for the protection extended to it by Continental Governments. When we consider that cane juice holds from eighteen to twenty-three per cent. of sugar, whereas beetroot juice holds only six or seven per cent.; that, moreover, the sugar of beetroot is associated with coloured impurities, so offensive to taste and smell, that it cannot be eaten whilst in the state of yellow or muscovado sugar, whereas the sugar held by cane is associated with collateral things that are pleasingly aromatic and agreeable to the taste,—then the great advantages of cane over beetroot, regarded as a source of commercial sugar supply, are obvious. Here the point is worthy of remark, that the sugar-cane is the only sugar-containing plant, the fresh saccharine juice of which is agreeable to the nose and palate. One would find no great pleasure in munching a slice of white beetroot, but I know few gustatory dissipations more pleasant than to loll in the shade under the rustling fronds of some tall palm, and masticate a length of fresh-cut sugar-cane. The observant English traveller will have remarked, perhaps, that our French neighbours never consume moist sugar; white sugar is what they universally employ, and I rather imagine the taste for

white sugar came about in this manner:—Muscovado, yellow, or moist sugar, is nothing else than cane sugar, from whatever source derived, mingled with certain coloured impurities; these in part resulting from a certain portion of sugar destroyed, or rather deteriorated, by manufacture, and partly from certain constituents originally associated with the sugar. Now, as we have already seen, the collaterals associated with sugar in beet juice are very offensive. So long, then, as France was exclusively furnished with sugar from beet, the consumption of that sugar in the form of white sugar was a necessity; wherefore our neighbours got into the habit of eating white sugar, and have retained that habit, notwithstanding the re-establishment of their colonial relations. Many of us there may be who prefer moist sugar to white sugar for certain purposes, if only the moist sugar be good; and some of us may have become aware, during the past few years, that good old-fashioned yellow sugars have hardly been attainable. Mr. Gladstone's new budget will alter the state of this case, we may reasonably assume; and for the better. Yellow sugar, to be good, ought to be made from cane juice direct; but by far the largest amount of yellow sugar lately attainable has not been so made. The practical effect of legislation, for many years, has been to keep all yellow sugar above a certain scale of purity out of the British market, and to encourage the production of coarse, dark, almost black sugar. This, when imported, could not well be eaten in its raw state; so it was purchased by refiners,—not so much to make white sugar out of, that branch of the trade being not very profitable. What they did was to convert the dark coarse muscovado into a sort of light-coloured looking muscovado; pretty enough to look at, but reeking of the odour of putrid blood used in refineries. If housekeepers would purchase their moist sugar more by smell and less by eye, they would make better bargains.

Since we are here taking a politico-commercial glance at the relations of sugar, and are by no means pledged to go very far into the science of it,—since we are chiefly concerned in the study of sugar as the historian, the political economist, the natural historian, would study it,—so in close association the whole tale of negro slavery in America comes suggestively—especially that black episode in the history of mankind, trans-oceanic negro slavery; a deep problem: a page of the world's history full of portentous questions! Whether a race of people, depraved enough to kidnap each other—sell each other—have all the right and *all* the justice on their side in raising the plaint of deportation and forced servitude, what just man amongst us shall determine?

Then, has there not been a set-off in the blessings of Christianity conferred to many a dark soul, that but for the middle passage and slavery would have winged its last flight to the mumbling of a fetish man? It is a dark problem,—a *very* dark problem. Whether the abolition by law of slave trading, the brandmark of piracy attached, has enhanced or diminished the sufferings of the negro, may be still an open question. The records of com-

merce through all time have gone to prove the futility of endeavouring to suppress any trade on which there happens to be an enormous premium. If not legitimately carried on, it will be prosecuted by way of smuggling; of contraband, and contraband negroes are packed like herrings. Oh, it is very horrible! Behold the isle of Cuba on a map; consider how small it is; and then marvel as you may, that such a little island produces nearly one-fourth of the sum total of sugar entering into commerce. It is all produced by negro labour, by *slave* labour; and negroes are not over-prone to work except driven. There must be some driving in Cuba, some sacrifice of negro life to the Spanish sugar Moloch. Despite the fiction that the negro slave trade has been suppressed, the Spaniards import the blacks they need—they even prefer importation to raising; and with special reference to this may be mentioned the fact, that the Spaniards not unfrequently impose on their male negroes the same discipline that St. Origen imposed on himself; the latter, in order that his mind might be absolved from many cares, and troubles, and concerns, that withdraw from piety the minds of ordinary men!

An Englishman who has been to Paris, and witnessed the furious consumption of *eau sucrée* by persons of both sexes and all ages; who has learned from experience, perhaps, the amount of demolition a young French lady can achieve on a *corbeille* of *bonbons* in a given time, may well be excused for coming to the conclusion that the French are a more sugar-eating race than ourselves. Statistics do not lean on that view of the case; for whilst English people consume, on an average, per mouth per annum, no less than thirty-four pounds of sugar, French people only consume fourteen. Sugar did not attain its conquest of British affection without some trouble. There was a strong opposition to its use at first. It would destroy the teeth, corrupt the body, weaken the intellect,—I know not what besides. Amongst medical men there were saccharine and anti-saccharine declaimers. Conspicuous amongst the former was a Dr. Slare, who flourished in the beginning of the last century. He vindicated sugar from all the aspersions that had been cast upon it. He not only ate sugar, but took it as snuff, finding advantage therein. He recommended sugar as a diet peculiarly appropriate to ladies. The only disadvantage attending the use of it by the fair sex, according to Dr. Slare, is a tendency to fatness; but, *en revanche*, he bids the doubting fair ones to take no heed of that; inasmuch as such defect—if any—is more than counterbalanced by an excellent sweetness of disposition, very charming and delightful.*

* *Vide* his book entitled, “Experiments and Observations upon Oriental and other Bezoar Stones, which prove them to be of No Use in Physick. Gascoin’s Powder, distinctly examin’d in its Seven Ingredients, censured and found imperfect. Dedicated to the Royal Society. To which is annexed a vindication of sugars against the charge of Dr. Willis, other physicians, and common prejudices. Dedicated to the ladies. Together with further Discoveries and Remarks, by

I would finish this notice of cane sugar, were there time and space, with some description of the processes used to obtain it from natural juices, and also with some details of the process of refining; but as matters stand, I must fain content me with the merest sketch. First, then, in regard to cane juice, it is first heated with lime, to coagulate much foreign matter, that, forming on the surface in a crust, is skimmed off. It is then evaporated in a series of pans to such a condition of thickness, that when set aside crystals form in masses, with fluid matter between. The moist crystals, being allowed to drain, yield a liquid that, when flavoured with the rats and mice, the cockroaches and centipedes, which get into it, is known under the name of molasses. Treacle and molasses are sometimes confounded; nevertheless there is a certain difference between them—one more of flavour than anything else. As the process of sugar crystallization in the colonies yields a liquid, so does the process of refinery crystallization at home. In either case the liquid drains away; and divers living things, ready to court certain death in gratification of a sweet taste, step in and are done for. Now there are no scorpions in England—no centipedes, no giant cockroaches, as in the West Indies. Treacle, therefore, lacks the flavour of these; but as a set-off, acquires a flavour of putrid blood mingled with the extractive of black-beetles. Herein consists the chief difference between treacle and molasses. As regards refining, specially considered, it mainly turns upon the washing of yellow sugar white by means of a saturated solution of white sugar poured upon it. In India alcohol is sometimes used for washing coloured sugar crystals. In England we could not afford to do this.

There is no specific difference between the manufacture of colonial sugar and home refining. The distinction is one of degree only, refining processes being carried a few stages farther than colonial processes. A sugar refinery! Picture to the mind a large building, many stories high, having steam pipes laid on throughout to keep up the temperature, and over the floors of which a number of half-naked Germans are sprawling about, struggling painfully, as if to overcome some inevitable destiny that would stick them

Frederick Slare, Fellow of the College of Physicians and of the Royal Society." 1715.

Amongst the most violent declaimers against sugar we must number the celebrated Dr. Willis; he wrote of it as follows:—"Saccharo condita, aut plurimum imbuta, intantum vitupero, aut illius inventionem usu immodico, scorbuti in nupero hoc seculo immani augmento, plurimum contribuisse existimem: Enimvero concretum istud sale satis acri et corrosivo, cum Sulphure tamen delinito, constat, pro ut ex Analysis ejus spagiriæ facta, liquidò potest. Quippe Saccharum perse distillatum, exhibet liquorem Aquâ Stigiâ vix inferiorem: Quod si ipsum in vesica plurimâ aquâ fontanâ perfusum distillaveris, quamvis Sal fixus non adeò ascendit prodibit tamen liquor instar aque vitæ Acerrimæ Urens, ac summè pungitivus. Cû n itaque Saccharum quibusvis ferè Alimentis mixtum ita copiosè à nobis assumitur quàm verisimile est ab ejus usu quotidiano, Sanguinem et humores Salsos et acres proindeque Scorbuticos reddi."

to the floor—very suggestive of little birds on a limed twig. Feign to yourself an odour compounded of a dog-kennel and a stove, over which a pan of preserves stands simmering; fill up the mental presentment with a never-ending chorus of strange noises—roarings like that of angry bulls, hissings, splutterings, all the myriad sounds, the steam escaping from imprisonment ever made or can make. Imagine a number of steamship funnels let through successive floors without apparent object; this all accomplished, you will have some sort of notion as to what a sugar refinery is like. In a refinery, dispositions are so made that the series of operations may take place from the uppermost floor downwards. To this uppermost floor the sugar to be refined is raised and there turned out upon the floor like so much worthless clay. Then come half-naked Germans with spades, and, exactly like navvies on a railway cutting, they fall to work upon the sugar and turn it into an iron tank holding water. There is no weighing of the sugar; proportions of it to water being regulated by specific gravity of the solution. And now would I counsel an inquisitive investigator of sugar-house processes to grasp his nose between thumb and forefinger, and hold that organ most tight. There is about to be enacted the sugar refiners' great mystery—a sacrifice, a veritable blood-offering. Into the tank one of the half-naked Germans throws something—red, clotty, gory, a mass of tremulous sanies, floating in an unhealthy, jaundiced-looking whey. What's in a name? Something, evidently believes a sugar refiner, else why should he call this gory horror "spice"? In goes the spice—plump! then follow some sharp cracking sounds, as if some volunteers were deep down underneath the fluid, keeping up a running fire of skirmishers. Soon the character of noise changes, the sharp rifle cracking ends; and upon that there follows a dull, hollow, bull-like roar. Meanwhile a crust forms on the surface, and from time to time is skimmed off; and when the skimming, the skirmishing, and the roaring have gone on long enough, a tap is turned and the liquor runs away. Such is the first process of sugar refining:—it is called "blowing up," and the peculiar crackings and roarings I have been endeavouring to describe are caused by the passage of steam through water.

Dr. Slare, of revered memory, attributes two especial qualities to sugar, as we already know. First, he makes it out to be a great fattener; in testimony whereof consult Mr. Banting. Second, he credits it with the quality of "benignification," so to speak, of those who use it. According to Dr. Slare, a sugar diet is a great improver of ladies' tempers. This may be so; but if sugar really do exert a corresponding influence over the tempers of men, the virtues of it are not conferred by absorption. Mostly, sugar refiners are an ill-tempered race; and I hardly ever met with one who did not fall into a towering passion on the mere mention of the word "spice."

What I have yet to write must be cut very short. Stage the second consists in filtering the "blown-up" liquor through a multiplicity of cotton

bags, each like a bolster-case, sewed up at one end, and then thrust into a long cabbage-net. Stage the third,—filtration through burnt bones, packed in those steamship chimneys to which we referred. Stage the fourth,—vacuum boiling (a very pretty process); then stages five, six, and others too numerous to mention here. A word to the wise,—white sugar is *white sugar*, no matter how prepared. Should the refiner see good, to temper his blow-up with the contents of Macbeth's witches' cauldron, well and good—so long as we don't eat the foul things therein, but only the things that some wizard-working of the witches' broth has purified; but the sugar-refiner vends certain coloured, soft, and sloppy goods, that, perhaps, the less we say about the better. Smell moist sugar, my friends, before buying it!—and leave the luxury of treacle to the children; whose stock of sentiment, poor dears, lies upon their palates and deep down in their little stomachs.

I now write *Finis* as regards sugar of the cane. There are others, as we know—all fat-makers, none flesh-makers:—enemies to the undertakers,* all—as chemists have proclaimed and Mr. Banting has made manifest. To treat of them at this time would be impossible; nor does that signify much. I do not pretend to instruct people. Personal diffidence, in the first place, rebels; second, people rebel against instruction. People are in the right. Pain and unhappiness have ever been the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and ever will be. Literally, as well as figuratively, it is all the same! From Eve's knowledge of the flavour of her stolen apple—of the difference between good and evil—to your knowledge, or mine, of the difference between molasses and treacle, it is all the same! Blessed be ignorance, then!—a reprobation to popular lecturers, who go about illustrating the ways of nature, on black boards, in cabalistic signs, drawn with chalk. Condemnation to middle-class education; to peripatetic philosophy of all sorts; especially the sort taught in ladies' schools. Bad luck to female doctors; especially the one who passed an examination at Apothecaries' Hall last month. Blessed be the memory of dear poet Cowper, and the memory of his cud-chewing hare; utterly reprobated and contemned that greatest of bone-scrapers, Professor Owen; and that most contumacious of bishops, J. C. Natal. Long life to healthy literature, and perdition to the rest. Confusion to Euclid, Laplace, Legendre, Newton, Arago, Shakspere, Milton, Homer, Virgil, Göthe, Oersted, Döbereiner, Descartes, Faraday, Liebig, Cuvier, Buffon—all and everybody who ever tried to make human beings wise; and—not to wind up with a malediction—success to Mr. Gladstone's new sugar tariff.

* Because the fatter the corpse, the bigger the coffin. That consideration induced Mr. Banting, himself a maker of coffins, to write his book.

IN PURSUIT.

"Now, Briggs," said the inspector, slowly rattling the silver in his pocket, as he always did when he was thoughtful, "there can't be a doubt of it. The Mr. Styles that embarked on board the *Royal Canadian* last Monday was Montgomery Hood; the Frenchman with the eye-glass and the poodle, who went to New York by the Cunard boat, under the name of Monsieur Leroy, was William Hood—a deep card that!" And the inspector softly chinked his half-crowns together, and frowned at the empty fireplace of the Liverpool inn parlour, where we sat over our negus.

I—Sergeant John Briggs, of the detectives—was of the same way of thinking as my superior in the force, and not without good reason. Our birds had taken wing from British ground; of that we were pretty sure, for it was not the first time by many that we had paid a visit, professionally, to Liverpool. Indeed, the towns that a detective, who is worth his salt, knows the most of, are Liverpool and London, and there were few ins and outs of the great seaport with which we were not familiar. It was next door to an impossibility that the two absconding clerks whom it was our duty to apprehend should be concealed in any part of Liverpool. The police know every hole and corner of that city, big as it is, as well as a stoat knows the burrows in a rabbit warren, and there were plenty of queer customers who would have given us the "office," in case any outsiders had been hiding among their haunts. The description we had received tallied fairly with the appearance of the persons who had sailed in the packets referred to, and we had traced them, step by step, to the water's edge.

And now to explain. The runaways—brothers, as might be guessed from their names—had never been suspected of dishonesty before the crash came. They were respectably connected, the Hoods, and had received a first-rate education. They were both in the employment of a great house in the wholesale export trade, Penderford and Hatch, of Lothbury, E.C.; the elder of the two, William Hood, being cashier, and having the full confidence of his employers. To do the rogue justice, he seems for years to have served the firm faithfully, and it was not until he got deeply involved—being of extravagant habits and a sporting turn—that he commenced his peculations. In his position, and with his abilities, the slippery downward path was only too easy. He falsified accounts, tampered with pass-books, and embezzled balances. It was the old story of blind trust and betrayal. At last, when detection was at hand, William Hood fled, carrying with him nearly seven thousand pounds, and a mass of bonds and valuable papers; and his brother—his junior by eleven years, and who had been a tool in the hands of his artful relative—was the companion of his flight.

Even the angry merchants, justly incensed against their treacherous

cashier, were sorry for the fate of this poor boy, not yet eighteen years of age, and absolutely under the influence of his elder brother. It was said, that though clever and apt at learning, the younger Hood was timid and ductile, and much in awe of his senior, whose character was fierce and resolute, as well as prompt in stratagem and expedient. Sentiment apart, it was our duty to secure William and Montgomery Hood, and the cash and papers of which they were the unlawful possessors, with the least possible delay. And it had been distinctly intimated to us from our chiefs in Scotland Yard, that immediate reward and probable promotion would be the meed of success.

It was agreed that Inspector Wilkins and I, instead of hunting in couples, as heretofore, should separate, each of us attaching himself to the traces of one of the fugitives. And, to my surprise, the inspector, who had a right as my superior officer to take his choice, elected to follow young Montgomery Hood, who had sailed in the Quebec packet. Such a chance, to my mind, was almost too good to be true. Wilkins and I had done a good many strokes of work together,—neat things, like the gold bars business at Birmingham, or the jewel business at Paddington, which had found their way into the leading newspapers. But somehow it had always been “Mr. Inspector Wilkins and Sergeant Briggs,” and I had felt quite snuffed out and eclipsed, even in print, by my friend. In the police courts it was the same,—Wilkins! always Wilkins! The magistrates were constantly asking the opinion or tasking the memory of my comrade, who was a living biography of convicts and doubtful persons; and if ever a reporter spoke of “that able officer, Sergeant Briggs,” it was sure to be in a corner of the paragraph that nobody cared to study.

And now this very inspector, as jealous of fame and credit (though a good fellow every inch of him) as any member of the force, had voluntarily given up to me what seemed the very cream of the business. William Hood was the principal culprit; William Hood had gone to New York; most likely the chief part of the booty was in his possession; and most certainly the credit of capturing him—the bolting cashier—would far outweigh the poor renown of running to earth such a half-fledged offender as his boy brother, fifteenth clerk, or something of the sort, in the counting-house of Penderford and Hatch. I managed not to show any signs of my exultation, but when I saw Inspector Wilkins fairly under steam down the Mersey, bound for Quebec, I could not help chuckling as I exclaimed, “John Briggs, my boy, your fortune’s made.”

I took my passage in the *Borussia*, bound for New York, not exactly as Sergeant Briggs the detective, but as Phipps Gregson, a Birmingham man, travelling in the hardware line for Pash and Barnett, of Rosemary Lane, Sheffield. Bless you, I was born and bred in the Black Country; knew Birmingham and Wolverhampton well as a boy; and could talk “Brummagem,” as the commercials call it, as well as any bagman of them all. So, although there were two or three real Simon Pures on board—men

who were going out in the cutlery interest, or the castings interest,—it never came into their heads to suspect that the firm for which Mr. Gregson really travelled was located in Scotland Yard. Of course, to deceive these honest English commercials was not worth while, were it not that through them I check-mated the prying eyes and glib tongues of our inquisitive Yankee fellow-passengers. And this was essential. If a British detective *had* been soft enough to let the American saloon passengers worm out his character and errand, the whole affair would have been blazing abroad in the *Herald* and the *Tribune* twelve hours after our landing, and the thief would have learned that one of Queen Victoria's sleuth hounds was upon his track.

Still, as I weighed the matter over—and on the voyage, being a good sailor (by constitution, I suppose, for my longest voyage had hitherto been to Rotterdam or Belfast, in chase of a runaway), I had plenty of time for thought,—as I turned the matter over, I felt that I must be very cautious and cool. The golden opportunity, thanks to the inspector's unaccountable conduct, I had; but to improve it was not so easy. We detectives—I still consider myself as one of the body to which I so long belonged,—we detectives know very well that most rogues are fools as well as knaves; but when we find a rogue who is not a fool, we expect tough work, and I knew that William Hood was not one to be easily caught napping. To pit my wits against his was, I felt, to play an even game. I was practised in my professional avocations, was an honest man, and should be backed by the law. Great advantages these! I did not undervalue them. But then he had the start, and in some cases the start is nine points in the game.

“Where away is it I'll rowl yer honour?” asked the Irish jarvey who drove the car or fly I had selected from the display of bad and dear hackney carriages on New York quay, and who had evidently not been long enough in America to learn practical republicanism. “Will I dhrive ye to the Metropolitan, sir?”

I chose, however, a different and much less luxurious establishment, Crockett's House, Fourth of July Street, in the Bowery,—a queer hotel, frequented by rough and ready customers, chiefly from Texas, California, Missouri, and other western regions. I felt pretty sure that Mr. Hood was not likely to be found at the great houses, where the best of the European visitors and American provincials are used to herd together, and my chance of picking up information seemed greater if I kept aloof from respectable society.

I did not let grass grow under my feet, but fell to work on the evening of the very day that saw our landing from the *Borussia*. Many a man would have rested, or indulged his curiosity as to the strange city and nondescript people. But Sergeant Briggs had his promotion to earn, and his good little wife at home, as well as the three children, to think of. I felt my mouth water as I thought of all I could do with that handsome

reward offered by Penderford and Hatch,—the schooling for Tom and Alfred, the smart new frocks for Louisa, who would then go to Miss Twigg's select academy at Turnham Green, the terms of which were fifty guineas, to say nothing of the towels and silver spoon. And Mrs. B.—a dear, sprightly little woman, who had comforted me often and often when I was but a constable at twenty-eight shillings a week, and it was hard to scrub on,—*she* deserved a full share of gratified whims and wishes from that blessed windfall of five hundred pounds—if only I could get it.

With all my eagerness, however, and I did my best, my toil was labour lost. In vain I ransacked the Empire City, which, like most of us in the detective department, I knew fairly by report, and of which I had been furnished with a sort of rough sketch in writing by my brother officer, Sergeant Hemmings. Hemmings, too, had been friendly enough to give me some letters of introduction, sufficient to launch me, not into the best, which would not have suited my purpose, but into the very worst society in New York. Hemmings knew a thing or two against more than one of the British born settlers there, which the parties in question preferred to keep dark, even in that easy-going place, and they were obliged to be civil to my comrade or any friend of his. And I, too, here and there met somebody of whose antecedents I knew a good deal more than he or she cared to have published to the world, and who was ready in consequence to buy my silence by helping on my search.

But I failed,—failed as miserably and utterly as plain policeman X 42 could have done, if Sir Richard had chosen him for delicate work of the kind. In hotel bars and rowdy groceries, in flash billiard-rooms, in low grog-shops, where sailors and wild Irish battered each other till the police came to establish order with their flails, and in taverns where red-shirted Californians played Monte and Euchre for dollar notes and pinches of gold-dust, I sought in vain. After weeks spent in exploring the town, I was not a bit wiser than at the beginning. At last, and by mere accident, I found a clue. Of course I had not failed, when I hid myself in the troubled waters of low life at New York, to communicate with the police of the city. There is a fellow-feeling among the guardians of public order all the world over, and I am bound to say that the police of New York were very willing to give me every assistance in their power. They could not, however, point out the covert where my game lay concealed. Even Marshal Keyzor, a most experienced officer, whose name was known on our side the Atlantic as well as on his own, could not help me there. One of his men had noticed the Frenchman with the eye-glass and the poodle, when the packet was boarded by the newsboys and detectives, off the Point; but no suspicion attached to the grotesque foreigner, and from the moment of his landing all trace of him was lost. Yet the city marshals were good enough to introduce me to all the railway, steamboat, omnibus, and stage officials, and to insure me attention in my researches. And, in-

deed, it was from a railway clerk that I got my clue—such as it was : “Caesar, the black porter, found this in the waiting-room ; seems to be a feather of your lost bird, sir. Guess he’s sloped by our line, anyhow,” said the good-natured clerk, as he popped a card into my hand. It was a common visiting card, and on the back of it had been pencilled, roughly, a rude calculation,—a sum in the rule of three, as far as I could make it out. But the card was one of William Hood’s cards, and I could hardly doubt that he himself had dropped it ; and most likely the Yankee clerk was correct in his conjecture. William Hood was most probably absent from New York, and it was reasonable to suppose that he had journeyed by the railway at the terminus of which the tell-tale bit of pasteboard had been found. The line led, firstly, to Albany, and to Albany I went.

I went to Albany, and I went to Rochester, and I went to Buffalo. I did more, for I tried the hotels at Niagara Falls—then very crowded, for it was hot weather, and the polite world was out of town,—and I went as far as Sandusky, on a wild-goose chase after a man who was a rogue, I dare say, because he looked so awfully frightened when I began to ask him a few questions professionally, but not *my* rogue. And then, sick at heart, I turned back to the east, retraced my steps to the Hudson River, and what they call the Highlands—a very fashionable resort of the New Yorkers in summer-time ; and, after vainly inquiring there, began to feel despair of any success.

I rambled away from the Mountain House, where I had taken up my temporary quarters, and where about five hundred ladies and gentlemen were sojourning, so that the clatter of knives, forks, and tongues, at the grand *table d’hôte* was something to astonish one. But at an American *table d’hôte* it seems you can get up and be off without offending anybody. The Yankees don’t scramble over a meal now in ten minutes of grudging time ; they have gone into the other extreme, and spin out the better part of the afternoon over their five courses and iced waters, and the long dinner was wearisome to me.

So out I went, and down the steep incline, dell after dell and glen after glen opening upon my eyes with fresh beauty. Beneath me lay the broad Hudson, pure and bright as a silver riband, flecked with sails, and widening out into what the old Dutch settlers called an inland sea—the Tappaan Zee. And all about me lay the Nine Pins, the green mountains of the Catskill, solemn and beautiful under the darkening blue sky of a grand American summer’s evening. Mountains and river, and sky and woods—for there were some monstrous pines and maples left, here and there, unfelled—made up such a pretty scene, that I gazed and gazed for a long time. Members of the force see more ugly sights than lovely ones, and we are mostly kept in thickly peopled districts, as is reasonable ; so a sweet prospect is a real treat to some of us. And though I had been about a bit in the course of duty, I had never seen such a charming landscape except on the drop scene of a theatre. Presently I strolled down

to the Hudson, hired a pinnace, and went out for a sail. The boatmen were a couple of Dutchmen, father and son, as I soon found out. They were not very talkative, when compared with Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent; but when they heard I was from the old country, and had been to Rotterdam and other Dutch ports, they warmed into conversation. As far as I could make out, they thought themselves half Hollanders still, though it was the old man's great-grandfather who had come out in some ship with a name I couldn't pronounce, and which had brought from Europe some Dutch dignitary whose title and office were unintelligible, but who must have been a great personage in his day, for he not only brought a coach and servants and horses along with him, but bricks from Leyden or Utrecht to build his house. But these slow, cautious boatmen were very good-natured, and pointed me out many notable spots along the river,—the "Buckleap," over which some hunted deer had bounded in the early days of the settlement; the rock where some great Indian chief, warrior, or prophet had been shot with a silver bullet; the site of a ruined farmhouse, burned by Cowboys or Skinners in the revolutionary struggle. At last I noticed a person, apparently a gentleman from his gesture and carriage, standing on a point of land and beckoning to us. I bade my boatmen steer inshore, and we were soon within easy speaking distance.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am sure," said the gentleman who had beckoned to us, taking off his hat with the utmost politeness; "were it not that a lady's comfort is concerned, I would not have ventured to trespass upon you; but the ferryman at the proper station is disabled from crossing. He has been carousing with some boon companions, and has foolishly swallowed a quantity of raw whiskey, in compliance with some stupid wager, I understand, and now lies helpless and useless. There are no persons at the ferry-house capable of managing the heavy boat. My wife, who is in delicate health, wishes to reach the Mountain House before the dews fall, and if you would kindly put us across the river, we should be much obliged for the courtesy."

What tongues these Americans have, to be sure! Of course I willingly acceded to the request, and would have done so had the favour been asked by the most awkward John Bull alive; but it was a downright pleasure to oblige such travellers as these. Mr. Sterling—that was the gentleman's name, and, as he said in his frank way, he "hailed" from Virginia—was certainly a very prepossessing young man, and a very fluent and well-informed talker. And Mrs. Sterling—who rose from a mossy hollow beneath the shadow of a rock, where she had been reclining, almost invisible from the river—appeared a richly dressed and elegant young woman, but very timid. She wore her Brussels lace veil down, hot as the sultry day was, and only spoke in a sort of whispering tone; while she seemed to cling trustfully, but rather helplessly, to her husband's arm. It was beautiful to see what attention Mr. Sterling paid her, with

what anxious care he watched over her, and how, when we left the boat, he supported her steps up the rocky road with his strong arm.

Afterwards, when the Virginian and I were smoking our cigars in the cool verandah of the Mountain House, and sipping a glass of "Stonewall" to our better acquaintance, Mr. Sterling told me a good deal about his antecedents, as Americans will do. Before long I knew how many negroes he had on his estate, how many acres of tobacco, and how many bins of old wine of his grandfather's importing. I also learnt that pretty little Mrs. S., quite a bride, was a native of Philadelphia. He asked a few questions, too, in a careless, off-hand way. So I had come by the Cunard boat;—which boat, now?—*Asia*? *City of London*? *Africa*? Quick trip? smooth sea? many queer folks among the passengers—English especially? Had I been in England, and had my companion been an Englishman, I should have thought he was trying to pump me. But the Americans are inquisitive to a proverb, and I thought nothing of Mr. Sterling's curiosity.

The Virginian and his pretty wife were going to the lakes—all this happened, you must know, the year before the civil war began, and while Virginia was still in the Union,—and as they were to leave the highlands on the following morning, and I was on the wing too, it was arranged that we should travel together as far as Buffalo, or even Cincinnati; for I had picked up, while lounging in the bar, certain hints and broken phrases which led me to think that the game I sought would be flushed further to the west. A corn-factor, over his julep, had described an intelligent "Briton" he had met at Buffalo, and who seemed very much like William Hood. A gaunt minister, in homespun coat and deerskin gambadoes, spoke of an English stripling who had "tarried a night" at his manse among the Ohio hog-farms, and who had lost his way and lamed his horse in some excursion from Cincinnati. The account of the lad in question tallied with the description of Montgomery Hood.

We started together, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling and myself. Hot as the day was, Mrs. Sterling wore a wide burnous of some thin white stuff, full of silvery stripes, and her white veil down as before. She spoke very little, but what she did say was very gentle and ladylike, but not clever in the least. It was beautiful to see with what affectionate trust she clung to her husband, and relied on him for everything. It was evident that he was the guiding spirit of the matrimonial firm, and she a mere childish, confiding thing, relying implicitly on his strength and shrewdness. It was a pretty sight, but I could not help feeling a sort of contempt for the silly little woman too. As we alighted from the car in front of the railway-station, I stooped to lift a trunk, and my pistol, which I kept in my breast pocket, slipped out and fell with a bang upon the gravel, just at Mrs. Sterling's feet.

The lady screamed. The porter, a negro, broke into a horse-laugh, and Mr. Sterling picked up the weapon, looked at it curiously—it was no

revolver, but one of the old double-barrels we get from the Government,—and returned it to me with a bow and a smile, drily saying,—

“You travel, I think you told me, in the interest of some Sheffield house. Am I to consider this, pray, as a specimen of the hardware you deal in, or have you really imbibed the idea that our unfortunate country is so full of bloodthirsty brawlers that firearms are thus necessary as bosom friends?”

I could not help wincing. No doubt it was proper that I should be very discreet as to my errand, but I could not bear to appear in a doubtful light to my new friends.

“Sir,” said I, “you take me for an impostor, and perhaps a rogue. The first I am obliged to be; the second I am not. To account for my possession and carrying about me of this unlucky pistol, I’ll tell you who I am. I’m Sergeant John Briggs, of the detective force, and I have come from London to arrest two dangerous felons who have absconded with a large sum. If you now like to drop my acquaintance——” Drop my acquaintance! it was a comfort the chivalrous young Virginian did not wring my hand off. He declared that he was pleased and proud to be my fellow-traveller; and even timid Mrs. Sterling murmured something complimentary, and showed her white teeth in a smile. Very white teeth they were, and not the least spoiled with sugar-plums, sweet cakes, and scalding tea, which ruin the mouths of most American women.

After this we travelled on very agreeably together. And now I really reaped some solid advantage from my intimacy with the bridal pair. I was admitted, as one of their party, to the ladies’ car, and was out of reach of tobacco juice, noisy talk, and neighbours who were neither clean nor civil. Republicans as the Yankees are, they have three classes on their lines,—the ladies’ car, answering to our first, but shut against solitary male passengers; the general cars, where all whites herd together; and the negro car. Under Mrs. Sterling’s protection, I was admitted among the aristocrats of the rail, and found the journey much more pleasant. The car was well cushioned, lined with glossy cloth, and nearly empty; and, in that baking weather, the contrast to the stifling atmosphere of the wild-beast vans in which I was usually compelled to travel was delightful.

Pleasant as it might be, the journey was short. At Schenectady, where several lines meet, we came to a dead halt, and a good deal of noise and confusion ensued. The station was crowded; the single sets of rails were choked with engines, cars, and trucks, and every one seemed to shout and wrangle at once. Part of the crowd consisted merely of the ordinary pleasure-seekers, bound for Saratoga, Niagara Falls, or other fashionable resorts, and of business men on their way west or east; but the more uproarious element was contributed by a throng of Irish emigrants, whose train it was proposed to shunt on one side, and break up, in favour of the better dressed and better paying natives. But these

Hibernian new arrivals, who had, it seems, made some contract for their safe and speedy transport with one of the touting speculators so common in New York, were by no means passive in the matter. They had begun to conceive the idea that they were being taken in, and their Celtic blood was on fire.

"If ye stand this, boys, it's skin ye alive they will! Haven't we been half starved already, let alone sleepin' by the wayside, and being packed like bullocks for market?" bawled one excited fellow in a faded blue coat, garnished with metal buttons.

"Who's to say the chatin', deceivin' crimp tould us a word of thruth at all?" screamed a woman who carried a child in her arms, while two other little ones clung, frightened, to her skirts. "He's pouched our dollars—the curse of Cromwell be on him!—and who'll warrant that labourers are wanted at Oswego, and wages high and mate cheap? See how we're thrated!"

Then began a dreadful uproar. The two or three policemen on the platform were cowed by the display of sticks which took place, every Irishman seeming to possess either a blackthorn or a sapling, and the brandished cudgels and wild cries of the mob struck terror into the more civilized portion of the company. However, several Americans, whose glossy clothes and quiet air of self-possession marked them as belonging to what is there called the "aristocracy," came forward, and with much tact and good-humour proceeded to coax the noisy Paddies into a more pacific mood. But meanwhile the Irishwomen were very violent and clamorous, excitedly rushing up and down the line, and protesting that they and their "childher" would have places in the train, come what might, and threatening to drag the "fine New York gentry" from their seats.

Under these alarming circumstances, it is hardly wonderful if Mrs. Sterling became nervous, and her husband anxious to get her away from Schenectady. At this moment the conductor of the train happened to pass.

"When shall we be starting, sir? Snakes! I can't answer you; no, sir. Some of those Irish loafers have been meddling with the locomotive, and smashed the levers, and lifted the wheels off the line. We must get steam up in the 'Old Hickory,' and that will take time. Better get the lady into the waiting-room, until we've quieted these immigrants a bit."

This was sensible counsel, and it was followed at once. The door was opened; I got out first, and received a good armful of shawls, novels, scent-bottles, and little ladylike trifles of that sort, for Mrs. Sterling travelled with a great deal of light luggage, and her husband had enough to do to carry the rest and to hand her out of the car. While this was going on, I noticed a man, one of the Irish labourers by his dress and figure, who wore a rough frieze coat, hot as the day was, and had his shaggy red hair hanging like a horse's mane over his face. This fellow, standing a little back among his countrymen, was taking no part in the row, but eyeing us in an inquisitive sort of fashion. An ugly, wild-looking customer he was,

—had been fighting, most likely, for half his face was concealed by a blue cotton handkerchief, from under which peeped strips of plaster, but somehow the other half of the face seemed familiar to me. I thought and thought, rubbed my eyes, and looked again. The fellow was gone! Nothing was to be seen but waving cudgels and outstretched arms, and excited men and women gesticulating, and here and there a glib American soothing the mob, and half-laughingly pointing to a strong body of police, who had just been fetched by special engine from Albany, and who had cutlasses and revolvers to supplement those short, heavy flails which Yankee constables carry when on ordinary duty.

“It is all right now, my love,” said Mr. Sterling, calming his wife’s timid fears as he assisted her to descend; “now the police have arrived, there will be no more—”

The sentence was never finished. As Mrs. Sterling’s delicate kid boot touched the ground, the frieze-coated Irishman with the fell of unkempt red hair and the plastered face came rushing forward, caught the handsome Virginian planter by the throat, twisting his hand in Mr. Sterling’s cravat so as nearly to strangle him, and with the other hand clutched Mrs. Sterling rudely by the arm.

“William Hood,” cried this strange immigrant, “you are my prisoner on a charge of felony, in the name of her Majesty the Queen of England.—And you too, Mr. Montgomery Hood.—Sergeant Briggs, help me to secure the prisoners.”

The supposed Paddy’s hat and blue cotton kerchief had fallen off in the scuffle, his wig of fiery red hair was awry. It was Inspector Wilkins who stood before me, holding my charming American fellow-travellers in his professional grip. We detectives are not very easily astonished, but here the surprise beat anything I had ever seen, even on the stage, and for once I stood stupid and staring, with my eyes fixed on the group. Then there was an explosion of fierce curses and threats, a cry of alarm, and I recovered my wits only just in time to strike up the pistol which that little fury, young Montgomery Hood, was discharging at his captor’s head. Bang went the pistol, the ball going into the wall a yard above us; and then a desperate struggle ensued, for the elder culprit, who had a revolver under his coat, tried hard to shake himself free of the inspector, while the false Mrs. Sterling fought like a wild cat, and it was not until his finery was in tatters, and his face covered with blood, that I could get the upper hand of the younger delinquent. Even then we could hardly have handcuffed them both but for the aid of the Albany police, who came hurrying up at the report of the pistol.

“It’s all right and square, gentlemen,” said the inspector, producing his papers; “warrant of the British Secretary of State, countersigned, as you see. Extradition warrant, backed by all the proper authorities in Washington and the State of New York. We’ve a good right to our birds, you see, now we’ve put salt on their tails.”

For all that, it was a lucky thing for us that so many policemen were on the spot, for the Irish—whose antipathy to laws in general, and English law in particular, made them regard the arrest on American soil as an insult to themselves and their adopted country—threatened a rescue. Nothing came of the menace, however, save hooting and hard words, and we were permitted to carry our captives quietly off to New York. I had rather not dwell too much on my own thoughts during the journey. I felt humbled, both as a man and a detective. That I, who had counted on the success of this expedition as the stepping-stone to fortune—that I should have been gulled and duped as I had been,—the deception was too complete; I could not bear to think of it.

“This,” said the inspector, the first time we were alone together, which was on board the packet, homeward bound—for till then we dared not trust the prisoners, sullen and apathetic now, out of our sight,—“this is the long and short of it. I chose to follow the young one to Canada, because I thought he’d be more easy to track than his brother. Lads of his age don’t often travel alone, you see. Well, he was deeper than I thought. I followed him to Detroit, and then he doubled and twisted, and I lost the scent for a time. A trifle—only, you know, Briggs, nothing is a trifle to us; straws show the way the wind blows—sent me to New York, and there I hunted about for day after day, and heard you were at work there too, and had some trouble not to run against you as we went to and fro, like a couple of hounds at fault. One day, in Jersey city—I’d gone there on the chance,—I saw a coffee-house keeper standing at his own door, smoking. I knew the face, and a thing or two about the chap it belonged to,—a German, of the name of Hans Mölder.

“It was nigh six years since I had seen Hans, and he did not know me at first, but when I began to talk to him and remind him of old times, he was fit to faint. You never saw such a coward. To be sure, there were warrants out against him years ago in London, for an ugly business, too, and Hans most likely thought he was wanted across the Atlantic. Well, that was a wholesome fear to encourage, so I began to question him a bit about our hide-and-seek friends in the cabin here, and he blurted out some blundering admission in his fright, and I was down upon him. Down on him I was, specially hard,—threatened to blow the gaff, to write to England and to Lord Lyons for instructions, and so forth. Hans was well off, and did not fancy the C. C. C. and penal servitude, so I put the screw on, and tugged the truth out of him.

“And the truth was this:—The Hoods had been hid at his house; he was an old acquaintance of William’s, and at his house Montgomery Hood had put on the female attire that was to serve as a disguise. It was his brother William’s plan, and no bad one, he knowing the pursuit would be hot; and Mrs. Mölder, who was a dressmaker, she went to New York and bought the fal-lals and finery. Off the rogues went, in the character of bride and bridegroom, to the Mountain House,

and thence towards the Lakes, where Montgomery would have put on his own clothes again, and slipped off into the wild West, and so to California. I was but a few hours after them, and made up as an immigrant, the better to effect the capture, knowing they were armed. And so we've got them safe, and most of the cash; but to see you, Briggs, doing the civil thing to that artful humbug of a defaulter in the lace veil! Well, I won't laugh if it hurts your feelings."

My tale is nearly told. The Hoods were tried and convicted, of course, and William received a heavy sentence, no less than twenty years of penal servitude. As for Montgomery, as it was proved that he was very much under the influence of his elder brother, and had gone into the robbery more from a schoolboy spirit of mischief than a serious desire to pillage his employers, he was more leniently dealt with. But the laugh at Scotland Yard was terribly against me, and I found it impossible to remain in the detective department, tormented as I was on the score of my credulity and the sham Mrs. Sterling. Inspector Wilkins got the reward, as was fair. And the superintendent hinted that there was a vacancy among the sergeants of the L division, and that the work would probably suit me better than my old trade.

However, by great good luck, the chief of the borough police in my native town happened to retire just then, and as no other townsman was eligible, and I had local influence, I got the place, and a snug one it is. But for all that, when London detectives come down and confer with Mr. Superintendent Briggs, polite as they are, I can see by the slight twinkle in their eyes that they have heard the story of my American expedition, and are laughing in their sleeves.

MAY FLOWERS IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

MAY, "the merry month of May," as our forefathers called it, and with reason; May, the pet month of poets, lovers, and botanists; "the delicate-footed May," green-mantled and flower-crowned, is with us "a whole long month of May!"

At Oxford this morning we might have heard the lingering echoes of the trumpets with which the priests of Flora in old Rome awoke her votaries upon May morning, in the chorus of tin horns with which the boys make blatant the lanes and fields in their search for traditional May flowers.

There, also, at sunrise—clad in white vestments, and with their faces turned to the east—we might have heard the choristers on the roof of the tower of Magdalen College pour forth a Latin hymn in honour of the Trinity; an harmonious service, the sound of which has annually floated over the level Christ Church meadows since the Reformation, before which a mass was offered there at the same time.

It was to the sound of horns that the citizens of ancient London brought in May, from the Hampstead and Hornsey woods, to the narrow streets and alleys of the City, till they rivalled the country lanes in greenness. Each man set up a tree at his door (a Continental custom still on *fête* days), and decked the overhanging casements, and the carved satyrs, masks, and monkeys that supported them, with garlands of leaves and flowers.

No more curious change occurs, from the pagan to the Christian calendar, than the reversion of this month from the service of the wanton goddess Venus to that of the Virgin, "Mater Dolorosa;" for in Catholic countries May is "*le mois de Marie*."

We get a glimpse of the threefold verdure which clothes the meads and pastures in this month, in its Anglo-Saxon name of *Tri-milkehi*, because in May the cattle were milked thrice daily.

In France, in the time of Charlemagne, M. Gibilin tells us it was called, in an old song which commences,—

"Voici le joli mois de Mai,
Si gentil et si gai,"

"*le mois du plaisir*." The Flemings and Hollanders named it *Bloie-maand*, literally, month of bloom; and the Danes, *Maye-manet*, which signifies to adorn with branches and flowers; while the Icelanders called it the month of happy days, *Fare daga manudr*.

By the people of these countries its advent was greeted with flower-dressings, processions, dances, and welcoming songs; and if we look deep enough for the origin of all this external gladness, we shall find it rooted in the religious gratitude of yet more ancient nations.

According to Cornelius Labeo, May is so called in honour of Maia, who, contrary to many mythologists, he conceives to have been the Earth. The same sacrifices were made to her as to the great mother. She was honoured with Mercury, because she assisted him to form the voice; and he affirms, in proof of his theory, that the temple of Maia was consecrated on the first of May in the name of the "Bonne Diesse;" the same with Tellus, or the Earth. In the East, where the observance of May-day originated, the *fête* was accompanied by hymns in honour of the gods, but especially in praise of Apollo, Belus, or the Sun, who was the divinity of the day. In this name, and under the image of the solar luminary, the Chaldeans and Phœnicians, the Moabites, Canaanites, and other scriptural and antique peoples recognized the Universal Creator, the supreme and most ancient of the deities.

To him, as to the life-giver of all created things, the invigorator and revivifier of the teeming earth, the heart of man, overflowing with a grateful sense of nature's beauty and fertility, awoke spontaneously to praise and gladness. "Let us adore!" appears to have been the burden of these hymns, and the spirit in which such festivals primitively originated. Old, therefore, as the theology of the Egyptians are the songs, and flowers, and carrying of green boughs on May-day.

Here and there, throughout the various nations, relics of these services and ceremonies remain; and though fallen into disrepute in "London society," fallen out of Court favour and the countenance of kings and queens, and reserved for the poor mumming of chimney-sweepers, who resolve into a "Jack-in-the-green" the May-pole, the garlands, and the dance with which our forefathers anciently honoured the day, Nature still keeps her floral festival, and robes the earth as Petrarch's Laura was robed when first he saw her in a dress of green sprinkled with violets. Suppose—though the dew be dry with which fair ladies in past times made a point of washing their faces on this morning, sometimes sleeping out of town for the purpose on the eve of May-day, as Mr. Pepys tells us his wife did,—suppose that we wander forth to the fields, and heath, and woods, that still remain in the neighbourhood of London, to remind us of the sylvan and pastoral scenery that in times past surrounded it; places in which the botanists of Elizabeth's time sought their simples, and old John Gerard gathered many of the specimens figured in his "Great Herbal."

Let us begin with Hampstead Heath, no longer precluded by miles of field-paths and hedgerows, but upon the very foot of which the railway lands us.

Here, instead of taking the Lower Flask walk, so fashionable a promenade in the days of Richardson and "Clarissa Harlow," which runs along the level to the left, let us keep straight up the hill towards the group of elms on its rise, and avoid the verdant sward on either hand, treacherously damp even at this season, and beset with nothing rarer than daisies (*Bellis perennis*), those fabled driplets from the leaky buckets of

the Belides, whose name they bear ; dandelion (*Leontodon taraxacum*), and the bulbous buttercup (*Ranunculus bulbosus*), one of the most frequent of its tribe.

As we rise the hill the presence of the heathland asserts itself in the remains of stunted furze, petty-whin, and the curiously curled-up fronds of the common fern. Here and there a spray of yellow broom and clusters of dwarfed bedstraw, white and yellow, growing close to the ground, betray the arid nature of the soil.

If, after pausing to enjoy the pretty landscapes on either side of us, we dip down into the hollow, along which, and in a line with the once famous "Well Walk," runs the field-way to Highgate and Hornsey, one of the prettiest bridle-paths in the environs of the "sister hills," as old Drayton calls those of Hampstead and Highgate—and this is saying a good deal for it,—we shall find the banks and shallows on either side of it full of moisture-loving plants.

The springs from the upper heath, which drain into the ponds in the bottom, that lie like a chain of diminutive lakelets between Caan Wood and St. Pancras Hill, leave sufficient water on both sides of this path, in their way thither, to feed the succulent roots of the dark blue flowering brooklime (*Veronica beccabunga*) and "forget-me-not" (*Myosotis palustris*). Here, too, the watercress flourishes, and the full heads of its handsome relative, *Cardamine pratensis*, stand up as silvery white as when our "pleasant Willy," as Spenser calls Shakspeare, sang its praise.

Higher up the bank, amongst the straight stems of brown flowering rushes, the blue blossoms of the common bugle (*Ajuga reptans*), and the rose-coloured ones of the dwarf red-rattle (*Pedicularis sylvatica*), overspread wide spaces ; and the road-side margin of the oozing stream, which percolates rather than runs along the yard-wide shallows, is glittering on both sides with the elegant foliage of the *Potentilla anserina*, which, with every ripple of wind, turns up the silver under lining of its leaves, and in another month will outshine its lowlier neighbour, *Tormentilla reptans* (which affects almost every part of the heath), with its more showy yellow flowers.

If, instead of going on to the upper heath, we pass through the gate before us, the gate through which so many men with fadeless names have passed—Shelley and Keats, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and some more modern ones, who shall in the hereafter be of their company,—and turn through another, a stone's throw higher on the left—never mind the faded notice on the grey board about trespassing, or "no thoroughfare," or something of that sort, nailed to the tree above it (who ever thought of prosecuting one "who gathers simples"? As well rob "a hermit of his beads"),—and follow the path over the viaduct that, at a little distance, makes so pictorial an object in the view, contrasted with the green slopes and wooded background, we shall find in the hedgerow to the right the spring vetch (*Vicia lathyroides*), with bright purple solitary sessile flowers, and its more ambitious namesake, *V. sepium*, or bush vetch, pushing forth

its bluish purple clusters amidst the shady undergrowth. High up on the green bank are fair clusters of the elegant *Stellaria holostea*, the greater stitchwort, or, as it is prettily called, "satinweed," with its long, light green, brittle leaves, and shining flowers, silky in texture, and of a delicate whiteness. In the grass beneath we are sure to find its lowly relative, *S. media*, which, simple as it is, possesses the rare charm of almost perennial freshness, putting forth its small flowers as early as its companion, the common daisy. Insignificant as these are, they exhibit, in common with many orbed and stellar-shaped blossoms, an extraordinary sympathy with light; and I remember to have noticed, in the course of a walk during an eclipse a few years back, that the patches of this plant by the road-side, which had their flowers open shortly before the phenomenon was at its height, were all closed while the intervening moon obscured the sun. The star-shaped flowers of *Ficaria verna*, or *Ranunculus ficaria*, and many others having no relation to *Stellaria* but in the star-like form of the corolla; the dandelion, marigold, daisy, camomile, chrysanthemum, hawkweed, and a host of composite plants, afford curious illustrations of this sympathy,—a circumstance not unnoticed by the ancients, and which, in the fanciful superstition of the times, led to their being dedicated to the sun or moon, under whose dominion they were supposed to be, because they carried in their forms the signatures of these bodies, which, in the medical jargon of much more modern days, were said to rule those of men.

If the season be a genial one (not otherwise) we shall find the namesake of the month, "a bush of May flowers with the bees about it," decking the hedgerow with little nosegays of its scented flowers, fragrant as melilot, or new-mown hay. How delicious its vernal odour! and what a deal of beauty in its white petals underlined with pink, and red-tipped stamens, which become black in fading! These are the "May baskets" of "Dan" Chaucer, a phrase which a critical printer on a former occasion amended for me into Daniel Chaucer.—I hope my present typographer will permit it to remain (*sic*). The hawthorn, or May (*Cratægus oxyacanthus*), is historically memorable, the royal crown of England having been found in a hawthorn tree after the battle of Bosworth Field. Lovely an ornament as it is of our English hedgerows, the dark green foliage in contrast with its abundant white blossoms makes it a yet more beautiful object when planted singly; it is so thorough, so all over fair, and looks to great advantage on a lawn, or standing lonely by a pool in the corner of a field, with a sheep or two beneath its shade, and a coil of tangled roots, bare and black, and twisted in fantastic convolutions, laving themselves in the water. I have seen sometimes a root of forget-me-not, or a rich clump of primroses, blowing in the lap of these old gnarled roots; and only the nature-loving pencil of William Hunt could have done justice to the exquisite caprice.

But I am forgetting the other blossoms of our sunny hedgerow, the white and red champions (*Lychnis dioica*), which sport their rose-coloured and chalk-white flowers all the summer, and just now seem to be running

a race with the snow-white clustered heads of Jack-by-the-hedge (*Erysimum alliaria*), which shall grow tallest. It is best in making up a nosegay of May flowers to leave out this rustically-named one, the leaves of which—broadly heart-shaped, stalked, and veined, and of a smooth, delicate texture and fresh greenness—are really handsome, while the flower is prepossessing from the pureness of its tint; but if the stem be broken, the odour of garlic, which the whole plant exhales, and which in former times occasioned it to be used as a condiment to the Lenten fare of our forefathers, is apt to spoil our admiration of it; but growing here it is charming.

Under the shade of those ambitious plants, not unfrequently in the neighbourhood of a bed of nettles, the pretty germander speedwell (*Veronica chamædrys*) lifts its upright slender stem and light racemes of scattered soft blue flowers, so full of innocent sweetness, so exquisite in hue, that they supply to the imagination the eyes of the fair saint whose name they bear. Loveliest of our large native family of the speedwells, it offers in its simple two-stamened corolla an unforgettable type of the whole. Touch it, and so lightly is it poised upon its slender footstalk, that the monopetalous flower falls, taking with it its remarkable stamens, which lie almost flat on the petal, like the hands on the face of a watch. This fragility obliges one to be very careful in gathering a specimen of the plant. It is pleasant to note how its simple grace is heightened, and how fine a contrast ensues, when an adjacent dandelion falls into a fit of blooming, and opens its large rich yellow flowers,—

“Gilt with dew as sun with showers,”

at only a few grass-blades' distance from it. In the turf, white-rayed daisies are glistening; and outside, close to the gravelly path, the little straggling pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), with bright, round, scarlet corolla, underlined with purple, lies laughing in the sun. Looking over the parapet to the shady coppice on the right, beyond the pool in the bottom, dusky with the dense foliage of the horned pondweed and other submerged aquatics, and fringed upon its margin with the tall, sword-shaped leaves of bur-reed (*Sparganium ramosum*), iris (*Pseud-acorus*), gregarious rushes, and other lovers of moist places, we see it overspread with the blue haze of countless hyacinths (*H. non scriptus*). “Languid hyacinths,” which, if they do not, like the classic flower, wear their bitter sorrow painted on their bosoms, and sigh *Ai! ai!* to every breeze, exhibit a poetical affinity to sadness in their bent heads; and the feral blue of their scented petals, crowding the grassy openings between the trees, filling the little thickets, and covering wide spaces on the slope of this sheltered spot, their perfume floats over to us, faintly reminiscent of far-off *blom gartens*, and the meadows of hyacinths at Haarlem.

The nodding cowslip, so frequently found in the vicinity of the blue-bell, and which grew plentifully in this neighbourhood when Gerard

wrote, appears to be quite extirpated, like the primrose, from the heath and the adjacent wood, owing to the constant carrying off of the roots by itinerant flower-venders, who find ready sale for them in the gloomy courts and back alleys of the town.

Let us go down into this shady hollow, where "lords and ladies," as children call the hooded blossoms of *Arum maculatum*, spread their spotted leaves, glossy and arrow-shaped, and lift their silvery green spathes above the pink, or purple, or pale-coloured spadix.

Here we may find the curious "twablade" (*Listera ovata*), crowned with a spike of yellow-green flowers, and having a solitary pair of opposite egg-shaped leaves halfway up its stem. It is not a plant to forget, when once we have seen it, and in bygone times was supposed to possess mystic qualities, and to make lovers constant. It belongs to that singular and beautiful family of plants, the *Orchideæ*, one of which, the early purple orchis (*O. mascula*), is almost certain to reward our search. Its leaves, plashed with dark purple spots, are remarkable even before the flowers appear; and these grow in a cluster on the solitary stem, and are bright purple, speckled with light and dark spots. In the absence of the cowslip, the wood crowfoot (*Ranunculus auricomus*), which lifts its golden cups above the flowering grasses, offers a charming contrast to its handsome flowers.

It may be that the sweet woodruff (*Asperula odorata*), growing humbly in the shade, has its home here. It is easily recognized by its stalked, terminal panicles of milk-white flowers, exquisite in their minute delicacy and beautiful contrast to its whorls of bright green leaves. Perfectly scentless when growing, it only yields the secret of its sweetness in death, and gives us back in midwinter the treasured fragrance of May.

As we glance back upon the sullen pool, with the wreck of a suicidal prame that has gone down head foremost, blistering and rotting in the midst of rank water-weeds, we see it irradiated in places with the white gleam of the water ranunculus (*R. aquatilis*), beds of which are floating above their three-lobed upper leaves, the submerged part of the stem being covered with leaves in capillary segments, and remember how, a month or two hence, it will shine golden with the globose cups of the yellow water-lily, and be fragrant with the moisture-loving *Menthas* (*M. hirsuta* and *sylvestris*), which, being of the same family, may inherit the virtues attributed poetically to *Melissa*, or balm,—

"Salubrious balm, whose perfume, wandering by,
Healeth the wounds of bee and butterfly."

Returning to the road, on the last bit of hedgerow we may possibly find the veined and faintly-coloured flowers of the white briony (*B. dioica*), Our Lady's seal, hanging like little signets amongst wreaths of its rough vine-shaped leaves, suspended by delicate tendrils, curled after the manner of a watch-spring, in sometimes more than a dozen spirals.

The five-barred gate beyond leads over a bit of rough gravelly ground

on to the heath. Little hillocks crowned with ling (*Calluna vulgaris*), scrubby broom, and furze, with sour grass, sheep's sorrel, and the trailing tormentil, are almost the only vegetation; but farther on we find traces of the floral riches it possessed when Drayton wrote, and long after, when the medical students of London, in Dr. Johnson's time, made botanical excursions to it, and finished their day's work by dining at the "Upper Flask," where, if I remember aright, "Clarissa" took sanctuary from "Lovelace;" and Pope, and Addison, and Dick Steel enjoyed many pleasant symposiums. For my own part, though without bodily companionship, I never walk across the heath but in good company. I have a hundred reminiscences of it stored up by me; and whether I go back centuries, or simply recall presentments of men who gazed on its wide landscapes and glorious sunsets half a century ago, I find myself adding the poetry of their lives and songs to the poetry of nature, and my own heart is filled therewith.

"Sweets to the sweet,"—was it here, I wonder, "gazing upon the fair and open brow of heaven," that Shelley heard the skylark, "like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun," singing as he himself sang?—

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy, with hopes and fears it heeded not."

We know that Keats found many an inspiration in its fresh windiness and summer glory; and Leigh Hunt lived amongst them; and Charles Lamb,—yonder I see him and his sister Mary walking with clasping hands and drooping heads, and we all know, alas! where the narrow pathway led them.*

But these are not the flowers we came to seek. See, they meet us, in spite of all the trampling feet that beat them down—playing children, the marching to and fro of volunteers, the donkey drivers, and, worst of all, the ruthless usage of the lavers and bleachers of linen, the *lavandières*, to use the most flowery phrase I can find for them.

Every little mound is decked with the lemon-coloured flowers and soft hoar leaves of the mouse-ear hawkweed (*Hieracium pilosella*), and reticulated with the red string-like runners and round glittering flowers of the strawberry-leaved potentilla (*P. fragariastrum*); while the pungent odour of the wild camomile (*Anthemis nobilis*), fresh and pleasant as the smell of Devonshire orchards in apple-gathering time, exhales around us.

Here we find the pretty vary-coloured milkwort (*Polygala vulgaris*), which, coquette-like, tries all colours,—white, pink, and blue, and finds them all becoming.

Under the shade of the furze and arching bramble branches, or the

* Charles Lamb was not a resident, but used to cross the heath on the way to the private madhouse where his sister took sanctuary from her malady.

stocks of veteran hawthorns, the elegant wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) shades its lilac-veined flowers, and hangs its pale green triple leaves, not unlike those of Dutch clover, but larger and fairer, and of a pensile habit. Here, also, we may find a solitary bluebell lifting its trampled-down head in silent protest against the pitiless destruction of its tribe upon the heath, where, amongst thickets of whitethorn, it once bloomed abundantly.

But we shall seek in vain for the tapering leaves and Parian flowers of the May-lily, lily of the valley (*Convallaria majalis*), those white-robed acolytes of Summer, incensing her path with fragrant censers. No vestige of them remains, though they were wont to flourish in the same shady places.

Here and there, on sunny slopes, growing penuriously in scanty patches, we find the pasque-flower (*Anemone pulsatilla*), reminiscent of times when its lobed and doubly pinnate leaves waved thickly on the higher portions of the heath, that at this season shone purple with the silky lustre of its petals, bending, waving, sinuating in wild *abandon* to the vernal winds.

Here, also, living tenaciously, but to no purpose, and scarcely to be recognized in its prostrate mode of growth, the whortleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*), that once spread wide spaces with its dwarfed stems and the grey bloom of its acid berries, still puts forth flowerless shoots and barren branches; and, though crushed and down-trodden, clings to the place of its indigenous birth.

There are tragedies in the history of plants as in that of less silent kingdoms; and in comparing the present flora of Hampstead Heath with the catalogue of plants that existed there a hundred years ago, or even later, we find many of them missing.

The *Ericas* (heaths) have seriously suffered since Gerard described their varieties; and we have just said, that not a single root remains to remind us that the lily of the valley, like Chaucer's woodreeve, had its "wanning fair upon *the* heath."

But amongst the May flowers still blooming here, let us not overlook (it is quite lowly enough for us to do so) *Veronica serpyllifolia*, or Paul's betony, with smooth ovate leaves, and spiked head of pale grey flowers—one of the earliest blown of the thrifty speedwell tribe—a pretty, innocent-looking little plant, frequent in meadows and moist pastures, and only growing here in humid, rich, turfy spots, and then but sparsely.

Not so the hardy self-heal (*Prunella vulgaris*), the "carpenters' herb" of Culpepper's time, whose blunt heads of whorled blue flowers, with two brown pointed bracts between each whorl, and dark green leaves, flourish everywhere.

On the sides of the hundred little shallows scattered over the heath, out of which mould or gravel has been taken, we find the almost pellucid pink stems of marsh pennywort (*Hydrocotyle*), with pale green platter-shaped leaves seated centrally upon them; an elegant but much maligned

dweller in moist places, especially by farmers, who attribute to the plant an effect of the place in which it grows, and, in allusion to the foot disease frequent in flocks feeding on marshy ground, uncompromisingly call it "white rot."

Here, also, with prostrate purple stems, beset with pinnate, deeply serrated leaves of a reddish green—in fine contrast with its brown, ovate calyx, and large, bright, rose-coloured flowers, which an old writer likens to little gaping red-hoods,—the dwarf red-rattle flushes great spaces of the spongy turf, while close at hand the lesser spearwort (*Ranunculus flammula*) flaunts its brilliantly glazed cups of a bright gamboge colour on tall stems, with narrow leaves tapering to a point, quite unlike the divided ones of its relations generally. The appearance of this plant is an unerring indication of moist ground, and accordingly we find it leading the way, as it were, to the margins of the old watercourse that drains the upland portion of the heath, at the back of "Jack Straw's Castle;" beside which great clusters of kingcups, marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*), are seated,—"the golden "kingcups" that "shine in merry May," as Southey sang.

Right along the course of the slender runnel (if modern improvements have not wholly extinguished it) the silvery locks of one or other of the cotton grasses will be glistening, and beds of rushes bristle on its banks.

Here we shall again meet the aromatic *Menth*as, and brooklime purpling with its loosely clustered flowers the oozy channel; while in boggy spots in the vicinity the large ternate leaves of the buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*) are conspicuous from their dark green hue, and the denseness with which it crowds great spaces.

Here, also, overlaying the beds of yellow-green sphagnum, on which it rests (it can scarcely be said to root itself, so light is its hold upon the ground), we shall find the red leaves of the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*),—one of the most curious of our native plants, a near relation to Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), and like that having the leaves thickly covered with viscid glands, which distil a treacherous fluid, tempting apparently to many minute insects, which, on alighting on the leaf, become entangled in the irritable hairs with which it is covered, and are thus destroyed. A specimen before me, gathered long years ago on Hampstead Heath, retains two or three of these little victims on the leaves.

Unfortunately, neither of the latter plants are yet in blossom. We must wait—

"Till burning June
Waves her red flag at pitch of noon,"

to find the elegant flowers of the one, snow-white, with exquisitely feathered petals, dashed on the under side with pink; and till July for the slender, shepherd's-crook shaped raceme of the other, which only opens its small stalked whitish flowers when the sun shines warmly on them.

To fill the interstices of our May nosegay, daisies and buttercups, Dutch clover and the hoary plantain (*Plantago media*), with fragrant

cream-coloured flowers and lilac anthers, are blooming in the short turf everywhere : gather them, and take them home, and make inquisition of them ; and these little heath-haunting blossoms, whose ancestors dwelt there long before the cresset that stood on the highest part of Hampstead Heath signalled the approach of the Armada, will declare, out of the wonders of their minute structures and exquisite adaptations to vegetable wants and modes of growth, as solemnly and melodiously as ever the stars of heaven did to patriarch or poet, "The hand that made us is Divine."

MARY STUART AND CHASTELÂR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

FROM this time forward Chastelâr's conduct to the Queen became so marked and unguarded in various particulars as to excite her alarm, and even to draw down upon the offender some occasional rebukes, although these were at first sufficiently gentle and remote. If we are to believe the testimony of Knox, she had encouraged his advances by behaviour unbefitting the decency of an honest woman. The stern reformer especially condemns the unseemly familiarity with which the Queen danced the *purpose** with the graceful Frenchman. "In this dance the Queen chose Chastelâr, and Chastelâr took the Queen. All this winter (1563) Chastelâr was so familiar in the Queen's cabinet, early and late, that scarcely could any of the nobility have access unto her. The Queen would lie on Chastelâr's shoulder, and sometimes privily would steal a kiss of his neck; and all this was honest enough, for it was the gentle entreatment of a stranger."

These are very artful and malicious words of the implacable Knox, and should be taken with reservation; mindful, as one ought to be, that the earnestness with which Mary engaged in these amusements, so befitting her age and disposition in the Court of Scotland—which she animated by her taste and vivacity, and adorned by her grace and charms,—were considered unholy and profane by the Presbyterian ministers, and had exposed her to their severest reprehension. Many times had Knox mounted his pulpit to inveigh against the prolonged festivities of that joyous Court, destined ere long to become so desolate and sad. "Princes," said he, "are more exercised in fiddling and flinging than in reading or hearing of God's most blessed word. Fiddlers and flatterers, who commonly corrupt the youth, are more precious in their eyes than men of wisdom and gravity, who, by wholesome admonition, might beat down in them some part of that vanity and pride, whereunto all are born, but in princes take root and strength by wicked education."† Dancing was denounced as bitterly as music by this rigid censor, who did not fail to refer in his remarks upon it to the tragical history of Herodias and John the Baptist.

Neither did the favouritism of the Queen, nor the imprudences of the infatuated poet, escape the cold, keen eye of Moray. He saw them and noted them, but took care to wear the semblance of unconsciousness. It

* The *purpose* was a measure very much resembling the cotillion; and the word "purpose" signified confidential conversation, and might merge in flirtation, for which it gave excellent opportunity.

† Knox, vol. ii., p. 368.

was not his business to interrupt, by hinting suspicions, the progress of an affair which he hoped would, on some occasion or other, lead to consequences that he might turn to account. Feeling this, it was not for him to help Chastelâr and the Queen to elude his vigilance and defeat his views, by discovering what he observed, and thus putting them on their guard. That was not his business; but it was his business to lie concealed, and to spring out on his quarry the instant that its position invited to the effort. Coldly and sternly, therefore, he watched the motions of Chastelâr and his sister; but was little satisfied to perceive nothing in the conduct of the latter regarding the former which at all spoke of the feelings he secretly desired to find. As it was impossible, however, for the Earl personally to watch all the movements of Chastelâr, he looked around him for some individual of the Queen's household whom he might bribe to perform the duties of a spy; and such a one he found among the attendants whom Mary had brought with her from France, of which country he was also a native. The name of this ungrateful and despicable wretch, who undertook to betray a kind and generous mistress, whenever he should discover anything in her conduct to betray, was Villemont—a man of pleasing manners and address, but of low and vicious habits. Without any certain knowledge of his character, or any previous information regarding him, Moray's sinister tact and penetration at once singled him out as a likely person for his purposes. On this presumption he sent for him, and cautiously and gradually opening him up, found that he had judged correctly of his man.

"Villemont," he said, on that person being ushered into his presence, "I have good reason to think that you are one in whom I may put trust; and, in this assurance, I have selected you for an especial mark of my confidence. Do you know anything of this Chastelâr who has lately come to Court?"

"I do, my lord; he is a countryman of my own."

"So I understand. Well, then, I'll tell you what it is, Villemont: I believe the fellow has come here for no good; I believe, in short, that he has designs upon the Queen. Now, my good fellow, will you undertake to ascertain this for me? Will you watch their proceedings, watch them narrowly, and give me instant information of anything suspicious that may come to your knowledge? and ye shall not miss of your reward," added the Earl, now opening a little desk which stood before him, and taking from it a well-filled purse.

Villemont, with many bows and grimaces, readily undertook to play the knave; and, with still more, took the price of his knavery, the purse already alluded to, which the Earl now handed him.

Villemont again bowed low and left the apartment.

In the mean time, the gallant, accomplished, but imprudent Chastelâr, hurried blindly along by the impetuosity of his passion, and altogether unsettled by the intoxicating belief that his love was returned—

a belief which had now taken so fast a hold of his understanding that nothing could loosen it,—proceeded from one impropriety to another, till he at length committed one which all but brought matters to a crisis; and this was avoided only by its having escaped the vigilance of Villemont, and having been compassionately concealed by the Queen herself.

On retiring one night, early in February, 1563, to her sleeping apartment, Mary and her attendants were suddenly alarmed by an extraordinary movement in a small closet or wardrobe, in which was kept the clothes the Queen was in the habit of daily using. The maids of honour would have screamed out and fled from the apartment, but were checked in both of these feminine resorts by observing the calm and collected manner of their royal mistress, in which there was not the slightest appearance of perturbation.

“Ladies, ladies,” she exclaimed, laughingly, as her attendants were about to rush out of the room, “what a pretty pair of heroines ye are! Shame! shame! Ye surely would not leave your mistress alone, in the midst of such a perilous adventure as this? Come hither,” she added, at the same time stepping towards her toilet, and taking up a small silver lamp that burned on it, “and let us see who this intruder is—whether ghost or gallant.”

Saying this—her ladies having returned, reassured by her intrepidity—she proceeded, with steady step, towards the suspected closet, seized the door by the handle, flung it boldly open, and discovered, to the astonished eyes of her attendants and to her own inexpressible amazement, the poet Chastelâr, armed with sword and dagger. For some seconds the Queen uttered not a syllable, but a flush of indignation and insulted pride suffused her exquisitely lovely countenance.

“Chastelâr,” she at length said, in a tone of calm severity, and with a dignity of manner becoming her high state and lineage, “come forth and answer for this daring and atrocious conduct, this unheard-of insolence and presumption.” Chastelâr obeyed, and was about to throw himself at her feet, when she sternly forbade him.

“I want no apologies, presumptuous man,” she said,—“no craving of forgiveness. I want explanation of this infamous proceeding, and that I demand of you in the presence of my attendants here. Know ye not, sir,” she went on, “that your head is forfeited by this offence, and that I have but to give the word and the forfeit will be exacted?”

“I know it, I know it,” exclaimed Chastelâr, persisting in throwing himself on his knees; “but the threat has no terrors for me. It is your displeasure alone—fairest, brightest of God’s creatures—that I fear. It is—”

“Peace, Chastelâr!” interrupted Mary, peremptorily. “What mean ye by this language, sir? Would ye cut yourself off from all hope of pardon, by adding offence upon offence? Rise, sir, and leave this apartment instantly, I command you; I will now hear neither explanation nor apology.”

"Then will you forgive me?" said Chastelâr; "will you forgive a presumption of which—"

"I will hear no more, sir," again interrupted the Queen, indignantly. "Begone, sir! Remain another instant, and I give the alarm. Your life depends on your obedience." And Mary placed her hand on a small silver bell, from which had she drawn the slightest sound, the poet's doom would be sealed, and she would have rung his funeral knell.

Chastelâr now slowly rose from his knees, folded his arms across his breast, and with downcast look, but without uttering another word, strode out of the apartment. When he had gone, the Queen, no longer supported by the excitement occasioned by the presence of the intruder, flung herself into a chair, greatly agitated and deadly pale. Here she sat in silence for several minutes, evidently employed in endeavouring to obtain a view of the late singular occurrence in all its bearings, and in determining on the course which she herself ought to pursue regarding it.

Having seemingly satisfied herself on these points,—

"Ladies," she at length said (these ladies were two of her Maries, Mary Seton and Mary Hamilton), "this is a most extraordinary circumstance. Rash, thoughtless, presumptuous man, how could he have been so utterly lost to every sense of propriety, and of his own peril, as to think of an act of such daring insolence?"

"Poor man, I pity him," here simply, but naturally enough perhaps, interrupted Mary Seton. "Doubtless, madam, you will report the matter instantly to the Earl?"

"Nay, Mary, I know not if I will, after all," replied the Queen. "I perhaps ought to do so, but methinks it would be hardly creditable of me, as a woman, to bring this poor thoughtless young man to the scaffold, whither, you know, my stern brother would have him instantly dragged if he knew of his offence; and besides, ladies," went on the Queen, in whose gentle bosom the kindly feelings of her nature had now completely triumphed over those of insulted dignity and pride, "I know not how far I am myself to blame in this matter. I fear me I ought to have been more guarded in my conduct towards this infatuated young man. I should have kept him at greater distance, and been more cautious of admitting him to familiar converse, since he has evidently misconstrued our affability and condescension. There may have been error there, you see, ladies."

"Yet," said Mary Hamilton, "methinks the daring insolence of the man ought not to go altogether unpunished, madam. If he has chosen to misconstrue, it can be no fault of yours."

"Perhaps not," replied Mary. "As a queen, certes I ought to give him up to the laws, but, as a woman, I cannot. Yet shall he not go unpunished. He shall be forthwith banished from our Court and kingdom. To-morrow I shall cause it to be intimated to him that he leave our Court instantly, and Scotland within four-and-twenty

hours thereafter, on pain of our highest displeasure, and peril of disclosure of his crime."

Having thus spoken, and having obtained a promise of secrecy regarding Chastelâr's offence from her two attendants, Mary retired for the night, not, however, quite assured that she was pursuing the right course for her own reputation in thus screening the guilt of the poet; but, nevertheless, determined at all risks to save him, in this instance at least, from the consequences of his indiscretion. On the following morning the Queen despatched a note to Chastelâr, to the purpose which we have represented her as expressing on the preceding night; and, in obedience to the command it contained, he instantly left the palace, but in a state of indescribable mental agitation and distraction; for in the determination expressed by the Queen he saw at once an end of his wild hopes, and, more unendurable still, an assurance that he had wholly mistaken the feelings with which Mary regarded him. We have said that Chastelâr obeyed one of the injunctions of the Queen,—that was, to leave the palace instantly. He did so; but that, unhappily, he did not conform to the other, the sequel will show.

Two days after the occurrences just narrated, Mary set out for St. Andrews, taking the route of the Queen's Ferry, and sleeping the first night at Dunfermline, and the second at Burnt Island. On the evening of her arrival at the latter place, the Queen, fatigued by her journey, which had been prolonged by hunting and hawking, retired early to her apartment. An instant after entering the room she was startled at seeing Chastelâr emerge from behind the arras, and throw himself at her feet. Uttering loud cries, Mary by turns called for assistance and commanded him to begone.

Instead of obeying, the infatuated young man not only persisted in remaining in the position he was in, but, still keeping hold of the Queen's robe, began to rave in the language of passion and love. The Queen endeavoured to release herself from his hold, and was in the act of attempting to do so, when the door of the apartment, which Chastelâr had closed behind him, was violently thrown open, and the Earl of Moray entered. Having advanced two or three steps, he stood still, and, folding his arms across his breast, looked sternly but in silence, first at the Queen, and then at Chastelâr, keeping at the same time sufficiently near the door to prevent the escape of the latter, in case he should make such an attempt.

Mary Stuart, pale, breathless, and trembling, met the scrutinizing glance of her brother with a look of defiance and threatening, the peculiar frown of her race strongly imprinted on her fair and lofty brow.

"Slay him!" exclaimed the Queen, in the first outburst of her indignation; "strike him down at my feet! Brother, an ye have a drop of the Stuart blood in your veins, pass your sword through the traitor who has dared to put this mortal insult upon our house."

The Queen's ladies, all scared and dismayed, followed by several officers of the household, bearing lights and naked weapons, having now rushed in, stood staring at the trio with looks of inquiry and wonderment. Moray continued to gaze on all around for some time without opening his lips, but with an ominous expression of countenance.

"Well, Sir Poet," he at length said, addressing Chastelâr with cold deliberation, "pray do me the favour to enlighten me as to the meaning of your having thus intruded yourself into the Queen's apartment. Why do I find you here, sir, and wherefore have I found you in the position from which you have just now risen? Pray, sir, explain."

"I came here, my lord," replied Chastelâr, with firmness and dignity, "to take leave of her Majesty before returning to France, for which I set out to-morrow."

An ironical and incredulous smile played on the stern features of Moray.

"A strange place this, methinks, and a strange season for leave-taking, and yet stranger than all, the language in which I just now heard you speak. You are aware, I presume, sir," he added, "that you are just now in the Queen's sleeping apartment, where none dare intrude but on peril of their lives. But probably, madam," he said, now turning to the Queen, without making any reply to his last remark, "you can explain the meaning of this extraordinary scene?"

"You had better, my lord," replied Mary, evasively—for, in her pliant and forgiving nature, she was still reluctant to commit irretrievably the unfortunate young man—"obtain what explanations you desire from Chastelâr himself. He, surely, is the fittest person to explain his own conduct."

"True, madam," said Moray, sneeringly, "but I thought it not by any means improbable that you might be as well informed on the point in question as the gentleman himself."

"Your insinuation is rude, my lord," replied the Queen, haughtily; and without vouchsafing any other remark, she walked away to the further end of the apartment, leaving the Earl and Chastelâr together.

Moray now saw, from the perfectly composed and independent manner of the Queen, that he could make out nothing to her prejudice from the case before him, nor elicit the slightest evidence of anything like connivance, on the part of his sister, at Chastelâr's intrusion. Seeing this, he determined on proceeding against the unfortunate poet with the utmost rigour to which his imprudence had exposed him, in the hope that severity might wring from him such confessions as would implicate the Queen.

Having come to this resolution,—

"Sir," he said, addressing Chastelâr, "prepare to abide the consequences of your presumption." And he proceeded to the door, called an attendant, and desired him to send the captain of the guard and a party to him instantly.

In a few minutes they appeared, when the Earl, addressing the officer, and pointing to Chastelâr, desired him to put that gentleman in ward, and the latter was immediately hurried out of the apartment. The Earl then walked up to Mary, who, with her head leaning pensively on her hand, had been silently contemplating the proceedings that were going forward.

"Madam," said Moray, on approaching her, "I think you may consider yourself in safety for this night,—at any rate, from any further intrusion from this itinerant versifier; and it shall be my fault if he ever again annoys you or any one else."

"What, brother!" exclaimed Mary, in evident alarm at this ambiguous but ominous hint, "you will not surely proceed to extremities against the unfortunate young man?"

"By St. Bride, but I will, though!" replied Moray, angrily. "Why, madam, have not your reputation as a woman and your dignity as a queen both been assailed by this insolent foreigner, in this daring act he has done?"

"Nay, my lord," replied the Queen, haughtily, "methinks it will take much more than this to affect my reputation. I indeed marvel much to hear you speak thus, my lord. My dignity, again, can be abased only by my own acts, and cannot be affected by the act of another."

"Nevertheless, madam," rejoined her brother, "ye cannot stop slanderous tongues; and I know not how the world may construe this circumstance. Both your honour and station require that this presumptuous knave suffer the penalty of his crime in its utmost rigour. What would the world say else? It would have suspicions that ought not for an instant to be associated with the name of Mary Stuart."

"But you will not have his life taken, brother?" said Mary, in a gentle tone, subdued by the thoughts of the severe doom that threatened the unfortunate gentleman, and placing her hand affectionately on the Earl's arm as she spoke. "Can ye not banish him forth of the realm, or imprison him?—anything short of death, which methinks would be, after all, hard measure for the offence."

"You have reasons, doubtless, madam," said the Earl, coldly and bluntly, "for this tenderness."

"I have," said Mary, indignantly; "but not, my lord, such as you would seem to insinuate. My reasons are humanity and a feeling of compassion for the misguided and unhappy youth."

"Chastelâr shall have such mercy, madam, as your Majesty's Privy Council may deem him deserving of," replied the Earl, turning round on his heel, and quitting the royal bedchamber.

On leaving the presence of the Queen, the Earl of Moray retired to his own apartment, where he was shortly after waited upon by Villemont, who had been for some time watching his return.

"Ha, Villemont!" said the Earl, with an unusual expression of satis-

faction on his countenance, on the former's entrance. "Thou hast done well, friend; I found matters exactly as you stated, and am obliged by the promptness and accuracy of your information."

"Very happy, my lord, to serve you to your satisfaction," replied Villemont, bowing low.

"You did well, Villemont, and shall be suitably recompensed. Dost know how the fellow came here, and when?"

"He came across the river in a small barque, my lord; from just opposite."

"Ah, so!" said the Earl. "Well, you may now retire, Villemont. To-morrow I shall see to your reward."

Villemont bowed and withdrew. When he had retired, the Earl sat down to a small *escritoire*, and, late as the hour was, began writing with great assiduity, an employment at which he continued until he had written eight or ten different letters, each of considerable length. These were addressed to various members of the Queen's Privy Council in Edinburgh, and to some of the law officers of the Crown. They were all nearly copies of each other, and contained an account of Chastelâr's conduct, with a charge to the several parties addressed to repair to St. Andrews on the second day following, for the purpose of holding a court on the offender, and awarding him such punishment as the case might seem to demand.

On the day succeeding that on which the occurrence just related took place, the Queen and her retinue proceeded to St. Andrews, whither the prisoner Chastelâr was also carried; and on the next again, the unfortunate gentleman was brought to trial, the scene of which was the hall in the castle of St. Andrews, which had been hastily prepared for the occasion. In the centre of this apartment was placed a large oblong oaken table, covered with crimson velvet, and surrounded by a circle of high-backed chairs, with cushions covered with the same material. These were subsequently occupied by eight or ten persons of the Privy Council, including Mary's Secretary of State, Maitland of Lethington, the Scottish Machiavel, who sat at one end of the table. At the opposite end sat the Earl of Moray; the prisoner occupying a place in the centre at one of the sides. During the investigation which followed into the offence of Chastelâr, the Earl of Moray made repeated indirect attempts to lead him to make statements prejudicial to the Queen; urging him, with a show of candour and pretended regard for justice, to inform the Court of anything and everything which he thought might be available in his defence, without regard to the rank or condition of those whom such statements might implicate. This language was too plain to be misunderstood. Every one present perceived that it conveyed a pointed allusion to the Queen. Chastelâr, amongst the rest, felt that it did so, and indignantly repelled the insinuation.

"I have none," he said, "to accuse but myself; nothing to blame but my own folly. Folly, did I say?" went on the fearless enthusiast; "it was no folly,—it was love, love, love—all-powerful love—love for her, the noblest,

the loveliest of created beings, for whom I could die ten thousand deaths. It was love for her who has been to me the breath of life, the light of mine eyes, the idol of my heart; around which were entwined all the feelings and susceptibilities of my nature, even as the ivy entwines the tree. The constant theme of my dreams by night; the sole object of my thoughts by day. It has been hinted to me that I may blame freely where to blame may serve me. But whom shall I blame? Not her, surely; for she is faultless as the unborn babe; pure, spotless as the snow-wreath in the hollow of the mountain. Who shall maintain the contrary lies in his throat, and is a foul-spoken, villanous slanderer."

Here the enthusiastic and somewhat incoherent speaker was abruptly interrupted by Maitland of Lethington, who, rising to his feet, and resting his hands on the low table around which Chastelâr's judges were, said, looking at the prisoner,—

"Friend, ye must speak to your defence, if ye would speak at all. This that ye have said is nothing to the purpose, and ye cannot be permitted to take up the time of this court with such rhapsodies as these, that make not for any point in your accusation.—Think ye not so, my lords?" he added, glancing round the table. Several nods of assent spoke acquiescence. When Maitland had concluded,—

"I have done then, my lords," said Chastelâr, bowing and seating himself. "I have no more to say."

A short consultation now took place amongst the prisoner's judges, when sentence of death was unanimously agreed to, and he was ordered to be beheaded on the following day, the 22nd of February, 1563.

On the rising of the court, the Earl of Moray repaired to the Queen, and informed her of the doom awarded against Chastelâr. Mary was greatly affected by this intelligence. She burst into tears, exclaiming,—

"O unhappy, thrice unhappy countenance! thou hast been given me for a curse instead of a blessing—the ruin of those who love me best,—that, by inspiring a silly passion, at once dangerous and worthless, will not permit one to remain near me in the character of a friend. My lord, my lord," she continued, in great agitation, "can you not, will you not save the unhappy young man? I beseech thee, I implore thee, by the ties of consanguinity that connect us, by the duty ye owe to me as thy sovereign, to spare his life."

"Ye know not what ye ask, madam," replied Moray, stalking up and down the apartment. "How can his life be spared consistently with your honour? Save him, and you will set a thousand slanderous tongues a-wagging. It may not—must not be."

Mary herself could not deny the force of this remark; and finding she had nothing to oppose to it, she flung herself into a chair, and again burst into tears. In this condition the Earl left her to give orders respecting the execution of Chastelâr on the morrow, and to put another proceeding

in train for obtaining that result which he had aimed at on the trial of the unfortunate young man. Sending again for Villemont,—

“Friend,” he said, on that person entering the apartment, “I wish another small piece of service at your hands.”

Villemont bowed, and expressed his readiness to do anything he might be required to do. The Earl carelessly nodded approbation.

“To-night, then, Villemont,” he went on, “you will repair to the dungeon in which Chastelâr is confined. You will see him as a friend. You understand me?”

“Well, my lord—very well.”

“Just so. Then you will hint to him that you have reason to believe he might yet save his life by confessing a participation in his guilt on the part of the Queen. You may add—though not as from me, of course—that I have no doubt of his having been encouraged to those liberties for which his life is forfeited; and you may say that you know I feel for him, and would readily procure his pardon if he would only give me a reasonable ground or pretext for doing so, by showing that there were *others* equally in fault with him. Do you entirely understand me, Villemont?”

“Entirely, my lord,” replied the latter.

“So, then, return to me when you have seen Chastelâr, and let me know the result,” said the Earl.

Villemont once more withdrew, to perform the treacherous and knavish part assigned him. About midnight he sought the dungeon of the unhappy gentleman, and, having been admitted by the guards, found him busily employed in writing; the indulgence of a lamp, with writing materials, having, at his most earnest request, been afforded him. Indeed, these were more willingly and readily given than he was aware of. They were given in the hope that he would commit something to writing which, without his intending it, might compromise the character of the Queen. But in this her enemies were disappointed.

On Villemont entering Chastelâr’s dungeon, the latter, as we have already said, was busily engaged in writing. He was inditing a last farewell to the Queen in verse. On this employment he was so intent that he did not observe, or, at least, pay any attention to the entrance of Villemont, but continued writing on till he had completed his task, which now, however, occupied only a very few minutes. On finishing,—

“’Tis done,” he said, and threw down his pen with violence on the table. “These are the last notes of the harp of Chastelâr.—Ha, Villemont!” and only now for the first time seeming conscious of that person’s presence, “I am glad to see you, my countryman. This is kind. I thought there were none in this strange land to care for me. But they shall see, Villemont,” he added, proudly, “how a Frenchman and a poet can die. That is, boldly and bravely. He were no true poet whose soul was not elevated above the fear of death. I said, my friend,” he went on, after a momentary pause, and sighing deeply as he spoke, “that I thought

there were none in this land to care for me or to sorrow for me, and perhaps it is so. But there is one, Villemont, whom I would not willingly believe indifferent to my fate. She, surely, much as I have offended her, will say, 'Poor Chastelâr!' Nay, methinks I see a tear standing in that peerless eye, when she recalls the memory of her departed poet. That, that, Villemont," said the unhappy captive, with an enthusiasm which the near approach of death had not been able to abate,—“that would be something worth dying for!”

Villemont smiled.

“You hold your life lightly indeed, Chastelâr,” he said, speaking in his native language, “if you think its loss compensated by a woman’s tear.”

“Ah, Villemont, but such a woman!” exclaimed Chastelâr.

“Well, well,” replied the former, again smiling; “but you can have no doubt that *she*, at least, will regret your death. *She* loved you too well not to deplore your fate.”

“Did she?” exclaimed Chastelâr, eagerly, and with such a look of inquiry and doubt as greatly disappointed the assertor. “You know whom I mean, then; but how know ye that which ye have just now said? Assure me that ye speak true, Villemont, and I shall die happy.”

“Ah! bah! you know it yourself, my friend, better than I,” replied the latter. “No use in concealing it now,” he added, with an intelligent look.

“Concealing what, sir?” said Chastelâr, in a tone of mingled surprise and displeasure.

“Why, the affection the Queen entertained for you,” replied Villemont. “We all know, my friend, you would not have done what you did had she not encouraged your addresses. And I’ll tell you what, Chastelâr,” he went on,—“I have reason to believe that your life might be yet spared, if you would only show that this was so.”

“Ah, I understand you,” said Chastelâr, with suppressed passion. “If I will accuse the Queen, if I will put her in the power of her enemies, her enemies will be obliged to me. In other words, I may save my life by sacrificing her reputation; and it would be little matter whether what I said should be true or not. Is it not so, Villemont?” Then, without waiting for an answer, “Villain, devil that thou art,” he exclaimed, now suddenly giving full swing to the passion that had been raised within him, “how hast thou dared to come to me with such an infamous proposal as this? Begone, begone, ruffian, I say!” and he seized the now trembling caitiff by the throat, and dashed him against the door of the cell with a violence that instantly brought in the guards who were stationed outside. These, seeing how matters stood, hurried Villemont out of the dungeon, and again secured the door on its unfortunate inmate.

On leaving Chastelâr Villemont repaired to the Earl of Moray, but with infinitely less confidence in his look and manner than on the former

occasion, when his villany had been successful. To the Earl he detailed the particulars of his interview with Chastelâr, not forgetting to mention the rough treatment he had received from the infuriated poet.

"Then he'll confess nothing, Villemont?" said Moray, when the former had done speaking.

"Nothing, my lord. He values not his life at a pin's fee."

"Obstinate fool!" exclaimed the Earl, evidently chagrined and disappointed. "Let him die, then. You may retire, Villemont," he abruptly added.

Villemont obeyed.

"His execution, at any rate, shall be public," said the Earl to himself, when the latter had left him. "Perhaps he may make some confession on the scaffold, and it will be well to have it amply testified."

Mary Stuart, who, later in life, on occasions when her affections were engaged, commonly showed herself so rash in dealing with public opinion, was timid and hesitating in this instance. She was, in fact, terrified at the calumnies spread, and even openly preached against her in the churches by the reformers; and yielded up to their rancour, therefore, that devoted head as a proof of her own virtue, and resisted every prayer addressed to her for pardon. Having returned to Holyrood, she refused to commute the sentence of death pronounced against Chastelâr by his fanatical judges, and commanded the following couplet, inscribed by an unknown hand on the wall of her chamber, to be effaced:—

"Sur front de roy
Que pardon soit."

Chastelâr had a friend, however, in Erskine, a cousin of the captain of the Queen's guard at St. Andrews. This generous gentleman, having obtained access to the prison of the condemned poet, insinuated himself into the good graces of his gaoler, and tried to make him drunk, with a hope of effecting Chastelâr's escape. But the custodian, a rigid Presbyterian, baffled every attempt to lull his vigilance asleep, and night and day narrowly watched his prisoner until he delivered him into the hands of the executioner.

Some writers seem to think that the Queen was not ignorant of this attempt at procuring Chastelâr's escape. The relationship of Erskine with the captain of the guard is, in absence of proof, a point in Mary's favour.

During his serious moods, when his features lost their wonted frivolous expression, Chastelâr bore a striking resemblance to the Chevalier Bayard. On quitting his dungeon for the scaffold, he recalled to many the appearance of his chivalrous uncle,—alike in face, figure, and intrepid bearing. "If I am not like my ancestor, 'without reproach,'" said he, "I am at least like him, 'without fear.'"

He ascended the scaffold with the same intrepid step as though he were marching to meet the enemy, and his gentlemanlike appearance and

noble bearing excited strongly the sympathy of the crowd. Whilst the executioner was occupied with the last preparations, Chastelâr took a small volume from his pocket, opened it, and read aloud, with great dignity and composure, his friend Ronsard's "Hymn to Death," 'in which occur the following lines, adapted at once to his situation and his sentiments :—

" Le désir n'est rien que martire,
Content ne vit le désireux,
Et l'homme mort est bien heureux,
Heureux qui plus rien ne désire."

When he had done, he turned towards that part of the castle of St. Andrews where he supposed the Queen to be, and kissing his hand, waved a graceful adieu, exclaiming, " Farewell, loveliest and most cruel princess whom the world contains !"

Having uttered these words—the last he spoke on earth—he laid his head with the utmost composure on the block. The axe of the executioner fell, and the high-souled, accomplished, but too enthusiastic Chastelâr was no more.

THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

BY LIEUTENANT WARNEFORD, R.N.

THE following curious episode in the history of a family of worth, wealth, and high standing in an English northern county, was told to me by a garrulous Greenwich pensioner, who claimed to be, and I have no doubt was, distantly related to that family. He was in possession of letters and parts of letters in which incidental allusions to the main particulars in the story occurred: there was no reason to doubt the man's truthfulness; he is corroborated by a passage in Sir Bernard Burke's book. So that it may fairly be presumed that the facts as I shall relate them are essentially correct. I do not tell the story, however, as it was told to me. It would scarcely be possible to do so, in such fragmentary, discursive, dislocated fashion did it jet forth, with the accompaniment of tobacco juice, from the old man's lips, as he, seated on the Greenwich Hill greensward, profusely moistening his clay the while, favoured me with the particulars of the narrative. In a modest sense I dramatize the incidents, and at the same time lightly change the names.

About the year 1738, the first lieutenant of the *Monarque*, a ship which he had himself helped to capture from the French, was suddenly brought up upon this bank and shoal of time by the death, in close succession and without issue, of two elder brothers, whereby he, Lieutenant Capel, became the heir of landed estates bringing in a net rental of six thousand a year. Somehow or other—my Greenwich friend was very foggy upon this point,—somehow or other, a material or moral engagement or obligation compelled the heritor of the Capel estate to marry a Miss Arabella Capel, a cousin, I suppose. Now Lieutenant Charles Capel was passionately fond of his profession,—almost thought, with Long Tom Coffin, that the sea was man's natural abode, and the land designed only to grow meat and vegetables for victualling ships. It was, consequently, with great reluctance that he accepted six thousand a year of landed estate for his one hundred pounds a year or thereabouts lieutenancy. However, as all the world and his wife pronounced him to be the most fortunate fellow in creation, he, being as it seems of a ductile disposition, resigned himself to take legal, permanent possession of the estate and the cousin encumbrance.

Squire Capel had one child, a son, by Arabella Capel. She was a worthy, pious wife, but the most unsuitable one for such a husband it is possible to conceive. Though not professedly a "Friend," she was strongly impressed by the notions of those well-meaning lunatics,—had a horror of bloodshedding; and, though attached to her husband, who was about one of the best meaning fellows in the world—heart of oak to the core,—could not endure to sit in the room when he—who had taken immoderately, I am afraid, to drink, for consolation,—having with him a congenial clum, fought his battles over again, and described how, amidst

blood and flame, shrieks and curses, he had helped to board such and such a ship, and trample the enemy into submission.

Squire Capel fondly loved his son, a very promising boy; and, because he loved him, he determined the lad should be a sailor. The mother, with quiet resolution, determined he should not be a sailor—not, at least, a fighting sailor, serving in the royal war navy. Upon this point the usually facile husband proved inflexible, and as his son grew in years, earnestly did the stranded, fast breaking up veteran—he was forty-five when he married—strive to embue him with his own stern, soldier-sailor spirit. All in vain. The boy's mental and physical organization was that of his sensitive, fragile mother. Her precepts and exhortations, falling upon congenial soil, sank deep into his mind, and he readily complied with her dying request to solemnly promise, as he should answer to God at the last great day, never to engage in homicidal, cruel war; to suffer any extremity rather. In all lawful things he was enjoined to be strictly obedient to his father, but not to the perilling of his immortal soul.

Young Capel, who was about fifteen when his mother died, not only held in contemptuous abhorrence fame to be acquired in war, but felt no ambition for worldly distinction of any kind. Even riches he esteemed not. Of a studious, contemplative disposition, his sole pleasures were books, and a minute observance of the wonders of the natural world, especially the vegetable and insect world. In those inexpensive pursuits he would have been joyously content to pass his life; and one cannot help wondering how a man of ordinary intelligence could persist in hoping that such a stripling would, with time and strict discipline, develop into a Boscawen or a Hawke. The father did, nevertheless, persist in cherishing that illusion, and, when his son reached to midway between his sixteenth and seventeenth years, made up his mind that the young man's entrance into the Royal Navy should be no longer delayed. Seeing in his paper that the *Weazel*, sloop of war, commanded by Captain Brooke, a stern disciplinarian and old friend of his, was fitting at Chatham for foreign service, he resolved to proceed at once to London, accompanied by his son. Leaving the lad at a tavern in the Strand, Mr. Capel paid a visit to his friend Brooke, who readily agreed to take charge of the youngster, and make a seaman of him. A midshipman's warrant was procured, a midshipman's uniform, with other needful traps, and on the following day a party of seamen were to suddenly pounce upon the young man, and carry him off, *volens volens*, on board the *Weazel*, about to sail almost immediately. Sternly determined upon carrying his point as the father was, he had not courage enough to be himself present when the seizure would be made: his son's entreaties, prayers, not to be compelled to embrace a hateful vocation would, he knew, be heart-rending. So for that night and the next day he decided to stay at Hammersmith, where an old comrade of his had anchored for the remainder of his days.

The unusual solemnity, the tears with which he took leave of his son

previous to starting for Hammersmith, first excited a vague suspicion of the truth in the young man's mind, a suspicion that became certainty when awaking early in the morning he found that his ordinary clothes had been taken away, and a midshipman's uniform left in their stead. He had long feared that some trick of this kind might be played him, and had decided how to act, if he should have a chance of doing so, in such an emergency. That chance presented itself. Hastily dressing himself in the abhorred uniform, and securing his money—a considerable sum which he had secretly amassed,—Charles Capel left the tavern at earliest dawning.

As early as seven o'clock, the party of the *Weazel's* crew arrived at the tavern, where of course no Charles Capel was to be found. The father was at once communicated with, eager inquiries were set on foot, and but a few hours had elapsed before it was ascertained that a youth answering the description given—wearing a midshipman's coat, cap, and white ducks—had been seen hurrying along the great north road, about halfway to Barnet. The sailors were immediately sent off in pursuit, and the next day Squire Capel had the pleasure of receiving a note from his friend Captain Brooke, dated on board the *Weazel*, stating that they had the youngster safe on board. It was added that the audacious young dog kicked up the devil's own row, vowed and swore he was not Charles Capel, but somebody else, with more of the same sort of gammon; which, remarked the captain, was of course about as much use as singing psalms to a dead horse. The commander concluded with expressing a polite hope of making something of the lad before he saw England again, which would not certainly be in less than three or four years—a spell at sea which, in conjunction with methods well known in the service, *ought* to wash every particle of womanish nonsense out of him.

Now that which had really occurred was this:—It was near midsummer; the day was intensely hot, and as young Capel was trudging along, and fatigue grew upon him, the dread of being overtaken grew stronger and stronger: he had wisely struck off from the high road, but the uniform he wore made him so conspicuous a figure that every one who saw, turned to observe him. What was he to do? His strength was nearly gone, and he was fainting for food. He must obtain refreshment and rest, and where could the former be had except in a town or village public-house? Whilst thus tottering along oppressed with fatigue, his eye fell upon a young man fast asleep in the shady niche cut out of a large hayrick; no doubt, overpowered with heat and walking, like himself; for he had thrown his coat and waistcoat off, wore white duck trousers, and was about the same age. How if he exchanged coat, waistcoat, and cap? What harm could there be in that?—what mischief ensue to the sleeper? who, if he should be taken as the supposed fugitive, would of course be released immediately the mistake was discovered. No one happened to be in sight; the exchange was made. Charles Capel was delighted to find that the stranger's coat and

hat fitted him very well, and, slipping five gold pieces into the sleeper's pocket, went on his way with a greatly lightened heart, rested himself at a roadside public-house for a couple of hours, and pursued his journey, still by byways, till late at night.

The sleeper was William Hart, of Norwich, an apprentice to a linen-draper there; who, having quarrelled with his master, had run away with the intention of seeking out an aunt of his residing in London, and the only relative he had in the world. He had but a few shillings in his pocket, for which patent reason, and the fear of being followed and turned back, he took his meals and sleep *al fresco*, and journeyed by byways. Hart's father once kept a school in Norwich, and the young fellow had consequently received a better education than usually fell to the lot of young men in his class of life.

The runaway apprentice had walked between twenty and thirty miles that day, slept consequently like a top, not waking till about three in the afternoon. When roused, fully awake, and on his feet at last, one can conceive his bewildered astonishment at the exchange of apparel that had been effected whilst he slept. He could scarcely believe his eyes, and when he found five gold pieces in his pocket, almost doubted his own identity. The gold was, however, real gold; the coat, waistcoat, dirk, the cap ornamented with a gold lace band—veritable coat, waistcoat, dirk, and cap: his own clothes were gone, and there was nothing for it but to accept the exchange, which certainly was not to Hart's disadvantage. So on went the middy's waistcoat, coat, dirk-belt, and cap. They fitted capitally, and the draper's apprentice admired himself hugely; and, having sufficiently surveyed himself, and again made sure that there really were five golden guineas in his pocket, determined to treat himself with a generous meal, and sleep as a gentleman should, at the best tavern he could find in the nearest town, which was one he had passed about a mile to the right half an hour before he lay down in the inviting niche cut out by the hay-knife as if purposely for him. Off he set in jocund spirits at a swinging pace, but had not gone far when that swinging pace was first checked to a standstill, then increased to a run, by the shouts of half a dozen seamen and a midshipman converging rapidly towards him from as many different directions as there were men. The fact was, Charles Capel had been traced to near where he had changed clothes, beyond which no tidings could be heard of the missing midshipman. The *Weazels* had therefore spread themselves out, and were searching the woods in the belief that the fugitive must be there concealed. The young fellow's bold appearance on the open road surprised them almost as much as theirs did him. Dismayed by a vague terror of having unknowingly committed some heinous offence, Hart took to his heels; but, though he ran like a hare, was so dodged and doubled upon by his circling pursuers, who gave instant chase, that after exhausting every effort to escape, he was tripped up by one of the seamen, and at his captors' mercy.

"Now, Mr. Capel," said the midshipman in command, coming up—"now, Mr. Capel, let us have no more nonsense. It's of no use, you ought to know. My orders are to take you on board the *Weazel*, and on board the *Weazel* you shall go, as sure as my name's William Roberts."

"Capel?—Capel?" panted Hart; "my name ain't Capel. And what do you mean by the *Weazel*?"

"Your name isn't Capel, eh? and you never heard of the *Weazel*! What infernal impudence! But we can't stand jabbering here.—Bring him along, men, by force, if he won't come quietly."

Thereupon a seaman seized him by each arm, and he was urged smartly along,—his foaming protestations that his name was Hart, not Capel, and that his clothes had been changed whilst he slept, eliciting from his rough conductors only a continuous loud guffaw, with an occasional remark to each other to the effect that the young gentleman could spin a capital yarn, and pay it out smart, too.

Arrived on board the *Weazel*, Captain Brooke, after a brief conference with Midshipman Roberts, sent for the young man, who naturally began renewing his angry protest that he was not Charles Capel. He was interrupted by the commander, who peremptorily bade him hold his audacious, lying tongue; concluding with a stern intimation, which no one could give with more telling effect, that any repetition of the offence would be visited with the severest punishment it was in his power to inflict. Hart was then abruptly dismissed.

Alone with his thoughts, William Hart—after recovering from the bewilderment, the stupefaction into which such an astounding adventure had plunged him—seriously bethought himself of the best course to pursue. The *Weazel* weighed soon after he came on board; he was in for a long voyage, to be agreeably varied, most likely, by two or three sea-fights. So far he was helpless. Young Capel's things had been sent on board, and from various papers and letters amongst them, Hart discovered that he was believed to be the only son of a Mr. Capel, a gentleman of large property. Well, if they would have it so, let them. He had protested that he was not Charles Capel, but William Hart, and had been threatened with condign punishment if he dared repeat that protest. He must submit to fortune. To have had a midshipman's warrant forced upon him, with a handsome outfit, would but a few hours before have been the wildest dream he could have indulged in; and all that was thrust upon him, spite of his indignant denial of being the young man sought after. How could he help that? Of course, the bubble would suddenly burst; but meanwhile he might conciliate the esteem of confidential superiors, acquire skill in the profession, and possibly find an opportunity of distinguishing himself in action;—lads young as he had done so. He felt courage equal to seize an opportunity if it offered. The result of his cogitation was to accept the situation, zealously perform the duties imposed upon him, and

leave the issue to Providence. So well did he carry out this prudent resolution, that four months had not passed away when Captain Brooke wrote from Jamaica to Mr. Capel, that his son was the smartest youngster in the sloop, and if he continued as he had begun, would be an ornament to the service. In reply, two letters arrived out from Mr. Capel,—one for Captain Brooke, one for his son—but not written by his own hand. The old gentleman had accidentally ruptured a tendon of one of his legs, a great effusion of blood had followed, almost the immediate consequence of which was the total loss of the sight of one eye, and so great a weakening of the other, that he could scarcely distinguish any object whatever, and was advised that he would before long find himself in absolute darkness. This great affliction had been much softened to him, said the veteran, in the letters to his supposed son, by the report of his excellent conduct forwarded by Captain Brooke.

It was certain, therefore, that the real son had not turned up; that he possibly never might—had perhaps committed suicide; the old gentleman's almost extinguished sight was a guarantee that he would not discover William Hart's handwriting was not his son's, and suggested besides remoter, far more important possibilities. From that time Hart corresponded with Mr. Capel. The impunity he had enjoyed during some six or seven months only emboldened him to take that rash, criminal leap in the dark.

I now return to and dwell awhile with the true Charles Capel. His purpose had been to seek out a Mr. Passmore, a very aged relative, his mother's uncle, a valetudinarian bachelor, who had long resided, shut out from the world, in a secluded part of Leicestershire. Charles Capel had seen Mr. Passmore twice, knew that he greatly respected his niece's character, and, like her, held war in abhorrence. With him he should be sure of an asylum till his father's mood had softened, or he had attained the age which would render him master of himself. The ancient recluse, who was hopelessly infirm, received the young man with cordial kindness. It was settled by their two wise heads that Charles Capel should pass by the name of Passmore, and abide permanently at Ivy Lodge.

There we for the present leave him, and rejoin the false Charles Capel, knocking about in all weathers in the West India station. Before he was eighteen he had been twice mentioned by his captain with high praise for dashing behaviour in two sharp boat affairs; was spoken of in terms of warm commendation by General Wolfe to Admiral Boscawen, for his daring at the landing of the troops at the attack upon Louisberg, when he saved the lives of a number of soldiers. The incidents of that deed I am not acquainted with. In the desperate action fought the year before the fall of Quebec, between the *Buckingham*, sixty-four, with the *Weazel*, sloop, opposed to a French seventy-four and two frigates, Mad Capel, as he was called, seeing and seizing his opportunity, when the *Weazel* and one of the

frigates were locked together, scampered up the sloop's ratlin, crept into the Frenchman's top, and, favoured by the surprise and smoke, killed two French marines posted there: climbing higher, he then seized and tore away the Bourbon flag, and brought it safely away on board the sloop. The three French ships were crippled, but the rich fleet of merchantmen they convoyed escaped during the fight, to the unspeakable exasperation of the victors. Mad Capel was in the frigate *Maidstone*, to which he had been transferred, in the glorious action in Quebec Bay, fought by Sir Edward Hawke against the French Admiral Conflans. Finally, at the ratification of the treaty of peace, signed at Fontainebleau, in 1762, Mad Capel retired upon a lieutenant's half-pay, covered with wounds and honours.

His last ship, the *Phœbe*, had been so terribly maltreated by the enemy's shot, that after a survey at Port Royal, Jamaica, she was pronounced unseaworthy, and ordered to be broken up. The crew, and such officers as chose, were sent to England in another king's ship, but Lieutenant Capel decided for a short sojourn in the island.

The fame of his supposed son had rejoiced the old man's heart to a degree which those only can fully appreciate who know with what a fondness of enthusiasm the British seaman, who has himself won honour in the service, lives, fights, conquers again in the exploits of a son.

Earnestly he implored that son to return to him without delay, to close blind eyes that had not for eight years looked upon him: for nearly that number he had only seen the world by the light flashed upon his mental vision by the blaze of the glorious victories in which his son had so distinguished himself. He waited for that son, to die, and could not wait very long. And there were family affairs of pressing importance to be arranged and settled between them.

Lieutenant Capel, one can well understand, had cogent reasons of his own for being unwilling to meet his reputed father. And how about the servants of his establishment? No question the real son was dead, and he was committing no wrong, he tried to persuade himself, in personating the defunct heir. Might not one or more of the servants recognize the imposture? Yet, hardly so. They would see him under the impression of a foregone conclusion, and if any doubt glanced across their minds, it would be naturally referred to the change brought about by the action of eight years' constant sea-service. The ugly sabre-gash, too, across his right cheek would help to silence suspicion if any arose. It was very desirable that he should be in absolute possession at Capel House when the excellent old gentleman died,—very desirable; and Lieutenant Capel ultimately decided upon sailing for England, secured a berth in the packet-ship *Louisa*, bound for Liverpool, and embarked in her in April, 1763. Peace had been concluded on the 3rd of November of the previous year.

The *Louisa* packet carried silver dollars to the amount of something

like two hundred thousand pounds, on merchants' account, and nine passengers, including Lieutenant Capel. The crew were—with the exception of three foremast men, the mates, and the captain, of course—the sailor-scum of those latitudes, the rakings (metaphorically), Captain Lucas himself admitted, of a certain unmentionable place. The captain had, however, no choice but to enter them. His crew had been carried off by yellow jack, and as, if the *Louisa* could not put to sea by a given day, the profitable freight of dollars would be the spoil of some other skipper, Captain Lucas engaged anything in the shape of sailors he could lay hands on.

The passengers were, as I have said, nine in number—six gentlemen, a still young and recently widowed lady, and her two children. She herself appeared to be in delicate health. When, the first time Capel met her at dinner, he heard her addressed as Mrs. Passmore, and noticed moreover that she involuntarily, as it were, looked suddenly up, and at him, whenever the words "Lieutenant Capel" were uttered, certain circumstances in connection with her and the deceased husband recurred to his mind.

He had brought in a prize to Port Royal about six months before the war terminated, and was staying for a few days at the Royal Hotel, Kingston. In passing along the streets he had noticed a gentleman and lady, both evidently English,—the lady of somewhat *petite* figure, pretty in face, and of graceful carriage; the gentleman a young, handsome man, his features bearing the impress of high but almost feminine intelligence. He was very pale and weak, and Capel remarked to the officer he was walking with, that the Englishman they had just passed would before very long be food for the land-crabs. "You bowed to him and his lady, I observed. Pray, who are they?"

"About all I know of them is that their name is Passmore; that they, with two children, left England for Madeira by medical advice, in the hope of restoring the husband's health; were captured by a French corvette, bound for the French West Indies, which corvette being recaptured by the *Hornet*, sloop-of-war, in the Bahama Channel, the *Hornet* brought them here, whence, I agree with you, the husband will never depart. And now, I remember, he, one evening when I was in his and his wife's company at the house of an acquaintance, asked—the name of Lieutenant Capel being mentioned,—asked with a kind of eagerness, if any one present knew whether that dashing officer was related to the Capels of Capel House, Westmoreland. Nobody present could answer the question, and the subject dropped."

Shortly after this conversation Lieutenant Capel was off to sea again, and the pale, interesting young Englishman, and his pretty, elegant wife passed from his memory till he met her at dinner in the cabin of the *Louisa*.

Mrs. Passmore appeared to linger over the dessert, though she scarcely

took a sip of wine, and was about, Capel thought, several times to directly address him, and as often changed her mind. At last, rising to leave, she said quietly and in a timid voice, "May I ask if Lieutenant Capel is related to the Capels of Westmoreland?"

"Yes, madam, intimately related."

"Indeed! Old Mr. Capel still lives, I believe?"

"He does; but the end is near. Are you, madam, related to the family?"

"Yes, by marriage, not blood. Good day, sir." With that the lady bowed and glided from the cabin. Several times afterwards the lieutenant sought to renew the conversation, but Mrs. Passmore resolutely declined to follow his lead. The subject, for some reason, seemed to be a painful one to her.

A more pressing matter soon absorbed Lieutenant Capel's thoughts. The great majority of the *Louisa's* crew, thirty in all, were, I have said, unmitigated rascals; and some circumstance having excited the lieutenant's suspicions, he soon contrived, by heavily bribing one of the less desperate of the conspirators, to obtain a full knowledge of their plans, of the exact hour when a mutiny would explode. The passengers—except the lady,—the captain, mates, and three staunch seamen, were to be murdered; the ship brought up near a solitary convenient landing-place on the South American coast. The dollars and stores landed, the ship would be taken a few miles out to sea and scuttled. It would be believed, the villains thought, that the *Louisa* had foundered, and all on board perished.

The murderous mutineers had already armed themselves, and signs of insubordination were hourly becoming more and more palpable. Finally, Capel's spy told him that the time for executing the hellish plot had been hastened, and that very afternoon, as soon as the passengers and captain sat down to dinner, they would be pounced upon and mercilessly slaughtered. This information the lieutenant received at about noon, when the passengers were assembled in the captain's cabin at lunch. The exigency was a fearful, pressing one, but Capel was just the man to meet such a crisis. There were plenty of weapons in the cabin to arm the passengers, but upon them he relied but little—at least, in taking the initiative, which he, the captain, and mates had resolved upon, and he could not without exciting suspicion immediately communicate with the three staunch seamen. The passengers, all elderly commercial men, would be full of doubts and scruples as to the lawfulness of taking so terrible an initiative, and might prate about legality till their throats were cut.

About fifteen of the worst ruffians, if there were any choice between them, were lounging about on deck, in an insolent, defiant way, every one, Capel knew, secretly armed; the rest were below, also armed, and would be on deck at the first signal. It was necessary to be swift, sudden, deadly.

The passengers, pale as their shirts, were all assembled, including Mrs.

Passmore and her children. The captain and mates, who were also there, had briefly pointed out the terrible fate that awaited them, unless it could be averted by their own courage and resolution, as well as by the mode of action proposed by Lieutenant Capel, who would presently be with them. The commercial gents stood aghast, not only at the peril to which they themselves were exposed, but the reckless audacity of the plan resolved to be acted upon directly the lieutenant joined them, which would be in a very few minutes. Mrs. Passmore hugged her children in speechless, tearless agony.

"The lieutenant will begin the game," said Captain Lucas, by way of heartening up his shaking passengers, "and we all know what stuff *he* is made of."

As he spoke, the lieutenant entered the cabin, closing and silently bolting the door behind him. His look was bold and confident, his eyes burning with the light of battle, and his voice, though not loud, had the ring of a trumpet. Like the present Admiral Keppel, as described by Mr. Wingrove Cook, in his admirable letters from China to the *Times*, it was only at such times that Capel, or Hart, seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself.

"You are all armed, I see, and that is well; grasp and cock your muskets, gentlemen. Your pistols, brother seamen, are ready as they should be. Pistols, with tomahawks to follow suit, are our best tools. You, gentlemen," continued Capel, "directly you hear the first pistol shot, will issue from the cabin, muskets in hand, and range yourselves outside [the *Louisa's* was a deck saloon]. Do not join in the *mêlée*, you would do no good; but when you see a chance, just pop off as many of the villains as you can."

A murmur arose amongst the gents; one said, "What right have we to begin this dreadful business? Why not barricade the cabin door, and act on the defensive?"

"Because, if we did, we should be all flung overboard—those little children included—within half an hour from this time. Don't take on so piteously, madam; I answer for success, for your and your children's safety, though I, likely enough, may not live to see it—that's nothing. The assault upon us, I have satisfied myself from a lurking-place, would take place in less than two hours—when we shall be, they think, quietly seated at dinner—did we not anticipate it. They are twenty-seven to eight of us, exclusive of our civilian friends, who, however, I am sure, being Englishmen after all, will do their duty, and the too great odds must be reduced in the way I have proposed. The proposition before us is a simple one,—either we kill *them*, or they kill *us*; which alternative being presented, my choice is quickly made. But we dally with precious moments: you are all ready?"

"Ready," was the seamen's reply.

"Good; now pay attention," said Capel, placing two double-barrelled

pistols, handles upward, in the large loose pockets of the trousers he had put on. "Now pay attention; I go out *alone*; saunter along the deck with my hands in my pockets thus. None of you will budge till you hear my first shot, and then, quick as you will I know be, my right hand will have lost its cunning if four of the cut-throats will not have been settled with before you join the row. Now gently unbolt the door, one of you, and all stand away from the entrance.—All right, Mrs. Passmore, depend upon it. God bless you, this kind of thing is nothing when you are used to it."

The door was opened, left open, and forth sauntered Lieutenant Capel, whistling a tune. The aspect of the deck was more favourable than he had hoped for. Two fellows, one of them the ringleader of the mutineers, were conversing earnestly together about midships, close to the larboard bulwarks; three others were seated not far off them, on the combings of the main hatchway, smoking their pipes—to such a pitch of mutinous defiance had they arrived. Capel's approach caused them to look at him for a moment with a glance of insolent carelessness, then all five resumed their conversation and pipes; the remaining eleven on deck were, some stretched upon, some lounging about the forecastle.

The lieutenant was passing between the two fellows leaning over the larboard bulwark and the men seated on the main hatch combings. Arrived close up, quick as thought, one of the pistols was drawn from his pocket. Bang! bang! The brains of the ringleader and his companion were blown out. Bang! bang! Two of the smokers were sped, and the fifth, before he could drop his pipe, was cut down by Capel's sword. Out of the cabin, on to the forecastle, rushed the captain and mates, following in the lieutenant's wake. The three faithful sailors, to whom Capel had managed to convey a hint to look out for squalls, joined, and the surprised ruffians on deck were disposed of without trouble. Capel then beckoned to his musketeers, who, much emboldened by the success achieved, marched gallantly forward, pointed their muskets down the forecastle hatchway, and threatened to shoot every scoundrel there, if they did not immediately surrender. They did surrender, were put in irons, and the affair was over.

"That's what I call business, now," jubilantly exclaimed one of the passenger gents.

"Yes," laughed Capel, wiping and sheathing his sword, "we shall be able to enjoy our dinner now. Such shindies as these give one an appetite."

The *Louisa* arrived safely at Liverpool, where a legal investigation of the circumstances attending the suppression of the mutiny was entered upon. Proofs of the conspiracy to murder the captain, mates, and passengers, and afterwards plunder the ship, corroborated by the prisoners' circumstantial confession, were abundant, overwhelming; and Lieutenant Capel, the captain, and others engaged, were highly complimented upon the decision and courage they had displayed at a very difficult and terrible crisis.

The lieutenant then made the best of his way to Capel House, Westmoreland. Mrs. Passmore, with her children, had left for Leicestershire on the day of the arrival of the *Louisa* at Liverpool. She appeared to feel deeply grateful to the courageous lieutenant, but the studious reserve of her manner towards him did not in the slightest degree abate—behaviour which appears to have both puzzled and piqued the gallant officer.

The blind old veteran received his supposed son with tearful, tumultuous joy. The lieutenant was but just in time to be present at the closing scene. The worn-out veteran died in peace on the fourth day after he reached Capel House, and Charles Capel—*alias* William Hart—found himself in undisputed possession of the Capel estates and a heap of personals.

Not one of the servants appeared to entertain any doubt that he was the real Charles Capel, though the change in his appearance was generally remarked upon. “But what’s the change in his features, and his hair being darker, and all that?” the lieutenant overheard the white-headed butler remark; “that’s easily enough accounted for,—to the change in his nature from the timid lad, afraid of a dog or cow, to a fire-eating officer, as we very well know he’s been;—nothing whatever!”

The false heir had been about a fortnight in quiet possession, when Mr. Denbigh, a highly respectable London solicitor, who had transacted the family business for many years, arrived at Capel House. The lieutenant was gone out, but would return in a few hours. Mr. Denbigh would wait; he did so, and employed these few hours in putting questions to the older servants, which puzzled and excited them, and possibly gave colour and distinction to certain misgivings that had crossed their own minds. Directly the lieutenant returned, he gave audience to the lawyer, who at once plunged into the business that brought him there.

“I am the bearer of a strange message, sir,” he brusquely began, “no other than this,—that you are not Charles Capel, the son of my old acquaintance recently deceased.”

The lieutenant, who had, we may be sure, anticipated the possibility if not probability of being one day so accosted, must have prepared himself for it, as he exhibited no sign of the emotion he no doubt felt, and calmly replied, with a smile,—

“Truly a strange message, Mr. Denbigh. Pray, whose son then am I said to be?”

“Upon that point the widow is entirely ignorant. For reasons more or less satisfactory, she has passed by the name of Passmore; but I have satisfied myself she married a gentleman who in the parish register is designated Charles Capel, son of Charles Capel senior, of Capel House, Westmoreland.”

This answer must have been a great relief to the lieutenant. They *had not then heard, and knew nothing of William Hart*; and Captain Brooke

and Mr. Midshipman Roberts of the *Weazel* were both dead. No clue existed, therefore, by which that all-important point could be ascertained. In the coat which Charles Capel had taken in exchange of his own there were, he well knew, no betraying papers or other articles.

"Marriage in a fictitious name is, I believe, a common occurrence," said the lieutenant, "the design of which may not be always apparent. So this is all you have to say in reference to your strange message?"

"No, by no means. Two persons, who witnessed the marriage, will swear that the bridegroom was the true Charles Capel. The servants here whom I have spoken with have doubts, sir—excuse my frankness, this is a very serious matter,—have doubts as to whether you are or are not an—an impostor. It is of no use, sir, giving way to anger!"

"Anger! I feel none; if I did, you would very soon be out of that door. You have been pumping my servants with leading questions; that is a well-understood trick of lawyer-craft. And pray how did it happen that the genuine Simon Pure did not put in his claim to be the father's heir whilst that father lived?"

"The reason given to me is, that he was a young man of a singularly timid, nervous disposition;—this is a generally accepted truth. I have myself heard his father say the same. I have never seen the son, unless I do so now. I have, I say, myself heard his father speak with bitter regret of the timidity, the nervousness, of his son's temperament. Now you, sir, are certainly not of a timid, nervous temperament."

"Did not Charles Capel's father also say he was sure the discipline of the sea-service would, in his opinion, effectually eradicate that timid nervousness?"

"He did so. I do not wish to distort or conceal any fact bearing upon this extraordinary affair. I was saying," continued Mr. Denbigh, "that Mr. Charles Capel—being of a timid, nervous temperament, and having first grievously offended his father by leaving his home rather than serve in the Royal Navy, and subsequently married a young person, who, though an exceedingly amiable person, was not the lady he would have chosen for his son's wife—was himself afraid to confront or to discover himself to his father. This disinclination so grew upon him, I am informed, as to become almost a morbid disease."

"A likely story, upon my word!"

"No, sir, it is *not* a likely story; but though not likely, it may be a true story. The matter *must*, I repeat again, be rigorously sifted."

"Then sift it, Mr. Denbigh, *secundem artem*. Any further communication you may have to make must be to my solicitor, Mr. Kingston, of Appleby. Good day, Mr. Denbigh."

A suit at law was forthwith commenced; every scrap of evidence sought out, arranged, and laid before counsel; but after some months so employed, Mr. Denbigh was fain to confess to his fair client, that it was greatly feared

the case would break down when it came to trial. This was a terrible blow to the widow and her children, as the Passmore property, when certain large outstanding claims had been satisfied, was inconsiderable. Mr. Denbigh persevered some time longer, but finally, losing all hope, the proceedings were formally abandoned.

This was the lieutenant's eagerly waited-for opportunity; he never intended to defraud the children of the true Charles Capel of their inheritance, nor the widow of her just share therein. But he was as firmly determined to fight the legal battle to the last, sooner than be branded with imposture, and subjected, for originally no fault of his own, to the tender mercies of the criminal law. He was not desirous either, we can easily understand, of being reduced to vegetate upon a lieutenant's half-pay. And had he not saved the widow's children from being murdered?—herself from worse than death? Unquestionably he had: surely that deserved some return. The gallant, adventurous officer, moved by these considerations, sought and obtained an interview with the disconsolate Mrs. Charles Capel—the first of a series—leading to a very satisfactory result. How the lawyers exactly managed it my Greenwich friend could not say, but the entail of the Capel estates was cut off, settled, by antenuptial contract, upon the widow's son, and the lady went to the altar a second time, with a gentleman calling himself Charles Capel, bachelor; but upon this second occasion the lawyers, confidentially consulted, advised that, to prevent any future difficulty with respect to the legality of marriage, the licence should be drawn up in the names of Emily Capel, otherwise Passmore, widow, and Charles Capel, otherwise William Hart, bachelor.

The marriage was a happy, fruitful one, and as no substantial injustice was done, we may permit ourselves to be pleased with such a happy ending. We may be quite sure the gallant lieutenant did not *legally* commit himself before the indissoluble knot was tied, and equally so that afterwards, during the *abandon* and confidences of felicitous married life, both husband and wife often laughed over the wonderful consequences that may ensue from going to sleep on a hot summer's day, with one's coat off, under a hayrick.

THE ADVENTURES OF A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

NO. III.—AN EXTRAORDINARY RIDE.

I HAD just written, "The story of our lives from year to year," when a little bright-eyed, fair-haired Etonian, looking over my shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Nunky, you have cribbed that quotation from Dickens."

"Indeed!" I replied, accompanying the words with a pinch. "What, then, Dickens cribbed it from Shakspeare."

"Shakspeare!" repeated the young rascal; "why, the papers have said so much about him of late, I really began to think there was no such person."

On my life, these Eton lads are becoming vastly precocious. In fact, they keep pace with the world's onward march; which reminds me that, while compiling the notes of my late dear friend, I find it absolutely necessary to be brief and crisp, as it were, in my details. In fact, magazine editors are peculiarly exigent on this head: doubtless they have just reasons; whether pecuniary or otherwise I am not prepared to say. I bow to their decision, and pocket the affront; though I must admit, that as the bright sun is always more welcome after a rainy day, so a trifle of unavoidable prosiness here and there, by way of explanation, causes a lively tale to flash out with double gusto. All that I can hope, therefore, is that such portions of my friend's narrative which I am compelled to omit may hereafter appear in an octavo volume, neatly bound, within the range of the pockets and for the benefit of all European travellers.

An author whose works live in the hearts of all wise men to the present day, and which will live as long as the world lasts, makes the following very quaint, but very truthful and judicious remarks:—

"I know there are readers in the world—as well as many other good people in it who are no readers at all—who find themselves ill at ease unless they are let into the whole secret, from first to last, of everything which concerns you at once."

In all humility, I may add, as regards periodical literature, a writer is expected to plunge head foremost into the profoundest depth of his subject, as a man takes a header into the sea on a hot summer's day. Referring again to one of my favourite authors, he observes,—

"Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out, bear with me, and let me go on and tell my story in my own way; or if it should seem now and then to trifle upon the road, or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it for a moment or two as we pass along, don't fly off; but rather give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside, and as we jog on either laugh with me or abuse me, or, in short, do anything but lose your temper."

We have taken a trip northwards together, travelled with a Bricka, dined at Stockholm, smoked a cigar in a Swedish café, told you how Field-Marshal Bernadotte became Crown Prince of Sweden, had a mud bath, and are none the worse for it.

Let us now journey together Eastward Ho!—smoke a chibouke, eat a kabob perchance in the bazaar at Constantinople, get a sight of the light of the world, commonly called the Sultan, or a peep at some of the ladies of his harem.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Constantinople—better known as the City of the Sultan—was purely an Eastern city, with all the characteristics of tobacco-smoke, cucumber-eating, harems, Rahathlacome, yellow slippers, dogs, and dirt; and the difficulties of getting there, to say nothing of the expense, was quite sufficient to shut the so-called Gates of the Dardanelles to all save the wealthy and most energetic travellers, or the British fleet.

Thirty years, however, have placed Constantinople within the reach of the multitude, and the Crimean war converted an Eastern city with innumerable sources of interest into a demi-European town of considerable discomfort, dire expense, speculation, and dishonesty; and the dogs and the rats, which the French troops amused themselves in destroying by scores or hundreds, still live, and multiply prodigiously and disgustingly.

In fact, Constantinople and the East that was, no longer is. Yet let us go there, with a Queen's messenger in "present" as in "past days," and judge practically of scenes of which the educated world, for the most part, judge theoretically.

And first let us turn back some years, and fancy the man bold enough to take passage by sea to the land of the Mussulman—*inprimis*, I allude more particularly to one about to travel for pleasure, health, change of scene, or aught else but duty; one deeply read in Byron; one longing to visit the so-called calm blue waters of the Mediterranean; the glorious ruins of Athens and the bright blue skies of Greece; the islands of the Archipelago; the Dardanelles; the Sea of Marmora, and all the overrated beauties of the East, till at length he smokes his "pipe of peace" reclining in a caïque on the waters of the Bosphorus, while gazing on the mosques and minarets of the City of the Sultan.

Steamers were then in their babyhood in comparison with their present admirable comfort and efficiency.

The traveller starts, may be, from Southampton, selects a berth on board an ill-ventilated, confined hole called a cabin; food neither good nor sufficient; vessel cranky, perhaps leaky; a rough sea across the Bay of Biscay, such was the fate of a pleasure-seeking traveller—sick—sick—sick.

"When shall we get to land, captain?—Oh, I am deadly sick;—reach me that basin, boy; 'tis the most discomforting sickness—I wish I was at

the bottom. Madam, how is it with you? What a tramping overhead!—Hollo, cabin boy, what is the matter?"

"The wind has chopped about, sir."

"Captain, for Heaven's sake let us go on shore." At length Gibraltar is in sight, and Malta; and then the wild headlands of Cape Matapan, and behold the land—no, rather say the rocky, hideous coast—of the Morea on the left, and the equally uninteresting island of Cerigo, but yesterday ours, on the right. We leave the Ægean Sea, and the Piræus, and the Acropolis for another visit, and at length cast anchor for a few hours off Syra, a town composed of a multitude of flat-roofed houses, crowded on a small island hill-side, without tree or vegetation to enliven or refresh the landscape; and then onwards again through some of the far-famed islands of the Archipelago. After a month's passage the Dardanelles are entered—where now, as in other days, some of the large stone balls are observed piled up on the forts, counterpart of those which the Turks of yore threw on the decks of Sir John Duckworth's ships when forcing the Dardanelles, two of which may now be seen at the front door steps of the present Sir John Duckworth's seat in Devonshire, and for which, so says report, the Custom House charged him duty on his return to England,—for free trade in relics then appears to have been unknown. Having passed the Dardanelles and the miserable mass of hovels called Gallipoli, made historic since the Crimean war, the Sea of Marmora is entered—there is a fierce storm, and when there is a fierce storm in Marmora Sea, it is a storm and no mistake—though many imagine it to be a mere lake; and imagination is so far correct when the winds, which rush at times like Furies from the north, are hushed, and all nature is at rest. Yet, in later times than those I write of, I have been for hours in a large French steamer, right glad to take shelter under one of Marmora's islets, till the wind permitted us to poke our noses out to sea again, and ho for the Golden Horn! which when reached is anything but golden, but as dangerous a locality as Scylla and Charybdis, and its waters are neither clear nor sweet. Anchored there, man may well bend the knee and thank God that, with all the vaunted charms of other lands, he is an Englishman, and that after thirty days' discomfort, if not disgust, he has passed over, barring the fogs and the icebergs, as sickening and as perilous sea as that which divides old England from America.

Happily, however, for all ranks and all professions, through the advance of civilization, perhaps I ought to say mechanical art, what was a source of fatigue, expense, nay, at times danger, is now reduced in a great measure to a mere voyage of pleasure, of which I shall speak hereafter. Meanwhile, if the traveller of other days took thirty days to gain the City of the Sultan, how did Queen's messengers go there?—for, unquestionably, such was not the rate for despatches. I cannot do better than give word for word the graphic and interesting notes of my friend on the head. They are dated, "Therapia, on the Bosphorus, 2nd November

1849," and go far to prove the truth of a few words in a very pleasant paper of Mr. Sala's, wherein he says, "I allude to an ordinary British traveller, and not to a Queen's messenger or a man of cast iron."

"I have been here since the 26th of last month," writes my friend, "but no opportunity has occurred since then of sending a despatch to England; but there will be, I hear, by the way of Trieste to-morrow night, of which I shall avail myself, as I much wish to give you a sketch of my journey from Belgrade to Constantinople."

"I left Simla on the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th; and, strange to say, the Austrian despatches, which had left Vienna the same moment as myself, arrived on the bank of the river just as I was stepping into the boat which was to convey me across. They, the Austrians, have a special messenger for them in Turkey, but a Tatar waits for them at Belgrade, and as soon as they are landed, off he starts, and to insure the greatest possible despatch another relieves him at Nissa, and a third at Philippopoli—all of which places are between Belgrade and Constantinople."

"There were fearful odds against me, but my instructions were very positive, and I put my face to the difficulty in the best way I could. Having, however, to send for a Tatar to procure fresh horses from the Pasha, and to throw away half of the very little luggage I had brought with me from England, caused me a detention of two hours at Belgrade, and even then I found that my arrangements were scarcely half completed."

"The sun had nearly set before I left the old fortified walls of Belgrade, and hardly had our horses' hoofs quitted the pavement before the rain, which had been threatening all day, came down in torrents, and made the roads nearly impassable. Roads, however, they can scarcely be called, being merely tracks through a dense forest; the direction being marked out by the felling of trees, the stumps of which, standing sometimes to the height of two or three feet, prove awkward obstacles on a dark night; fortunately, however, I had a good Tatar, decent horses, and a good surrigger, and after four hours' hard riding I reached the posthouse, and had the satisfaction of finding the Austrian Tatar still there, with no probability of being ready for departure. I think I named having no luggage, and thus early in my journey I experienced the enormous advantages which this gave me, for I was in the saddle again and off before the Austrian Mustapha had knocked the ashes out of his pipe; and as I might as well close this part of my narrative at once, I may add, that notwithstanding the three special Tatars, I reached Constantinople one day and nine hours before them."

"The rain continued to pour down in torrents after we left the posthouse, and the night became so entirely dark, that at one time we lost our way, and I thought the mud would have been our bed for the night; but my guide was a light-hearted fellow, and persevered, and in this manner we rode through the livelong night. But so black was the whole horizon,

and so dense the forest through which we were passing, that although the Tatar mounted on a white horse was immediately in front of me, I could not distinguish him in the least.

"Daylight found us crossing the river Mirava in a small boat, and although the roads were up to our saddle-girths in mud, it was fine overhead, and we rode merrily along the plain leading to Alexinitza, no longer dinned by the howling of wolves, which had kept us company the whole night.

"About nine the sun burst forth brilliantly, and also most usefully, for it dried our drenched clothes, and imparted life, strength, and spirits to the whole party. At Alexinitza I was in great hopes of finding our old and confidential Tatar, Rhisto, who, independently of being one of the best men I know, was personally attached to me. Still there was a possibility of his being absent, and I therefore cannot express to you the great relief it was to me when, entering the yard of the khan, I beheld him rush out of the house, and the next moment seizing hold of my hand, cover it with kisses, whilst the tears ran down his weather-beaten face. And the dogs which I had left there the previous year also now came round, and seemed really to devour me with caresses.

"I remained only one hour at Alexinitza, and then pushed on for Nissa, the first frontier town of Bulgaria, as I was anxious to see the Pasha before sunset. The sun still shone brightly, but the country was almost inundated; and as there was no moon, I almost despaired of making a rapid journey. Nevertheless, I determined to persevere, and the result will tell with what success.

"Turkish Pashas do not transact business very rapidly, and it was long past sunset before I got clear of the crumbling walls of Nissa; but a young moon did us good service for the first two hours, and then left us just as we were entering the rugged defiles of the mountains; when, in fact, we were most in need of her assistance. The Balkan range was very grand, but even if the night had not been dark, I should have seen nothing of it, for this was the second I had passed in the saddle, and I was reeling backwards and forwards in a very odd and ridiculous manner. I have a confused recollection of riding near the brinks of precipices, and of passing through defiles where the rocks closed overhead, and again of fording torrents; but everything was dim and vague, and it was not until a muezzin from a minaret in the town of Chaijoo shouted the early morning hour that I had the slightest idea we were so near the break of another day.

"Day, however, came, and found me very weary and very stiff, but quite well in health, and eager for a cup of tea, which good old Rhisto always found time to get ready for me on every possible occasion. The next stage to Sophia was one of sixteen hours, or nearly eighty miles, on the same horses, with several chains of mountains to cross; and as I knew one set of animals could not possibly do this quickly, I ordered five fresh horses to be sent on whilst I got my breakfast in a wretched posthouse.

The country still continued nearly up to our saddle-girths in mud; but we pushed on with courage, and as we ascended the high table-lands near Sophia the ground became harder: the two poor horses, I am afraid, suffered from our increased speed. We reached Sophia about 9 p.m., and were off again for Schitiman, another long twelve hours' stage, at half-past. I think it was during this night that the most overpowering sensations of weariness I ever experienced came over me. I very nearly fell out of my saddle twice, a dangerous practice where the road frequently ran on the brink of a precipice; but the cavalry escort, which had accompanied me the whole way from Nissa, led the party, and the pace was so rapid, that, except when walking, these sensations never completely mastered me. At Schitiman we changed horses about one in the morning, having before us the ascent of the Balkan ere we reached Tâtar Bazaardick, a village in the plains on the other side of the mountain, and about forty-eight miles distant.

"I can scarcely explain how this night was passed, for I know not myself. Although we crossed some of the finest scenery in the world, a dogged resolution to go on, mixed with a determination that as long as I could sit upright in my saddle I would never get out of it, sustained me; and Rhisto, whose pride in my success was now roused, encouraged me in every possible manner. Indeed, he watched me as if I had been his own son, and, I am thankful to think, never once talked of giving in; for although I should not have acceded to his request, it would have discouraged me.

"Just as the first tinge of dawn crossed the horizon we surmounted the topmost ridge of the Balkan, and, after resting our horses half an hour, clattered down the sides of the mountain to Tâtar Bazaardick. Thence to Philippopoli is a level plain, and we reached the latter place soon after two; but not before Rhisto had taken to his own share of refreshment a water-melon about the size of a moderate balloon. Philippopoli is celebrated for its steam baths, and on my life I required one. Moreover, they are most refreshing after long-continued exertion. So I dismounted from my saddle and walked with Rhisto to enjoy this refreshment, ordering fresh horses to be ready in two hours. I had felt some pain in the morning from an old wound, but nothing to cause me any uneasiness, and as I had been three days and nights in the saddle without cessation, I attributed it to the great exertion, and thought it would go off after my bath. I found, however, on undressing, that my linen was covered with blood. To make matters worse Rhisto was at this very moment taken violently ill, and his once manly face turned quite livid. What to do I knew not. I suffered comparatively little pain, so, hoping for the best, I hurried on my clothes again, went back to the posthouse, mounted a fresh horse, and, in a torrent of rain and wind, started on a long sixteen hours' stage to Eskew.

"At first poor Rhisto reeled in his saddle like a drunken man; but the saddle is the Tâtar's home, and after the first hour or two he shook

his illness off and became the same quiet, energetic, attentive creature as before. The rain set in, a regular deluge; the country through which our horses struggled was a perfect swamp, and they were nearly knocked up before they had completed eight of the sixteen hours. That they did so eventually I consider most fortunate, for reasons which I will detail hereafter; for had I persevered in riding through the whole of this night as I had done on the three preceding ones, I have no doubt that over-taxed nature would have given way, and that I should have brought on a very serious illness. So about nine at night, when it was so dark that you could not see your hand before your face, we turned in to a roadside khan, and telling Rhisto to call me when the horses were restored, I threw myself on a wooden bench, and was fast asleep in half a minute. Rhisto told me afterwards that he had not the heart to wake me, and that I remained quite motionless for six hours; but about 3 a.m. we were in the saddle again, and although the rain fell in torrents the whole day, by dint of hard riding we reached Adrianople at seven in the evening. I still experienced some pain, but not so much as I expected, and my few hours' sleep had done me worlds of good. The country between Adrianople and Siliona, on the Sea of Marmora, consists of many steppes without tree or even bush; the soil growing nothing but tall rank thistles, amongst which herds of buffalo roam. The moon lit us cheerily enough out of Adrianople, but soon after ten our old luck returned; the night was black and dark as ink, and again I could neither distinguish Rhisto nor the surrigger, although they were only ten paces in advance.

"Whilst descending a hill rapidly my horse fell heavily and lay upon my right leg; but the ground was so soft, that beyond the shake I suffered no inconvenience, and I was in the saddle again before Rhisto, who had heard although he could not see the fall, could come to my assistance.

"Ah, the misery of that night of mud, and darkness, and watchfulness! Twenty times I turned in my saddle, feeling sure that day must be on the point of breaking; but the day breaks not the earlier for men's wishes, and the dawn appeared not until hours, long hours, after I had felt sure it would have done so.

"About eight on the following morning my horse again fell with me, and, wonderful to say, although in falling he twisted the steel spur on my right boot like a piece of wire, my ankle was in no manner injured. How grateful do I feel to Him who has thus been so merciful throughout my journey!

"In fact, the very heavy nature of the country, which I deplored, as it prevented my going fast, saved me, I believe, from a broken limb on both occasions. This day was spent in traversing the same description of country, until towards night, when we caught a glimpse of the Sea of Marmora, and I then knew my long and weary journey was drawing to a close, for its waters wash the walls of Constantinople. We reached Siliona, the last post station on the road, distant from the capital about

forty miles, at nine in the evening, and although the heaviness of sleep again came over me, and my eyes had become so weary and bloodshot that I could scarce see out of them, I got into the saddle with a light heart, well knowing that I should witness the morning's sun shining upon the mosques and minarets of Constantinople. A weary ride, however, we had on that dark night, partly on the side of a steep mountain range, partly near the sea-shore, the waves of which came up to our horses' feet.

"Thank God we had no other trouble but tired and jaded horses to contend with, and at half-past five on Friday morning I entered the old ruined gateway of Constantinople, traversed its narrow and tortuous streets, and crossing the Golden Horn in a *caïque*, reached the English embassy at Pera, having been just five days and eleven hours in traversing on horseback eight hundred and twenty miles, having the whole of that time to contend with wind, mud, and rain, besides two heavyish falls, which, if they broke no bones, certainly did me no good. I felt a certain pride in hearing that it was considered the quickest journey ever performed in the winter, and that the best Tatars in the service of the Porte took six days during fine summer weather. I can claim credit for obstinacy, at least, if for no higher quality.

"Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, being at Therapia, on the Bosphorus, I had again to get into my saddle; as, however, it is only thirteen miles distant from Constantinople, this was a mere trifle after having accomplished more than eight hundred.

"The members of his family had just finished breakfast as I arrived, and were lounging out of the windows of the embassy as my cavalcade galloped up. A pretty figure I must have looked!—my face copper-coloured from the effect of wind, sun, and rain, and my clothes covered with every species of mud to be found between Belgrade and Constantinople. Lady C. and her daughters looked rather alarmed at such an apparition, and well they might. Whilst Sir S. Canning was reading over his despatches, I had breakfast prepared for me, and I should imagine that I looked like a hungry wolf, as they placed some eatable food on the table; in fact, I could hardly summon sufficient good breeding to keep my fingers out of the dishes. His Excellency came in shortly after, and nothing could be more kind and cordial than his manner. Having expressed his regret that he had not a room vacant at the embassy, he sent his servant to procure one close by, and begged me to be his guest during my stay at Therapia. It was quite astonishing how little tired I felt at that time; and after having had a Turkish bath, and been well stewed, I felt fit to go back again to Belgrade. What a contrast was the evening after my arrival to those of the six or seven previous ones which I had spent in darkness, mud, and wretchedness! but so unaccustomed were my eyes to the light, that I could not look at the lamps on the drawing-room table, they were so bloodshot.

"An English steam frigate, the *Aden*, was lying at anchor opposite

the embassy, and as I knew several of the officers, from having seen them at Naples, I found myself in the midst of old friends. During the evening Sir Stratford Canning said some very agreeable things respecting my rapid journey, which he intended to bring to the notice of the higher powers, who I trust will be satisfied. I was quite well for the next two or three days, but after that a sort of reaction came on. I suffered considerable pain in my limbs, and at last I was compelled to take to my bed, where I remained several days.

"I prefer being here to a noisy, expensive hotel in Constantinople. We have a large party every day at dinner at the embassy, music and agreeable conversation in the evening. The weather is charming, November though it is, and the Bosphorus looking beautiful. This is the Turkish autumn—a sort of second summer. There is great excitement about the quarrel with Russia, but the decided steps taken by England and France will doubtless prevent war. The passage of war steamers along the Bosphorus is incessant, and our own flag is tolerably active.

"My readers, with some excuse, may believe that I have drawn somewhat largely on imagination while describing this rapid, perilous, and exhausting journey. So far from it, I have merely given, as it were, a *précis*—in fact, a mere outline of the difficulties contended with. I am in no manner desirous that any one should imagine that such journeys are the common routine of a Queen's messenger's duties, neither are they, nor have they been, constant. Extraordinary events call for extraordinary efforts, and this was an occasion requiring zeal, perseverance, and I must add pluck.

"I have more than once mentioned Alexinitza, and alluded to the meeting with Rhisto, who was well known to the messenger who performed the journey. Alexinitza was, in fact, the point to which her Majesty's messengers formerly went during a long period that Constantinople may be said to have been its quarantine with the world; consequently, the messengers halted there, sending on Tatars to the capital and remaining there till they returned. It was therefore absolutely necessary to have some recreation, and as the wild country around abounded in game, dogs and guns were in great request; and I believe I am not wrong in naming, that every succeeding messenger who came from England was expected to bring out and leave a few books, till a very tolerable library was formed in the miserable Bulgarian abode where for a time they lingered.

"But the advent of railways and steam communication has materially altered the severity of these journeys. As regards time only, however; as I, who have tried carriage travelling and railway travelling, as well as sledge travelling, during the long and bitter nights of Russian winters, unhesitatingly assert that carriage travelling is far more independent and far less injurious to health. And I shall hereafter describe some of these Russian and Danish journeys, which were and are by no means trips of mere pleasure.

"In corroboration of the details I have given as regards a rapid overland journey to Constantinople performed on horseback, I feel I may add an extract taken from a speech of the Prime Minister, Viscount Palmerston, in the House of Commons, May 27, 1850.

"This speech arose on an occasion when some great question of economy was brought forward; and on such occasions the liberal public are well aware that these economies, generally speaking, strike with the greatest severity those who work hardest.

"'As a proof,' said the noble Lord, 'of the zeal with which these Queen's messengers render their services to the Government of this country, I would mention an instance in which one of these gentlemen performed his duty on an occasion when it was required that he should make an extraordinary effort, in order to carry a despatch of very considerable importance from the Foreign Office to Constantinople, at a time when a question was pending between Prussia and Turkey, who was three days and nights in the saddle without quitting it, and performed the journey in the worst weather, and under the greatest possible difficulties.

"'This showed that these servants of the Crown and the public were willing to perform, and capable of performing, duties when required of them, which one would think it was almost impossible any human being would be able to go through with.'

"The noble Lord added, that he was glad to have this opportunity of doing justice to that excellent messenger whose great exertions he had mentioned, and whose zeal had not been surpassed by any person employed in that department of the public service."

The mere physical act of carrying a despatch bag might possibly be performed by Tom Sayers—at least, there doubtless are many ready to make the assertion—without any knowledge of foreign languages, any knowledge of the higher courtesies of life, which make men's ways so easy on the Continent if they know how to avail themselves of them. Moreover, Tom Sayers, doubtless a highly honourable as well as athletic individual, might be enabled by physical force and courage to fight his way through many of the difficulties and dangers which have from time to time been encountered by her Majesty's servants when bearing despatches; such as an upset in a midwinter snowstorm in the depths of an interminable Russian forest, with wolves howling around you; a drunken postillion, and an utter ignorance of the mother tongue of the country in which he was travelling; or a railway smash in Poland; or a storm at sea in a foreign steamer.

I have no doubt that such a man, and hundreds of others, would carry a despatch to the world's end if these alone were the difficulties to contend with; and a left-hander from such men, if it did not create reason and promptitude of decision, would undoubtedly drive it out of the heads of any stupid German, vanity-stricken Don, or poor Russian serf.

Yet place such men in any small custom-house difficulty on a frontier,

where calm explanation and temperate good breeding are required to hasten your movements; place them in a position where a thorough knowledge of language and routes are required, to change from one point of railway to another; to obtain horses quickly at stations or posthouses; to succeed in various unforeseen, though may be trifling, explanations, to obtain necessary food and refreshment; and, in other days, everlasting passport annoyances;—and I say, although such men would possibly have performed the rapid journey overland I have detailed with little physical evil, in ten other difficulties they would not only have been, and would be, as it were, useless, but more than useless, as possibly never reaching their destination at all. And it is on these grounds, and very just grounds, that an examination in foreign languages, &c., is required to be passed ere any candidate is nominated to the corps of Queen's Messengers—their name and position being placed before her Majesty for approval previous to final appointment. Thus that which, in former days, was not precisely the case, has become a corps of highly educated and highly born gentlemen, who have for the most part served in the army.

In order to show how very easily even a despatch might be delayed by a want of knowledge of the language of the country in which the bearer is travelling, or any other similar difficulty, I will terminate this paper by a trifling though somewhat ludicrous anecdote, in proof of that which I have asserted.

Being at Vienna, I happened to become acquainted with a most amiable and independent English gentleman, a member of the ministry, but one not precisely gifted with a knowledge of foreign tongues. His society was so agreeable, scarcely a day passed that we did not take a ramble about the city, going here and there, dining together, and so forth. In fact, he was wont quaintly and humorously to observe, that I saved him the expense of a commissioner, as all his knowledge of German consisted in the power of asking for "ein glas of bier." Moreover, the weather being extremely hot, and the Vienna beer of first-rate quality, it would be difficult to say how many glasses of this luxury (for luxury it was, this light sparkling beer, cool as ice from the cellar) he daily consumed, in which I was, I must confess, nothing loath to join him. Indeed, we were wont to finish up the toils or pleasures of the day with a glass of cool beer at the club, and then to bed, always calling the last glass Vienna nectar. In fact, we swallowed about a yard of beer each daily, which term may be explained by my naming that beer is generally served in long glasses, about three times the length of an ordinary tumbler.

One morning I went into his room to inform him that I was about to start that night for Berlin, on which he instantly determined to accompany me as far as Dresden. We left Vienna, if I recollect rightly, about seven p.m.; the night was intensely hot, and after some pleasant conversation, and the discussion of several Havannahs, about ten at night I fell fast asleep. I know not whether from habit or what not, but however sound

I sleep on a railway, I invariably wake up on the occasion of a train stopping, even for a few minutes only : I conclude it is the sudden cessation of movement. Be it as it may, on the night in question, the train stopped at some small station for two minutes only—so short was the stoppage that I did not wake up till we were actually on the move again,—when I discovered the absence of my friend ; and hastily looking out of the window I beheld him (he was rather a stout gentleman), with a blue silk handkerchief tied on his head, rushing frantically after the train, with a long beer-glass in his hand. It was too late, however ; we were off and far away ere he had time to finish the last drop of that which was nectar at Vienna, but anything but nectar, I fancy, where he had to pass the night.

The subsequent explanation I received was simply as follows :—"The night was intensely hot ; you were sleeping, and I did not like to disturb you. These people, who live on sour-kROUT—at least, the railway officials,—ought to be compelled to learn English. These lines are half supported by English travellers. The fellow who opened the door cried out, 'Sfy minute,' or something like it, and of course I thought he meant five minutes—plenty of time for drinking two yards of beer. I had a miserable night ; slept on a deal table—eight hours ere the next train came up ; beer odious ; people ignorant beyond measure, understand no language but their own. However, I am making up for my discomfort at Dresden. I will never cross the Channel again when once more in old England. Certainly I will never go to Germany." For five subsequent autumns he visited Germany. I suppose it was the beer.

On another occasion, I was travelling with a young Englishman, from Cologne to Berlin. At Hanover, those going to Hamburgh change carriages, those for Berlin remain. I was fast asleep on our reaching Hanover, and my companion—he was a mere chance train acquaintance,—not wishing to disturb me, trusted to his own knowledge of the language, mistook the order to remain, and found himself at Hamburgh, about the same time that I reached, and he had desired to reach, Berlin.

These little incidents of travel, I believe, are as constant as they appear easy to avoid ; but in foreign lands, without knowledge of language, customs, or routes, they easily occur. And although not very important as regards the traveller for pleasure, they would be very serious to one bearing despatches.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

A STUDY AFTER BOCCACCIO.

I.

LA belle dame sans mercy
 Seldom knelt on her knee
 To saints of any degree
 Ere she made a saint of me !

II.

Listen as spirits can,
 Ghost of the sacristan,
 And come and join me here,
 Sitting cross-legg'd on my own
 Effigy cut in stone !
 There let us chatter ; how queer !
 In the light of the moonshine, faint
 Looks the full-length form of the saint
 (Myself), with his broken nose,
 Closed eyes, and his turn'd-up toes,
 And his folded hands on his breast,
 In the end of the crypt—at rest ;
 For the beam of the moon creeps through
 The purple, orange, and blue
 Shapes on the window-panes—
 Saints and madonnas too,—
 Creeps through like a ghost, and stains
 The pavement with azure veins,
 And the floating religious mist,
 To the dimmest amethyst.
 How queer looks the long, dim aisle,
 Down which there wander and walk
 Shadow on shadow, the while
 We sit cross-legg'd and talk :
 You with your faint, pinch'd face,
 And your little nose out of place,
 And your sour and holy grimace,
 As you sit and stroke at ease
 Your little thin legs and knees,
 And jingle your spectral keys ;
 Me the spectre forlorn,
 Tall, and tatter'd, and torn,

Hollow of cheek, and dreary!

Domine, miserere !

But listen as spirits can,

Ghost of the sacristan !

III.

A very long time ago,

When you were the sacristan—

A wheezy little old man,

Fluttering to and fro

In the church crypt after prayers,

Or perch'd on the belfry stairs,

Like a big black moth, in the light

Of a moon like this to-night,

When you were alive, old ghost,

But wrinkled and deaf as a post,—

I was a fine young spark,

Plump as a pheasant ; with dark,

Long hair that curl'd on my back,

And a little moustache jet-black,

And eyes like the eyes of a hen ;

And a lady of quality said,

I look'd irresistible when

My lips parted juicy and red,

And *I* ogled, indulging the while

In a cynical, innocent smile,

And my curling moustache show'd beneath

Two rows of the whitest of teeth !

And then for my dress !—but there,

I had money enough and to spare,

And *I* clad me from head to foot,

Like an apple tree loaded with fruit.

I oil'd and scented my hair,

I gave my moustache a twirl,

I powder'd my teeth with pearl.

With the air of a corsair afloat,

Or the arm-sweep of kings, *I* drank wine ;

And in secret *I* silently wrote

On many a pink little note,

Embroider'd with flourishes fine,

Sonnets Petrarchan. He ! he !

Laugh, wheezy old ghost, at me !

It was *then* *I* knelt on the knee

To *la belle dame sans mercy* !

IV.

She made at the Duke's small Court
 No sensation of any sort,
 Though the Duke himself admitted
 She was pleasing and subtle-witted.
 Stuff!—For wit, her brains were as narrow
 And small as the brains of a sparrow;
 But (I'll tell you), however flat
 And silly her words, they fell pat,
 On account of the bright witty eyes,
 And the ringlets that shone as they shook;
 And the soft, tinkling laugh; and the wise,
 Half-crafty, half-innocent look,
 Wherewith, with her finger of snow,
 Just touching your own hand,—so!—
 She would look up into your face
 With a pretty infantine grace.
 Her lips were her best *bon mot*:
 Her very eyes were a pun;
 And she'd give to her glove, in fun,
 An epigrammatical kiss!
 But the fun of it all was this,—
 Though older, and bolder, and colder,
 She scarcely came up to my shoulder—
 Part fairy, part elf, part human;
 A little white mouse of a woman.

V.

Just so! In the Duke's Court she,
 Among beauties of high degree,
 Dashing and plump and tall,
 Cut a figure remarkably small;
 And small she seem'd, though sweet
 From her fair shining head to her feet;
 And just as a little doe crops
 Roses, she'd munch her words small,
 Or let simpering syllables fall
 Through her lips in nectarine drops.
 There it was! When hidden among
 The brocaded and furbelow'd throng,
 Like a daisy 'mong tulips, she seem'd
 So tiny, so sweet, so unsinuing,
 That, being moustached then, I dream'd
 She wouldn't be hard of the winning.

And, besides, I was everywhere thought
 Good-looking, fine-spirited, fraught
 With the graces of goodness and gold;
 But there! she for money cared nought,
 And for love—*verbum sap.*—she was cold.

VI.

Cold!—that's the expression—

VII.

Cold? yes!
 Not cold to her dog on her dress;
 Not cold to the crowd the Duke drags
 Behind him, a gay-coloured train,
 High-born, and foolish, and vain;
 Not cold to beggars in rags;
 Not cold to respectable grief,
 Whatever the rank or the place of it;
 Not cold to the world;—to be brief,
 Not cold to myself on the face of it,
 But cold in so far as one thought
 She might have been earlier taught
 A little personal power
 Of awakening dreams, thoughts, and feelings,
 Brain-prompting and sweetheart revealings,
 When apart from the rest, like a flower,
 Without wholly submitting to measure
 Her passion, grief, wonder, and pleasure
 By the whim of the crowd and the hour.
 Do you take me? as warm as is fire
 To whatever sensation you chose
 To pop right under her nose,
 And which it look'd nice to admire:
 Not cold to a smile from the Duke;
 Not cold to my passionate look;
 Not cold to the dish she was eating;
 Not cold to the friend she was meeting;
 Not cold to your sorrow or strife;
 Not cold to a kind hint or comment;
 Not cold to one thing, for a moment;
 But cold to all earth, for long life

VIII.

Listen as spirits can,
 Ghost of the sacristan!
 Pinch'd, and wither'd, and wan!

And, just at this point, pray a prayer
 Of thanks that we spirits of air
 Are much less opaque than we were,
 And without any trouble or bother
 Have the power to see through one another !

IX.

Well, *la belle dame sans mercy*,
 Though little, as I have stated,
 Wasn't so moved by me
 As I had anticipated.
 If I gave her a lily or rose,
 She took it with sweet joy-flushes,
 And held it up to her nose
 To cover her thanks and blushes.
 But a plague on the wanton head !
 Whatever you did or said,
 Whatsoever you placed in her eyes,
 One emotion alone would arise,
 With a thrill, in her bosom—SURPRISE !
 For a rose to be held to her nose,
 For a rose whose thorns tore her fine clothes,
 For a peep at a sparrow's nest,
 Or a lover's bare, bleeding breast,—
 For compliment, praise, wrath, admonishment,
 She had only one answer,—ASTONISHMENT !

X.

She was so small, I suppose,
 That, just as a honey-bee rifles
 Bit by bit the sweet core of a rose,
 She was forced to chop life into trifles ;
 Nor in dealing with sorrow to feel too much,
 Nor sipping of pleasure to steal too much ;
 Since her small brain found ample employment,
 And her smaller heart ample enjoyment,
 In taking short sips of delight,
 With a bee's very nice appetite,
 Here and there, be wherever she might ;
 And perceiving, wherever her blue
 Little eyes ranged, day, morning, and night,
 Some pleasure that struck her as new.

XI.

Thus she floated about wheresoc'er
 The tide liked to carry her, finding,

With a sweetness quite winning and blinding,
 Something wonderful here, something there,
 Which engaged, for the minute, the whole
 Of her faculties—body and soul;
 And seeing a fine *variorum*

Of incidents wondrously fair,
 No matter what trifles they were,
 Her conduct in life (to be fair)
 Was faultless in point of decorum;
 And I'll do her the justice to say,

That, though she danced just on the border
 Of folly, and liked to be gay,

She kept her small heart in such order,
 That it tempted her never astray.

This it is : Had I known how to win it,
 Had I chosen the very right minute,
 Her heart, though not amorous-warm,
 Might have surely been taken by storm;
 But I swam to her sight on the tide
 Of faces, and just as she cried,

With her sweet startled smile of amaze,

And her blush, "What a darling young man!"
 Something novel attracted her gaze . . .

But listen as spirits can,
 Ghost of the sacristan.

XII.

Cut it short, you suggest? To be short,

I woo'd her, pursued her, and swore

A thousand sweet oaths *con amor*;

And sometimes she liked the sweet sport,

And sometimes—she thought it a bore.

She'd smile, frown, and cry, o'er and o'er,

Praise, find fault, snub, encourage, commend,

Give cold shoulder, or fondly attend.

But—here was the worm, not a doubt—

She'd be terribly earnest about

No two things in succession; but all

Those things she most relish'd chopp'd small!

So when I first made my profession

Of passion, she noted my dress,

And my curling mustachio's expression,

And smiled so divinely, you'd guess

That her mind was engaged all the time

With sentiments really sublime.

Then, lo ! as my speech warmer grew,
 And fuller of thoughts high and choice,
 And the beating heart thrill'd in the voice,
 Tears stood in her eyes of soft blue ;
 And she suddenly noticed the fact
 That my voice had grown husky and crack'd,
 By a draught from a scoundrelly door,
 At the ball a few evenings before.
 And she trembled, glowing and panting
 Like a rose on a stem milky-stalk'd,
 Urging me on, and half granting
 My boon with a wonder enchanting,
 And thinking how thickly I talk'd.
 And when I at last made a pause,
 She was " O so sorry ! " she said,
 And refused me ! And *I* say the cause
 Was—because I'd a cold in my head !

XIII.

Ah, these women ! they're not to be made out,
 Ghost of the sacristan !
 The first of the drama was play'd out,
 My conceit was deliciously paid out,—
 But listen as spirits can !

XIV.

First, I swear by the ash of the coals
 That roasted St. Lawrence, and by
 The keys of St. Peter, that I
 Had loved with the truest of souls !
 Now it amuses me ! . . . Why ?
 Instead of seeking a cure,
 By flirting with some new passion
 (A very popular fashion),
 I grew doleful, distraught, and demure,
 Lost my appetite, ceased my wineing,
 Robb'd my blood of its brightness and quickness,
 Whining, at last, and repining
 Into downright green-sickness !
 Ay, I wasted and wasted away,
 Thinner and thinner each day,
 Shunning and hating society ;
 Till at last, with a shudder of pain,
 The weathercock of my brain
 Suddenly pointed to Piety !

XV.

Here, in the city, in those days,
 Spent his religious, morose days,
 A lantern-jaw'd Carmelite,
 High in the popular fame,
 For horror of lewd delight
 And unspiritual appetite,—
 Brother Jean Jacques by name ;
 A man with an eye like a hawk,
 But little given to talk.
 At the convent gate, one day,
 I found my Carmelite waiting,
 Moodily contemplating
 The clowns who were flocking to pay
 Their regards to the father confessor,
 The Italian intercessor.
 And after a *benedicite*,
 During which he noticed, with gravity,
 And a rather complacent suavity,
 My dirtiness, thinness, simplicity,
 My starved-looking, not over-clean,
 And very lugubrious mien,
 I drew him aside, and greedily
 Question'd him, wildly and needily,
 How such a poor rascal as I
 Might win for his soul, and most speedily,
 A place 'mid the saints in the sky.

XVI.

With eager anticipation,
 Every hair on my body bristled,
 As he pursed his lips and whistled ;
 And, in solemn deliberation,
 Eyed me from head to foot
 With the hawk's eye blacker than soot.
 Long did he meditate, eyeing me
 As if he were weighing and buying me ;
 And after appraising me fully,
 He whisper'd, quite calmly and coolly,
 "Be of good cheer, my son;
 I swear the thing shall be done,
 Thy place 'mong the holy won,
 In a manner not very unpleasant :
 We're in want of a SAINT at present,

And the place is not easily had ;
 But, in my poor estimation,
 You're a very likely lad
 For the vacant situation !”

XVII.

Listen as spirits can,
 Ghost of the sacristan !
 In less than a week from that hour
 A rumour went up and down,
 Round and around the town,
 That grace had come down in a shower
 On the body of Carmelite brothers,
 In the shape of a saint whose power
 Transcended the power of all others.
 Miracles ! wonders ! Faint
 Is my power of conveying to you
 The circumstantial and true
 Facts of the Carmelite saint,
 Whom the brother Jean Jacques (for so
 Ran the story) found lying low,
 Paler and colder than snow,
 One wintry night and late,
 Stretch'd at the convent gate ;
 But (and here was the wonder) when
 Revived by those sanctified men,
 He had flatly refused all food,
 Nor, wrapt in prophetic mood,
 Had eaten or drunken since then !
 And, of all that is earthly bereaven,
 Full of a spiritual glory,
 Was passing through purgatory,
 And thence (per starvation) to heaven !

XVIII.

Humph ! I see your glances question
 The bliss of my situation—
 And (let me confess it) starvation
 Was difficult of digestion ;
 But take in consideration
 The spiritual exultation !
 And the great and dignified goal
 That body was earning for soul,
 And I think you'll hold, with the rest,
 That my end, on the whole, was blest ;
 And if still you dissent, control

Your amusement, and hear the rest.
 O triumph of pride o'er passion !
 The first to come worshipping me,
 When the saint had become the fashion,
 Was la belle dame sans mercy !

XIX.

Humbly, devotedly, weepingly,
 While the blood in my veins hiss'd creepingly,
 She knelt at my side, and alone,
 Imploring some symbol or token,
 And the silence was sobbingly broken
 By many a musical moan !
 Sincere ? ay, I swear that her eyes
 Were as true (for that hour) as the skies,
 While with gaze all fixed and intense
 I froze the pale simpleton's sense,
 Till a cloud seem'd to blind her and cover her,
 And my brain seem'd to burn and to melt ;
 Then, eyed like a fiend, I stoop'd over her,
 And strangled her where she knelt !

XX.

That very night, at her side,
 I, the saint, very tranquilly died ;
 And 'twas afterwards told with wonder,
 That late in the eve, when the dame
 Was beseeching his saintship, came
 A fiend amid lightning and thunder,
 With a view of enrisking a fight
 For the soul of the saint that night ;
 But being defeated entirely
 By the saint with the strength to defy him,
 He had seized and demolished direly
 The sinner that knelt close by him !

XXI.

You shiver, old fellow ? He ! he !
 Well, my story is almost done :
 For the rest, in the crypt there, you see
 My saintship in stone—what fun !
 But hark ! that faint, far crowing,
 Familiar to me and to you !
 Ugh ! ugh !

Cock-a-doodle doo !
 Good morning ! it's time to be going !

R. B.

BERTIE BRAY:

A STORY THAT MIGHT BE TRUE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY LORME," "THE CROSS OF HONOUR," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

POOR BERTIE.

MRS. POWER's letter had been kind and encouraging, and Lady Blayne's unmistakably friendly, though perhaps coolly so, and Maurice's notes all that could be desired, save in respect of being rather short. Bertie left the Fincham railway-station with a prospect of nothing but happiness before her; and when she stepped into Mrs. Power's brougham, which was waiting to receive her, the brilliancy of her bliss almost overpowered her, for she was young and ardent, and very much in love, and fate seemed to smile upon her: the cup was to her lips, and she drank delicious draughts, and indulged in no morbid fears about the supply of the nectar being cut off.

It was nearly seven o'clock when she reached Berkeley Square: she had come up by a late train, in order that dinner might, shortly after her arrival, break the tedium or awkwardness of the first meeting with Maurice's mother; but there was no tedium or awkwardness to break. Mrs. Power came out into the hall when she heard the carriage stop, and was there to meet her guest as soon as her guest entered.

"How do you do, my dear?" she said, cordially taking her by both hands and kissing her. "I am delighted to see you, and to see what you are; you must try to feel that you have come to another home and a second mother. Maurice is later than he anticipated, but he'll be home directly."

And then, in spite of the thorough kindness, the unexpected warmth of Mrs. Power's greeting, Bertie's heart sank half an inch, for she had hoped that Maurice would have been there to meet her; at least, she had taken it so completely for granted, that she had not hoped about it, but now she knew that she was disappointed.

"Thank you for saying that to me," she said, subduing all of her chagrin that she could, out of gratitude to his mother. "I knew from your letter that you were going to be kind, but I didn't think you would be so kind as you have been, quite at first."

"My dear child, I could not be otherwise to *you*," Mrs. Power said: she was gratified at Bertie's quick appreciation of her polished, genial tact; she was gratified also at the well-bred effort Bertie made, and the fair success she attained, to put her little temporary annoyance at Maurice's

not being there out of court, through deference to her. "I only hoped to find her lovable and teachable," she thought, "and I find her very lovable and very well taught already.—You must go to your own room now, dear," she said aloud, "and my maid shall come and dress you. Make haste, for Maurice will be in directly, and then he'll be impatient."

Bertie did make haste, but the simplest toilette, made under the auspices of the most agile of fingers, takes a short time, and Maurice came in before she was ready.

"I wish you could have been earlier," his mother said as he entered the room; "Bertie has come."

"Has she? oh! ah! yes, of course, I forgot the train; I couldn't well have got away, though, for I've been with Frances in the Park."

"Of course, then, you could not leave your sister alone there."

"She wasn't exactly alone there; that is to say, when we got out of her carriage at the Kensington Garden end, we came across Rawley and his cousin, and they joined us. Did Bertie say anything?"

"Anything about what?"

"About my not being here. Oh, she didn't—that's all right; then don't you either, please, mother, or it will be getting her into a bad habit. Frances is coming in on her way to the opera to-night, to be introduced to Bertie."

"Does Sir Michael go with her?" Mrs. Power asked, rather sharply.

"No, I think not. I heard her offer to take Constance Pashleigh, as she would be alone," Captain Power replied, with an overdone carelessness that caused his mother to glance at him keenly.

"I think I'll go and dress, or I shall keep dinner waiting," Maurice added; and then he left the room, and Mrs. Power had five minutes free to meditate upon the variety of pleasurable conjectures she had formed, before Bertie entered.

"Maurice is home," Mrs. Power began—she seemed desirous of sparing her young guest a moment's anxiety longer than was necessary;—"he has been driving with his sister, and he has brought a message from her; she is coming in to be introduced to you to-night."

The family appeared to be ready to welcome her most warmly and willingly, and she was proportionably pleased and flattered thereat; but there was a something wanting: she was receiving what she had not quite expected,—marked, kind attention and affection from his mother; but she was not receiving what she had expected,—a display of the long-existent enthusiastic affection from Maurice himself.

She forgot the temporary mortification immediately Captain Power came down. He put his arm round her, and pressed his lips warmly on her forehead, and called her his own little darling. "It was a cruel thing, Bertie, that I couldn't be here to introduce you to my mother, but you've done it so well yourself, that I can't regret it."

Bertie felt herself blushing hotly under his gaze. He was again the

impassioned lover of the time before and during the first few days of their engagement. The truth was, Bertie was looking very pretty; her dress was becoming, and excitement had made her face radiant with a glowing, nervous, brilliant animation, that more regularly beautiful faces rarely possess. She was in a measure fresh to him, and her appearance struck him favourably, and made him rejoice that she was his; and so his pride renovated his affection, which had been on the wane during the last few days of incessant intercourse with Constance.

Lady Blayne brought Miss Pashleigh in with her at eight o'clock, and the rivals shook hands as cordially as only feminine rivals can, when they know the eyes of others are upon them.

"Wasn't it pleasant in the Park this afternoon, Captain Power?—Everybody was there—how was it you didn't take your usual drive, Mrs. Power?" Constance asked vivaciously.

"I stayed at home to receive Miss Bray," Mrs. Power replied, gravely.

"I told Captain Power twice that it was time he should go home; it wasn't our fault that he was late, was it, Lady Blayne?"

This is one of the surest small weapons a woman can use, the assertion that she has been urging upon another woman's property, the propriety of his returning to his allegiance, and that he has followed his inclinations and remained with *her*, despite her magnanimity. Bertie was not opaque, either mentally or physically; she felt the sting, and she winced, but she was true couraged, so she came up to the encounter at once.

"What makes you think he was late? he was home in very good time."

"Very good of you to say so—or was the train late?"

"No; the train was punctual, and so was Maurice, as far as dinner was concerned." After saying which, Bertie tried to pay undivided attention to Lady Blayne, and not to hear another word from Miss Pashleigh during the remainder of the short visit they paid her before going to the opera.

"I shall be very glad to see you as soon as you can come," Lady Blayne said, when she was shaking hands with Bertie and bidding her good night.—"Mamma, can you bring Miss Bray to luncheon with me to-morrow? I can't ask her to dinner, as I am engaged myself."

"Yes, certainly I can, Frances."

Of course the invitation includes you, Maurice," his sister said; and Maurice muttered something, that might stand for either acceptance or refusal, for his mind was unsettled at the moment by a whisper from Constance of, "Oh, what a bore! I was in hopes you'd have brought Miss Bray into the Park for the morning ride; I wanted *so* much to show you my new mare."

"I don't think I shall ever like that girl much," Lady Blayne said, as she drove off with her companion; "how Maurice can think her so pretty I can't imagine; she's hideously dark, in the first place, and he doesn't like dark women as a rule."

Constance dared not allow herself the luxury of uttering depreciatory words about Bertie Bray; she felt that they would fall in too bitter accents from her tongue.

"Oh, she is good-looking in her way," she said.

"Well, it isn't a way that pleases me," said Lady Blayne.

Captain Power had had some undefined kind of intention of keeping all knowledge of his having been in Constance's society that afternoon, to the non-fulfilment of his appointment with her, from Bertie; he was annoyed, therefore, with Constance for having alluded to the fact, and angry with his sister for having brought a meeting about in which the allusion could be made; so when they were gone he remarked,—

"What an insatiably vain little thing that Constance Pashleigh is!"

"Who has helped to make her so if she is, Maurice?" said Bertie, laughing. "She has a right, too, to be vain—I never saw such exquisite prettiness as hers."

"Do you think her better looking than my sister?"

"Not handsomer, but infinitely prettier; she's like a piece of porcelain."

"Yes, she's transparent enough," said Captain Power, half laughing, and glancing hastily at Bertie; "she's a flirt, and she lets it be seen. I suppose every one admires her, but she thinks admiration means love; that's the worst of it."

"It is very easy, I should imagine, for those who bestow the one upon her, to avoid leading her into the mistake that the other is offered," Bertie said, quietly.

"No, it isn't, by Jove; not with such a girl as Constance," replied Maurice, eagerly: "she has a way of looking at a fellow with a mixture of reproach and contempt, as if she thought him a coarse brute for not adoring her, and just liked him well enough to be sorry for his bad taste; and it's very difficult to stand *that*."

"Maurice," Bertie said, gulping back a round ball that had risen convulsively in her throat during his speech, "do you remember the promise I made you the day of the bazaar—the day I saw her first?"

"Yes, I remember it, dearest, and you *do*; you have every reason to trust me, Bertie."

"So though you try, unconsciously, perhaps, to shake my faith, Maurice dear, I can only say—for if I said more it would be a breach of the pledge,—Don't stand it, if the standing it should become too painful."

He always had been the creature of the moment; his were not premeditated false steps, or misleading ones. Now that she was with him, rich in so much womanly grace, and love, and beauty, he could not see her pained.

"My own Bertie," he said, "my darling that I've loved so long, do you think that one piqued woman's scorn and reproach could sway me from you? Why, the scorn and reproach of the whole world couldn't do it, if only you loved me still."

And that she did still love him very warmly and tenderly, Captain Power could not doubt, as he drew Bertie closer to him, and she dropped her head on his shoulder, and heaved one of those passionate sighs that can only burst from a love-charged heart.

"You'll go with us to your sister's, I suppose, Maurice?"

Mrs. Power asked the question as she came down the stairs on the following day about one o'clock, and met her son hastily ascending them.

"No, no, I can't, I'm annoyed to find," he replied. "Where's Bertie? I've been looking for her to tell her so; as I can't see her, *will* you tell her, mother, that I have to meet a fellow, and shouldn't be able to get to Frances' house till nearly three, when you'd be gone, probably?"

"You can see her, if you wait; she will be down in a minute or two, and then you can offer your own excuses to Bertie, Maurice," Mrs. Power said, as she brushed impatiently past her son, and down into the hall, where she tried to look at some cards, and appear occupied. He turned, and followed her.

"Mother, I can't wait; I can't, indeed: if I could possibly have gone with you, I would; but I can't placard the fact of being engaged, and the lady possibly requiring me to dance attendance upon her; and as I can't do that, I'm open to men making appointments with me as of old. You must give my love to Bertie, and tell her, for my horse is at the door."

Captain Power walked off, filling his whip, and his mother remained nervously turning over the cards till Bertie came down.

"It's unpardonable of me to keep you waiting," she said, "but I've been engaged in a contest with a refractory bonnet; as Maurice will be planted opposite to me, I felt it to be my bounden duty to adjust in the way he likes. Where is Maurice?"

"Gone to keep an appointment with a man at his club that he was compelled to meet on business," Mrs. Power said; the tag she felt to be false, but she added it to spare Bertie's feelings. "He just came in for a minute, and sent all kinds of messages and apologies to you; but I shall leave him to explain himself."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," said Bertie; but his mother was relieved to find that there was no distrust in her expression of regret. Then they got into the brougham, and were driven to Lady Blayne's.

"Maurice not come! how's that?" Lady Blayne asked, languidly, when they seated themselves down to the consumption of the luncheon they had been asked to eat, and found that conversation flagged. Mrs. Power was more silent than usual, owing to a rapidly increasing interest in Bertie, and foreboding that Bertie would in some way be made to suffer through her son. Lady Blayne had conceived one of those embryo dislikes to Bertie that we prophetic-souled women do conceive towards those who are born specially to sting us in some way at present undreamt of, and was

therefore wrapped in a deeper repose than was customary. And Bertie finding them both indisposed for conversation, was buried in her own thoughts, which were pleasant enough.

"Maurice had an appointment at his club," Mrs. Power replied, in answer to Lady Blayne's remark.

"Oh, at his club! men always have appointments at their clubs, I believe, if they don't want to do anything."

"You can hardly suppose that to be the case with your brother on this occasion."

"Oh no, of course not, mamma. Well, as Maurice is not here to make any other plans for you, will you go for a drive with me after luncheon, Bertie? I am going to one or two shops, and into the Park."

"I shall be very happy to do so," Bertie said; but she would rather have gone home with Mrs. Power.

"Very well, do;—then I will take her back to Berkeley Square, mamma, when we come out of the Park."

It was a very hot day: the sun came down like a hot corkscrew on to the heads of all those who ventured out; it penetrated the best lined parasols, and made the most ethereal of bonnets seem heavy. It made the most talkative eschew speech; therefore it was a small wonder that Lady Blayne and her companion should preserve a nearly unbroken silence throughout the shopping, which lasted some time. It was nearly five o'clock when they got into the drive, and then Lady Blayne roused herself to remark that Bertie looked very pale, and to ask her if she rode.

"Yes," Bertie said; "I have a pony at home, and Maurice says he will get me something to ride while I'm here in town."

"I dare say you ride very well," said Lady Blayne. "And you'll need to ride well with Maurice in the Row, for he's dreadfully particular; *there* goes the best horsewoman in London," she continued, as a girl flew past on a showy, handsome chestnut; and as Bertie looked up, and caught a passing glimpse of Miss Pashleigh, and a still fainter one of the cavalier who accompanied her, Lady Blayne exclaimed, "And I declare if there isn't Maurice with her!"

Bertie Bray leant back in the carriage. "The journey yesterday and the heat to-day have upset me," she said. "I should like to go home."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW "LUCILLE" WAS READ.

INSTEAD of going straight to the ride that morning, Captain Power had called at the Pashleighs, and found that Miss Constance was indisposed for equestrian exercise. "It's much too hot to ride a horse that pulls

one's arms off, as my 'Morning Star' does," she said. "If you have nothing else to do, Captain Power, you may sit there in that cool corner, and read this new poem, and give me your opinion of it; and any of the pretty bits you may read aloud."

Captain Power seated himself in the place she indicated, in the shade of the full white curtains that fell before the window of her *boudoir*, and separated it from the well-arranged miniature conservatory. It was a very pleasant place, for the air came in laden with the perfume of the bank of flowers that bloomed there. It was cool, too, by reason of the deep shade of the creeping plants that ran over everything luxuriantly. Constance sat at some little distance in a transparent muslin dress, looking like a well-arranged fairy. She was throbbing with pleasure inwardly, with the dangerous delight of having him there when she knew very well that he ought to have been elsewhere; but outwardly she was calm and collected, and captivately at her ease. In these cases, where the hearts of both are touched, a woman has many advantages. With her it only rests to be passive; action is for her opponent in this most subtly delicate of all the games of chess that are played. That stage was arrived at by both of them when very little can be said, in consequence of a little too much being felt. They neither of them spoke of Bertie Bray; but that they both thought of her constantly there can be no doubt, since each avoided a topic the moment it in any way approached her.

He had held the book she had given him idly unopened for some time; her face was a sweeter poem to him than any published one could be, and therefore it had pleased him best to sit in the soft, warm, sweet shade, and think. But at last he obeyed her behest, and began in his most dulcet and mellifluous accents to read that passionate plaint of a woman to the man she has so wildly loved, now engaged to another, with which Owen Meredith opens his masterly poem of "Lucille,"—

"I desire nothing more; and I hope you will feel I desire nothing much! Your friend always, Lucille." His voice fluctuated a little as he read those concluding lines; and Constance, glancing shily through her eyelashes, saw that his face had flushed, and that he appeared agitated. There was a pause for a minute or two, and then he said,—

"Am I to review the poem as I go along, Constance?"

"Yes, if you like," she said; "but there isn't much to be said about that half-page—only a letter!"

"Yes, only a letter; but a letter that not one woman in a hundred would have depth of feeling and warmth of heart enough to write. If such a woman existed anywhere, save in Owen Meredith's brain, any man would leave the one who might have made him temporarily forget his faith to the writer."

"Very few women would take the trouble to write such a letter, I fancy," said Miss Constance; "broken chains, however well they may be riveted, never hang gracefully again. But go on; I want to hear whether

Lord Alfred thought her weak for showing that her love was alive yet ; or whether, if he didn't, Miss Darcy would let him go."

So, through several hours of that sultry summer day, Captain Power sat and read cool and refreshing paragraphs from "Lucille" to Miss Pashleigh. It was pleasant enough this reading to a pretty, intelligent girl, who he was well aware keenly appreciated all the tenderest points ; pleasant, but wrong. He tried to salve his conscience once or twice, when he thought of Bertie, by asserting to himself that the severest moral censor could not say that there was aught of impropriety in such a purely mental recreation as he was indulging himself in : reading a new work that would be sure to create a *furor*, and about which every one would be talking, was only fulfilling his duty to society ; and reading it to a lady was only kindly assisting her to fulfil hers. Strictly speaking, there was not the slightest harm in the transaction, and as Bertie would never hear of it, she could not be uncomfortable about it. Besides, when he asked Bertie to marry him, he did not pledge himself to abstain from all things pleasant—Constance Pashleigh amongst the number—from that time forward.

Constance did not attempt to salve her conscience ; some lines fell dead upon her ears ; she was looking her difficulty and danger full in the face, and she was calling things by their proper names to herself.

"I shall take him from her if I can, because I love him so dearly that it would wither me to lose him ; but I know I am acting basely and dishonourably," was the substance of the various thoughts that flitted through her brain. She knew her purpose was cruel, but love was ruthless to her, and made her ruthless to her rival.

Once a fierce jealous pang wrung her poor little erring, fond heart : she brought the stab upon herself by saying,—

"What will Miss Bray say to your being away so long?"

And Maurice replied,—

"Oh, she's all right ; she's gone to my sister's with my mother."

She, Constance, was having his society, but Bertie was being treated by his family as it was due his bride elect should be treated ; she was very blamable in her present line of conduct, but she was not pursuing it scathlessly.

They had, as I have said, carefully abstained previously from the most incidental mention of Bertie ; but now it seemed that the ice was broken ; for when Constance presently came down again, after going to put on her habit, Captain Power, who had dutifully waited for her, said,—

"Do you remember my asking you to be a friend to Bertie ? I hoped you would be then, but, somehow or other, I don't think it ever will be now—will it?"

"No," said Constance, in a low voice ; "and whose fault is *that*, Captain Power?"

"Well, mine, I suppose," he replied, softly. "Don't reproach me, though, Constance ; for Heaven's sake don't do that, it will make me too miserable."

On this they started for that ride in which Lady Blayne pointed Miss Pashleigh out to Bertie as the best horsewoman in London.

When Captain Power went home he found his mother alone in the drawing-room.

"Where's Bertie?" he asked.

"Up in her room; the sun sent her home with a bad headache, so I advised her to lie down till it is time to dress for dinner."

He began to fidget about the room, altering the cords of the pictures, and upsetting the organization of the books on the tables and the flowers in the vases. He believed Bertie to be totally unconscious of where he had been so long; but he did not know how she might take the fact of his being so long away at all. In short, he was uncomfortable.

When she came down he was more uncomfortable still, for Bertie was frankness itself, and she told him at once that she had seen him in the Park; and she let it appear by her manner of telling, that the sight had not been pleasant to her. This was hard, for the cake had not been sweet to him even in the eating. He had not enjoyed his ride in the Row with Constance, because a horrible dread had been upon him the whole time, lest somebody would see him who would go and tell Bertie. It had never entered into his wildest imaginings that his sister would have taken Bertie there to see it for herself; and of his mother's discretion he was persuaded. Till it was all irrevocably settled, Mrs. Power would not parade Miss Bray and the engagement about in too many public places.

"Yes, he replied, "I had to call there, and I found that she was just going to ride; being on horseback, I went with her. You don't mind my having done so, do you, darling? I wish I had seen you with Frances; I should have joined you, and made you come home before the sun had given you a headache."

It was worse than folly to doubt this man, who could look straight into her eyes the while he uttered his tender speeches. She could not dare to deem his nature less noble than her own, and she knew that in her it did not lie to speak falsehoods frankly.

"Dear Maurice," she said, "I wish you had seen us and joined us; it would have cured me of a silly splenetic fit I was suffering from at seeing you riding by any one else's side. Miss Pashleigh rides well—manages her horse well, doesn't she?"

"Yes," he said, "Constance managed most things neatly. Bertie must take a hint or two from her handling of the 'Morning Star' when he had procured her (Bertie) a horse."

It was scarcely pleasant to be told that she would do well to take a hint from Constance as to anything; but Bertie passed over even that in her strong, difficult-to-shake-off clasp of this the most beautiful, and graceful, and refined element of her life. Very dry and arid had existence been to the beauty-loving girl before he had come to her and taken her for his own; very hard and arid would it be, she felt keenly, if any untoward

blast had the power to destroy this fair, fragile flower of love. He "was that *all* to her," truly, for which her soul had pined through many a long, unsatisfied, void day; but she could not make herself believe even that, fountain and shrine as he was to her, all the flowers blooming in his luxuriant nature were hers—wholly hers.

He was devoted to her the next day; he got the new book from Mudie's early in the morning, and varied the excitement his nature craved by sitting in the flower-laden shade of the verandah of his mother's drawing-room, and reading "*Lucille*" to Bertie. Bertie was gifted with even a more poetic organization than Miss Pashleigh, and was twice as well read; therefore the sensations to be got out of this second reading, under altered circumstances, were quite as thrilling as the first. The difference in the degrees of enjoyment was this:—one listener had been a woman in love, eager to listen to and ready to hear anything that bordered on her own state of feeling, that might be read by the loved voice; the other was a woman in love also, but one who, at the same time that she fully appreciated the sentiment, was equally alive to the sense and humour. Constance had only been earnestly interested in those passages that Maurice, away in the depths of his heart, denominated "*spooney*." Bertie paid both author and exponent the more subtle flattery of sparkling herself responsively as some of Owen Meredith's melodious, brilliant verses, redolent of the most delicate wit and humour, fell upon her ear. Both, in fact, were clever women; in many things Constance had the advantage of her rival, but Bertie had the true stamp of genius upon her, and this Miss Pashleigh lacked. Constance would recount an interview with a vulgar, half-bred, or foolish person; an awkward incident; or an untoward event, more amusingly and dramatically than Bertie: but on any point that required reading and thought to be brought to bear upon it, Bertie would discourse in a way that Constance, through utter inability, would never dream of doing. Bertie was not, perhaps, what people call a "*thoroughly sensible girl*;" the deductions she drew were frequently very erroneous, but they were quick and brilliant, and came ringing out from her mind with a sound of that genuine metal to which I alluded just now. She thought for herself a good deal, and so often thought incorrectly. There is safety in treading in the footsteps that are before us; but the pioneer's is a more pleasant path to the adventurous mind.

"Self-abnegation, self-abnegation," she exclaimed, impatiently, as Maurice brought the long reading of "*Lucille*" to a close; "what made that man throw the glow of his genius over such an unpleasant thing? It's real and poignant enough without Owen Meredith's trying to make it seem desirable, and giving encouragement to the race of Lord Alfreds to call forth such noble qualities."

"Of all the contemptible and disgusting male characters that are, that of a fellow who sets up for being a lady-killer is the most contemptible and disgusting," Captain Power said, heartily; but for all

the heartiness of his assertion, he almost winced when Bertie replied,—

“I agree with you, Maurice; a man may not be able to help changing his faith, but the change should be a grief and anguish to him, and no light pastime for a summer’s day: in fact,” she continued, “if a bond was honourable in the making, it should surely be esteemed dishonourable to break it; and so, if it must be, it should be done in all seriousness—not lightly.”

“H’m,” Maurice said, dubiously; “you’re right in the abstract, Bertie, but all these things are relative: for instance, I should break my heart over it, but I should never think of blaming *you* if you found the yoke I’ve put upon you too heavy.”

“Nor I you,” she answered, promptly, “if only you told me so openly.”

And then Mrs. Power came in, and the conversation took a more practical turn.

“I have had a note from Frances, asking us to go there this evening; I suppose you will neither of you mind going?”

Bertie said, “Not at all,” in what sounded an indifferent tone, but she meant what she said; and Maurice replied,—

“*What* a bore! but we must go, I suppose;” and in reality felt naughtily happy at the prospect, for he full well knew that Constance Pashleigh would be there too. He was like the moth that could not avoid the candle; only he was such a strong, ardent moth, that he was far more likely to injure than to be injured by any feminine flame. So he experienced a poignantly delicious spasm of happiness, that was very naughty and very natural, when he heard that in the order of things, and without any compromising efforts on his own part, he was going to spend a quiet evening in the society of Constance Pashleigh.

It seemed as if he were going to be disappointed when they reached Lady Blayne’s, for they found her sitting alone, playing *grande dame* to herself, and looking bored and cross. The reason that she had asked them in this impromptu manner was, that she had made their possible coming an excuse for remaining at home instead of accompanying her husband to a dismal dinner at Richmond, that had been evolved out of the longings of some dreary old friends of his after “old times,”—old friends who had married when they were all young, and whose wives had grown fat and matronly, and only tolerant of Sir Michael after he had regained respectability by marrying Frances Power; no wonder that Lady Blayne did not care to be of the party.

But though she had remained at home and pleased herself so far, she was very much put out, and she could not help showing it. There had been a certainty, and then a prospect, of Victor Rawley coming in; and the certainty had quite vanished now, and the prospect was but a vague one: on the whole, it would have been just as well to have put Sir Michael in a

good humour for so long as the memory of that Richmond dinner should last him, by going down to partake of it in his company. Lady Blayne was very much put out.

"Insufferably hot, and I fear you'll find it insufferably tedious, for there's nobody coming, at least nobody but Constance Pashleigh."

And when she said this, Bertie had no fear that she should find it what Lady Blayne dreaded, but rather insufferably lively, through agitation of an unpleasant order. It seemed to her that Lady Blayne, in catering for their amusement, had merely provided what would be *sauce piquante* for Maurice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY ?

CONSTANCE came in about ten minutes after them, and but for one brief momentary glance she managed to look as if she had not expected to see Maurice there; but that one momentary glance is quite enough to betray one woman to another, and again Bertie Bray felt very unhappy.

"I thought I was to find you alone," Miss Pashleigh said to Lady Blayne; and she said it as indifferently as if she had not seen Victor ten minutes before, and heard from him that the Powers and Bertie were going to be there; but Bertie didn't believe her, that momentary glance had been quite enough.

When two or three people, who are all extremely intimate, assemble themselves together, with the intention of passing away an evening with anything but sober sadness, they are sure, before many minutes, to feel and repent them of their mistake—that is, when the assembling themselves together is the result of premeditation. The present occasion was no exception to the rule; Lady Blayne was absorbed in wondering whether Victor Rawley would come at all, and if he did not, what time the others would be merciful enough to depart. Mrs. Power was conscious of a vague feeling of discomfort, and Constance and Bertie were both unhappy.

I am sorry to say that Captain Power was none of these things, but only just a little pleasantly excited; he made Constance sing to him and Bertie play to him, and was altogether bashaw-like and serene. While Bertie was chasing melody through some violent variations, Victor Rawley entered; he stood for some little time watching the group at the piano, and talking to Lady Blayne and her mother, but at last, on Constance nodding to him, he went over and joined them, and was introduced to Bertie, who left off playing for the purpose.

Miss Pashleigh had seated herself, while Bertie was playing, on a low chair, whose back offered itself as a convenient support for her head; Maurice was standing by her, between her and Bertie, near enough to have his hand on the back of Constance's chair, at the same time that he could

turn the leaves for his betrothed. Presently, after Victor joined them, and Bertie had left off playing and turned round, the lace lappet that Constance wore on the back of her head caught in something, and she put up her hand to free it; it was the action of a moment, but Victor Rawley saw the two hands meet in a pressure that he actually trembled lest Bertie Bray should see. But Bertie, happily for herself, did not see it, and then Victor darted an indignant glance at Constance and breathed more freely. He would have been very sorry—more than sorry, indeed—to see this girl, who looked so frank and trustful and loving, put to an open misery by his little flighty cousin—for he gave Constance credit for having no real feeling in this, any more than in other affairs.

“I want to speak to you, Constance,” he said to her, when a judiciously ordered sandwich tray came in and made a diversion. He drew her towards a window, out of ear-shot of the others, and then he spoke suddenly and sternly.

“I won’t have this, Constance. I won’t have any more of this idle, dangerous flirting with Power.”

“I’m not flirting with him—it’s very fine of you to talk to me in this way, Victor! you are a nice mentor, truly—I’m not flirting with him; and even if I were, why is that worse than your flirting with Lady Blayne as you *do*? you know you do: she’s a married woman, which I am not; so it’s ten times worse.”

“For Heaven’s sake, don’t cite my misconduct as an excuse for your own, Constance,” he exclaimed, bitterly. “My dear little cousin, don’t be angry with me, but I can’t see you trying, in your thoughtless, idle way, to wring such a heart as that girl must have, without telling you what you are doing.”

She almost panted, but she did not speak.

“Promise me that there shall be a cessation of these tender courtesies between Power (who isn’t half good enough for either of you) and yourself, or, by ——,” he continued, savagely, “I’ll make him promise.”

“He might with far greater justice take this tone with you about his sister, Victor,” Constance replied, coldly; “you of all people should be more tolerant.”

“Now I must go and have a sandwich,” she continued, as Victor Rawley, unable to answer her, stood looking at her with a pained, reproachful, pleading gaze, that would have touched her heart once, before she was so strangely smitten by the insidious disease that threatened to destroy, not her alone, but Bertie. But all pity for Victor was merged in the absorbing joy of seeing that Maurice was uneasy, and evidently jealous at her having had even for a few minutes an apparently confidential conversation with her cousin. It was very absurd of him, but Maurice, who would have been prompt to see the absurdity in another, could not avoid giving himself some of the airs of a jealous lover when Constance came into the circle again; and Constance’s gratification thereat was intense.

"I know I am selfish," he took an opportunity of whispering to her with a charming candour, that made selfishness appear rather an enviable and estimable quality, "but you will be merciful, Constance, and not wound me again as you have to-night?" And when Constance asked him "How?" he gave vent to a sigh that was most expressive, she thought, and spoke of the "self-humiliation" he experienced at feeling jealous, when he knew painfully that he had no right to do so, and of his utter inability to be otherwise, and of the general cruelty of fate and perversity of circumstances, to which he was a victim, in a way that made Victor's caution more absolutely useless even than when it was given.

After the household had all retired that night, Mrs. Power opened her door and came softly out into the corridor, and listened. A light streamed through the chinks of a closed door, belonging to an apartment that her son was in the habit of using as a smoking and writing room when at home. Mrs. Power made her way swiftly down-stairs, then she opened the door quietly and entered.

Captain Power was standing by the mantelpiece, hastily writing on a small piece of paper, and too much absorbed in his occupation to heed his mother's presence. She stood watching him for some minutes, during which his pen never stopped; then he folded the paper up and put it in an envelope, which he addressed rapidly; and pushing the completed epistle away from him, he flung himself down on the couch that stood near, and gave vent to an exclamation of angry, impatient annoyance.

"Maurice!" she said softly, passing quickly up to his side, and getting a full view as she did so of the directed letter.

"Mother! *you* here?"

"Yes, why not? I wanted to speak to you, and I knew there could be no objection to my coming here, even though you might be engaged writing letters, as I see you were."

He glanced uneasily at the letter, but he did not answer.

"After the arrangement was made to-night, which will bring together the same party again to-morrow, I saw what, if I had seen it before, would have altered that arrangement. I cannot now put a stop to the projected drive to Sydenham, but I must insist that you make Miss Pashleigh respect my guest, and that you yourself respect the feelings of the woman you are going to marry. I could not have supposed it possible that Constance Pashleigh would have outraged, not Bertie alone, but all sense of propriety, as she did to-night."

"You were not so enthusiastically delighted at my having engaged myself to Bertie Bray, mother, that you need now, in your championship of her, insult Miss Pashleigh. You take things far too seriously; it's only an idle flirtation between us. She can't help being a little flattered at my singling her out to pay attention to; and even if she could help feeling flattered, she can't help my doing it. As to its being more than a flirtation, it's absurd to suppose anything of the sort."

He rose now and pocketed his letter, and his mother said,—

"You are not telling me the truth : it is no idle flirtation ; she has a deep-set purpose, and you are aware of it. I cannot control your heart ; but, Maurice, if you are going to break Bertie Bray's heart, do not do her the further injury of keeping up the semblance of faith to her. Be honest, if you cannot be honourable, as I would have died once rather than believe you would not be."

"Mother," he said, and he was very much agitated, "you wrong me and Constance too ; believe me that you do : we are both guilty of a little idle folly, but neither of us is guilty of perfidy to dear little Bertie."

"Would you show me that letter then, Maurice, that you have been writing to her to-night ? will you let me see that note which you put in your pocket just now ? If it is only an idle flirtation, you can surely have said nothing which I may not see and Bertie hear of ?"

"Really, mother, you forget that I am not a boy any longer."

"I do not forget it ; but *you* forget that you have the responsibilities of a man and a gentleman upon you. To proclaim Bertie Bray to the world as your future wife—to get her up here away from her friends—to shake her reliance on you in these early days—to practise on her feelings for the greater triumph of a girl who, as I have said just now, outrages propriety as much as she does Bertie by her conduct with you,—these are things that make me indeed fear that you forget you are no longer a boy."

"Don't speak harshly of Constance, mother ; I can't stand *that*. Blame me as much as you please—I acknowledge that I have been precipitate in the matter of this engagement ; but I'm very fond of Bertie, and it will be all right."

And in a fit of contrition for something, Maurice tore up the note he had indited to Constance, into very small bits, and threw it under the grate.

"You're unstable as water, boy," his mother said, kissing his forehead with a sort of pitying fondness, that is always painful to a woman to feel ; "don't disgrace your name by breaking your word, though, if you can help it."

She left him alone now, and Captain Power sat himself down sorrowfully to think that perhaps, after all, it would be impossible to avoid breaking it ; he had said more to Bertie certainly, but he had said quite enough to Constance for broken vows to be laid to his charge, if he did not act up to them. Besides, he had been very extravagant, and Constance was an heiress. "I'll speak to Bertie to-morrow, and put it to her, whether it wouldn't be wiser to wait some years before even we think of marrying," he said to himself. But when to-morrow came his financial difficulties looked of such trifling proportions by daylight to his sanguine vision, that he didn't make that speech to Bertie, and consequently Bertie was still free to be blooming and sweet in unshaken happiness. He always put off unpleasant things if he could, so he gave his conscience a bill, and promised to meet it at some extremely indefinite period, and employed the

present in making open, legitimate love to Bertie, of an order that satisfied the requirements of good taste as well as of affection; and likewise improved the shining hours as far as was consistent with prudence with regard to Constance. All might yet go well, his mother hoped, as she marked the former proceedings, and was in happy ignorance of the latter.

All might have gone well! who can tell? but towards the close of that pleasant day at Sydenham the party separated a little, and Bertie found herself at last with Mr. Rawley and Lady Blayne, close to that court known as "Glaucus House."

"Where can Maurice, and mamma, and Constance be?" Lady Blayne said. "Oh, there's mamma, on the opposite side; I'll go to her." She went across the transept, and Victor and Bertie sauntered in to look at the embodiment of that exquisite description with which we are familiar in the pages of "The Last Days of Pompeii." "I thought I heard Maurice's voice," Bertie said; and they turned round, and there in the alcove stood the pair, perfidious lover and perfidious friend! His arm was round her, and she was looking up into his face with a warm glow of love over her own. "My darling," he said, "I swear it—no other woman shall ever be my wife."

Bertie Bray was not a girl to faint, or cry out, or scream, when her happiness was blasted by such a sight, and her heart struck by so fatal a blow. In the same moment that she saw this sight and heard these words, she knew that she was seen by Maurice and Miss Pashleigh, and also that everything was gone in the world for her. She turned to Victor Rawley very quietly, and said,—

"I don't quite know what I ought to do;—something, I suppose."

"The scoundrel!" Victor muttered; "come away, Miss Bray, *do*. You can do nothing—come away."

"No, no," she answered, impatiently; and before Victor could stop her, she had gone up to Maurice Power and his now thoroughly abashed companion.

"I couldn't help it—I didn't come here to watch you, Maurice, but it is better that I have come, for I know it the sooner."

"I couldn't help it either," Constance interrupted, passionately; "you must hate and despise me, you can't help doing that, but you'll believe that I love him."

"And I love him too," poor Bertie said, passing her hand with a weary gesture across her brow; "it's all very hard, but we can't help it. Let us go home, if you please, and don't say anything till we get home. Maurice, you should have told me; would I ever have held you to your promise, do you think? Oh! you should have told me."

There was not another word spoken between them till they reached home; then Maurice stopped Bertie as she was following his mother across the hall.

"You will never forgive me, Bertie," he said; "I've been such a brute to you—and I knew you when you were such a little child."

She did not require the softening touch ; there was nothing hard in Bertie Bray's nature.

"Forgive you ! oh yes, Maurice ; but it never can be as it was before : you couldn't wish it ; it would be impossible and unnatural, for you love *her* [and she almost wailed as she said it] better than you ever loved me."

She could not wait to hear his answer—indeed, he had none to make ;—she rushed on and knocked at Mrs. Power's door.

"Come in," the proud voice, that was always soft to Bertie, said cordially. Bertie opened the door and went in. There are some words that are too hard to say, and some moments that are too horrible to dwell upon. On the phraseology Bertie employed, and the time she invested in making what had occurred clear to Mrs. Power, I will not enlarge. She told her tale after a fashion, and she never once blamed either Constance or Maurice ; she covered up her eyes as she told it, and kept her head pressed down on the arm of the couch on to which Mrs. Power had gently drawn her. And when she had told it there was a long silence in the room. At last Mrs. Power spoke :—

"How shall I ever send you back to the parents who trusted me with you ? Oh ! Bertie, my poor child, you suffer only one degree more than I do in being his mother."

"No ! don't say that," Bertie said, putting her hand up and pressing the caressing one that was laid upon her head ; "they'll never say anything about him—against him, I mean,—he was such a dear boy when they knew him first, and they'll never hurt me by blaming him ; and you must be loving to him now at first : and as for me," she continued, trying to smile, and bursting out crying instead, "I had better go back to-morrow to Fincham."

There are so many ties broken when the great one gets dislocated.

That Captain Power was profoundly uncomfortable at the sudden turn affairs had taken, there can be no doubt ; nor can there be any as to his readiness to marry Bertie if only the pressure were put on, but nobody put the pressure on ; on the contrary, it was distinctly intimated to him, that those few words interchanged between them after their return from Sydenham were to be the last that he would hear from or speak for many a long day, perhaps for ever, to Bertie Bray. The next day was Sunday, and on Monday Mrs. Power took her back to Fincham. There was very little said. Her father remarked only, "life and love were equally strong in the young, unfortunately ;" and her mother, that "it would have been much better if Captain Power had never come near them at all." All of which proud Mrs. Power listened to very humbly, and had no doubts within herself as to whether her son were guilty or not guilty.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT PEOPLE SAID AT FINCHAM.

"If the time should ever come when you can see me without pain, and utter my name without hating it, write to me, Bertie, my child, and tell me so; I shall always be hoping for that time to come myself."

They were the last words Mrs. Power said to Bertie before her departure, after passing a sad, dreary, unpleasant hour in the Brays' house on the occasion of her bringing back the poor child, who had gone away for no other purpose, it now seemed, than to get a mortal stab.

Bertie could only say in reply, "Thank you;" those were just the two words that she could get out smoothly and steadily, and as she had an aversion to histrionics, she refrained from attempting any more.

Mr. Bray drove Mrs. Power over to the station in that same little pony-carriage in which Bertie had made her *début* as a whip under Maurice's auspices. There was very little said between them: Bertie's happiness had been a lifelong, fondly indulged-in dream to her father; it was very bitter to be awakened by such a rude shock as this.

It is hard to have the conviction that the conduct of some one, who is naturally very dear to us, is unexceptionably bad; it is harder still to know that it is well understood by those around, that we are quite alive to the sin, and yet at the same time are expected to be humanely tolerant to the sinner. Maurice's conduct had been very hateful, but it did not behove his mother to hate him, or even to be as hard to him as any one else, and this she knew Mr. Bray felt; yet all the same there was a terribly painful delicacy in either abstaining from or alluding to the subject. They spoke a little of the gorgeous colours in which the year was dying—for it was nearly autumn weather now,—and of the warmth and other delights of the summer that was over, and of the book and picture of the season, the thunder of whose praises had reverberated even down in Fincham; and at last, when the engine was being "put to," they spoke of Bertie.

"Thank you for your kindness to my child," he said; and there was no mockery in his thanks—and she well understood that there was not, and did not attempt to deprecate them.

"Within the last four-and-twenty hours I have had a grievous humiliation; Bertie will bloom again, and when you see her happy as the wife of some better man, you will pity me, for Maurice will never own an unbroken faith, an unblemished honour again."

"Young men hold these things lightly; but still I do pity Maurice: he has not lost the love, but he has lost the esteem of two good women," Mr. Bray replied; and as he handed her into the carriage, the warm pres-

sure of his hand told her that her sympathy had been accepted as honestly as it was offered.

“Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : give to a gracious message
A host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell themselves
When they be felt,”

Cleopatra exclaimed, when the news was brought that faithless Antony had given Fulvia a successor in his legal love. She was a queen, with a royal contempt for scandal, probably, and most assuredly with a royal disinclination to hear unpleasant things spoken about. But the majority of women are not Cleopatras ; they rather prefer being “honest,” as far as giving “ill tidings a host of tongues” goes.

Is it true that there is something pleasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends ? Something *piquant* there is, doubtless, as witness the avidity with which we listen to and repeat “what has hurt us very much,” viz., the poetical justice which has overtaken somebody who was more fortunate than ourselves awhile ago—who marched along the velvet lawn of prosperity in silken attire, whilst we could only just meander clear of the gutter in rags. The failure of our friend’s book through the distorted taste of the public—the rejection of his picture through the infamous influence of that cabal, the R.A.—the shocking way in which that marriage of his eldest daughter’s, on which he so prided himself, turned out—the semi-genteel starvation system, circumstances have compelled Mrs. Bombast (whose manner was so offensive to us last year) to adopt—the failure of the engagement which made our prettiest rival happy with a happiness she can never know again now love’s young dream is over for her—the wringing of that specially detested chestnut’s leg, who always before had stepped more handsomely than our own chestnut, and so taken that admiring regard off him which we felt to be his due, for that he was our own,—all these things “hurt us very much,” we say, and are heard by us with countenances of sympathetic gloom and dejection. But we listen to them, nevertheless, and talk about them in turn to any one who will listen to us. Our own little disappointments and mortifications are not half so nicely seasoned ; we rather object to taking them in our mouths so constantly.

But other people do it for us ; the law of reprisals works quietly but unceasingly ; while we are engaged in politely mangling the affairs of some one with whom we have nothing whatever to do, some other person is employed in performing the same kind office for us. If we could only hear what people say of us, there are very few of us who would not be ashamed to walk abroad in the daylight !

It was only natural that Bertie Bray should not have been home many days before every one who knew her, and a great many who did not, should be fully aware that she had had a disappointment. People who would not have taken the slightest interest in her if she had been starving, or toiling hard to avoid that pleasing state of being, or married to a respect-

able man who calmly pursued his calling in some unheard-of station of life, and never appeared upon the surface at all—people who would have ignored her existence then, took the keenest interest in her being jilted. “It was very wrong, very foolish,” they said, with a pitying cadence in their voices, “to have got up such an engagement; very wrong and foolish of Mr. and Mrs. Bray to have allowed it, and very presumptuous of Miss Bertie to have done it; but she was punished now,—they would not say *rightly* punished, though they must say many people would be less gentle than themselves; and they hoped it would be a lesson to her,—a bitter one, they feared, for of course her prospects were ruined for ever in the matrimonial market.”

Women who are unmarriedable themselves, or who have a heavy brigade of unmarriedable daughters, hanging wearily on hand, are fiendish in their spleen and spiteful satisfaction when a girl, who has been accessory to the crime of being loved, gets stabbed by the one who has loved her. How lovingly they will dwell on those minutiae that she would now desire mercifully to be buried in oblivion! How vividly they will paint, for the benefit of any man who will listen to them, each little demonstration of affection that she gave vent to in the days when to do so was no shame! How earnest they are in impressing upon every one that “he never cared for her, and that she was very foolish ever to believe that he did; and that though he was very much to blame, of course, still it might be that the girl had brought it upon herself”!

But perhaps this vinegar and salt poured into the fresh wound is more spirit-stirring than the gentle, kindly oil of genuine pity; this last is awful, for the wound is hot, burning, and the oil makes the fierce destroying flame burn more fiercely still. To the rabid old maids and dowagers—to the false friends who extend a velvet paw and let their claws out when it is firmly clasped—it is possible to give back scorn for scorn, to pay back with interest each cat-like advance. But from the true friends who join in all lovingkindness there is no escape; like other inevitable evils, they must be borne in uncomplaining silence.

“Do you think she will go to church on Sunday?” Mrs. Williams, who had called in the middle of the week to hear what she could, said, as she was going out of the hall door.

“Why, yes; it isn’t like a death, you know,” Mrs. Bray replied. Then the tears came into her eyes, and she added, “It would have been better if it *was*, almost, wouldn’t it?”

Mrs. Williams was not quite clear about whether it would be better or not; unquestionably, as far as regarded conversational purposes, the story would tell better as it now stood, than if death had rendered Captain Power unavoidably false to Bertie. Being uncertain, she only shook her head, and said,—

“Ah! these are sad, sad trials; I hope the Lord will teach her to bear them humbly.”

She would have been very indignant with any one who had proposed that the Lord should teach her to humbly bear the cold feet the uncarpeted pew had caused her last winter; and she would have preferred relief from the clerical fund, if her good husband had been suddenly removed from this sublunary sphere, to the prayers for humility to be added to her stock of cardinal virtues, from any number of the faithful. But it is always easier to be pious and patient for our neighbours than for ourselves.

"It is quite true," she said to her husband, whom she found in the garden re-potting a rose when she got home—"it is quite true, and I never heard of anything more iniquitous in my life. I asked if she was coming to church on Sunday, and rather to my surprise her mother said Yes, she thought she was. I think it would be more delicate to remain at home, particularly as the Bishop will bring a large party with him."

For the episcopal magnate of the diocese was coming to preach at Fincham on the following Sunday, in aid of the funds of the society for the distribution of "Tales with a Purpose, enlivened by first-rate wood engravings," amongst the Calmuck Tartars. He was to partake of luncheon at the Rectory after his efforts, and a good many people—members of the surrounding county families—were coming to hear him preach and see him eat.

"I don't see anything indelicate in Bertie coming to church because a man has behaved like a blackguard to her," Mr. Williams said. "It won't conduce much to the recovery of her hilarity," he continued, with a laugh,—for the mental and spiritual outpourings of his right reverend superior were not regarded by him with awe;—"but you may as well ask her in to luncheon afterwards: take it for granted that she isn't going to make herself miserable, and she'll thank you twice as much as if you howl over her."

Mrs. Williams resolved that she would do nothing of the kind; as Bertie Bray was not going to be Mrs. Power, there was not the smallest necessity for treating her to that meed of attention which she would have had a Christian pleasure in offering her if she had been going to marry, and likely to be useful to Mrs. Williams during that lady's visits to the metropolis. Under existing circumstances, Bertie must be content to pay the penalty of having been unfortunate. "I know my duty as the wife of a Christian minister," Mrs. Williams said, "and it teaches me not to go and set up my judgment against God's; He has seen fit to punish her, and it doubtless was deserved."

Bertie Bray *did* go to church on Sunday,—not because she thought she would be improved by the prayers, or edified by the sermon, or soothed by the squalling of the Sunday school children; she had no such wild and visionary notions: she went there for the same reason that she came down to breakfast in the morning and went up to bed at night,—because it was her custom, and it was easier to go on with it than to leave it off.

She stopped behind her father and mother when they reached the church door, to speak to a child who was coming up the path.

"Come for a dinner for your little brother, Maggie, if you have time, after service; I would carry it to him myself, only I am not quite well," she said, kindly; and then, as the child thanked her, and went into the usual irrelevant and inconsequent details about her little brother's health, Mrs. Williams and her friends crossed from the Rectory garden, which opened into the churchyard, and spoke to her.

"I didn't expect to see *you*, Bertie;—how's your poor mother?" she said, in almost a whisper; and Bertie replied aloud,—

"Why not, Mrs. Williams? why didn't you expect to see me here?—Mamma is very well, thank you."

"Ah, poor thing! I do feel for her—for you all—indeed I do;" and then mournfully collecting her lace shawl round her a little closer, so as not to catch in any extraneous rustic object that might be hanging out of the free seats, and nodding with seraphic love to Bertie, Mrs. Williams passed on.

The Bishop had brought his daughter with him, Mrs. Annesley, a pretty young widow, childless, and with nothing better to do than accompany her papa about, and enliven his harangues to the minds of men, by her bright presence.

"Who is that young lady?" she whispered, as she walked up the aisle to the Rectory pew; "and what is the matter, that you said you pitied her and her mother?"

Before she could receive an answer Mrs. Annesley had to prostrate herself, and abstract her mind from all things earthly, as people always do, of course, directly they enter a church; but her mind came back with a bound apparently, for as soon as they were all up again she whispered, "Did you hear what I said?"

"She's a parishioner—a girl I've really taken a great deal of interest in; but, unfortunately, a sort of engagement was got up between her and a man whose family wouldn't hear of it, I suppose, for it is all broken off now."

"Poor girl!" Mrs. Annesley exclaimed, heartily, "what a shame to jilt a girl like that! She looked a 'thorough-bred,' and I thought she was going to stamp when this foolish old woman spoke to her in that offensive way," she thought to herself. "Will you introduce me to her when we go out?" she presently whispered again to Mrs. Williams. It was very wrong, of course, of a bishop's daughter to talk in church; however, being a bishop's daughter, Mrs. Williams could do no less than accede to her request with a ghastly grimness, and condone the offence against religious propriety; besides, as at the moment her husband was giving tongue to the congregational desire to be delivered from all envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, she could not be other than affable to everybody, especially before a bishop's daughter, just then.

"Pray don't let them think you are wearing the willow, if you can help it, Bertie dear," her mother said, piteously, when they were coming out of church, and Bertie gave signs of a not unnatural desire to get away quickly and quietly.

"No, mamma, I won't; but *don't* say that again," poor Bertie almost groaned, as she curbed herself, and waited for the hebdomadal rectorial greeting.

"This is my pet parishioner, Bishop; this is Miss Bertie Bray," Mr. Williams said; and Mrs. Annesley did not wait for a more specific introduction, but held out her hand to Bertie at once, and told her that she was the Bishop's daughter, and that she had wanted to know her (Bertie) as soon as she saw her. Before this recognition of Bertie as a person to be recognized, Mrs. Williams could only bow.

"You must come in to luncheon with us, dear," she said; "Mr. Williams quite expects you, and I should have asked you before, only I knew that we were such old friends that I might leave it till now."

And urged on by the admonitory "Go, go," of her mother, and the gaze, expressive of sympathy and affection, from her father, Bertie said she would go, and went.

Mrs. Annesley was a fast little woman condemned to live in a cathedral town! Can any situation more pitiable be imagined? Hers was the "fastness" of a perfectly healthy organization, combined with a pure-spirited mind; she liked horses, and admiration, and dancing, and officers ("not the line," she always said—her husband had been a guardsman, and she detested the line), but it was only the former that ever ran away with her; she could keep all the rest and her liking for them in check. She was the only child of her father, and he was a bishop; and though it was very hard to live on a microscopic income away from him, it was almost equally hard to live in episcopal palatial splendour with him sometimes, for he was an old man and a dull. But she was an affectionate daughter, and very fond even of his peculiarities—which was more than she was of the unexceptionable ones who constituted society around her. She liked novelties of all sorts, and Bertie Bray was a very pleasing one.



THE MAN IN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SACKVILLE CHASE."

CHAPTER XXI.

SEVERN BARNES IS SENT TO ITALY.

GREAT changes are effected in the course of twelve months ; that space of time is long or short, according to the events which have passed within it ; indeed, the same observation holds good with regard to a day or a hundred years. A powerful dynasty may to-day be in possession of a brilliant throne, and to-morrow it may be skulking out of a kingdom under the protection of an *alias*. A mighty army may be glittering in its glory and appointments in the morning sun, and in the evening be scattered powerless and in flight. The whole world and all that inhabit it are but the puppets of perpetual change, a change so unvarying, so anomalously the same for ever, that we have a saying circulating amongst us, and that has come down from a most remote and unrecorded age, that there is nothing new beneath the sun.

Twelve months' time has produced a striking change in the appearance of Severn Barnes ; he has shot up from the sprightly youth into the smart young man, albeit he is but young in years still. He has been an apt pupil to Mr. Spaltok, who speaks of him to Silvester Langdale with the pride of a professional man who has produced a prize. Yes, Mr. Spaltok is proud of his pupil, and ventures confidently to predict that he is destined to rise to eminence in the musical world.

Silvester Langdale himself has in twelve months risen into high eminence in his profession ; his has been a course of uninterrupted success. He has advanced in wealth, in station, and, we must add, in embarrassment.

He has not been reckless; as we have seen, he has always prided himself upon the absence of such a fault; but he has been, and is, entirely thoughtless as to the future. Short as his brilliant career has been, he has anticipated much of its future proceeds. Silvester Langdale is now in other hands besides those of Marl Baskerville, and he has forged many of those unseen chains which hang so heavily, and yet so lightly, upon those by whom they are self-imposed.

Silvester Langdale would seem to be incapable of thinking of the future; he would enter into engagements for some three months hence, and having removed the exigencies of the moment, he would think no more of the new fetters which he had placed about his neck, and so, from time to time, he would find himself struggling in a maze, from which he seemed to be inextricable; but he was never without wealth at his command. His income was a large one, and was constant, and was increasing, and with every probability of continuing to increase; and so, while the desires of the moment were satisfied, Silvester Langdale thought not of the future, albeit that future might be almost said to be constantly upon him. His future with the present, each month, was becoming more intimately blended, as it were; and yet every day he flattered himself, without forethought or the least calculation, that shortly he would be beyond the rising annoyance to which the wearing of his unseen chains so continually subjected him; and so, from time to time, suddenly would rise up before him new and unanticipated results of former want of forethought; and thus was he kept bound in fetters that were strengthening daily. But Silvester Langdale cared not for them as yet. Twelve months ago his prospects looked, and were, indeed bright; but what were they compared with the future that was opening out before him now? The twelvemonth's time has wrought a change in him and in his prospects truly. Lord Montalban's predilection for the young barrister has strengthened with his knowledge of his young friend, and, as all the sagacious world prognosticated, there could be but one result to the young man's visits to the peer's house. The course of Silvester Langdale's true love ran smoothly indeed, for Augusta Montalban had brought herself gradually to love him ardently, and she was his adoration. Augusta Montalban had gone on accumulating comparisons between the Marquis of Milltown and the barrister in the Temple, until her soul became so blended, as it were, with the name of Silvester Langdale, that if Lord Montalban had entertained any objection to the match, he would not have dared to openly express it. His daughter was a part of his own soul, and he had never denied her anything, and now she ruled an empress over his will. It had therefore been arranged that, in the spring of the next year, Silvester Langdale should marry Augusta Montalban. It is true that Lord Montalban, when the proposal was made to him—and it was made by Miss Montalban herself, rather in the nature of unrepressed determination than that of an appeal—did impose a kind of implied condition. Of course his daughter should marry Silvester Lang-

dale, because she wished to do so, and had made up her mind to do so; and all he would ask from Silvester Langdale was, that he should make an effort to get into Parliament, because, as Lord Montalban argued with the Duke of Chaumontel one morning when discussing the matter, "the sooner he gets into Parliament, the sooner is he likely to be Lord Chancellor."

We need scarcely say, that when the intended alliance was first proposed to the Duke of Chaumontel, that august and fossil personage was thrown into a state of horror by it. "Did Montalban forget that he was of the blood of the Chaumontels, and that the branches of the Chaumontel tree drew their heraldic life-blood from roots that were planted in the soil when the Heptarchy was in its meridian strength and splendour? The blood of the Chaumontels had never been crossed in the female line, and surely Montalban was not the man to engraft a spurious blossom on the tree. The male scions of the noble house, he conceded, might elevate new blood to an alliance, but that was a very different thing to Augusta Montalban marrying a barrister. Montalban must remember it, damn it!" and the Duke of Chaumontel flourished his cane, and struck his Hessian boots with it.

But Lord Montalban was utterly powerless in the matter, whatever his feelings were. He probably would have wished that his daughter had fixed her choice upon the head of the Chaumontels; but then she had refused to do so, and there was an end of that matter. At all events, after the Duke of Chaumontel was gone, Lord Montalban congratulated himself that he was in a much better position with regard to these matters than the Duke was; for he would much rather be the father of a daughter who could marry a Silvester Langdale, than of a son who could marry a Marie Wingrave. He was on the point once or twice of saying this to the Duke, but he wisely refrained from doing so.

And then, again, when Lord Montalban was alone, he reasoned from another starting-point upon the matter. His daughter had fixed her determination, therefore it was irrevocable. She might have fixed her choice upon a penniless adventurer, a spendthrift, or a ruined *roué*. What would their prospects then have been! Lord Montalban had for years past been gradually becoming more and more embarrassed financially, and it was no little consolation to know that Silvester Langdale was a young man rising into a high position,—at least, so Lord Montalban felt and believed; and he had come to the conclusion—gradually, no doubt—that, after all, Silvester Langdale might be a very good match for his daughter.

Silvester Langdale undoubtedly was preparing himself for the elevated position in which he was ere long to be placed. He had already, as we have seen, located himself in the Middle Temple, but he could not live there, he could not take his bride to such a locality; and so he had become the tenant and the occupant of a house off Grosvenor Square, and had thus become a near neighbour of Lord Montalban. He had furnished his house in a manner that would be worthy of his approaching alliance, and he had

ensconced Abel Barnes as his general manager, as it were, and made the wife of Abel Barnes his housekeeper. Indeed, Silvester Langdale almost suddenly found himself in the midst of a household; for in the course of his professional avocations he had become connected casually with a friend who had a strong attachment to him, but who, after a brief illness, was cut off in his prime. This friend, so made, left behind him to the care of Silvester Langdale a young daughter, wholly friendless now, but tolerably well provided for by certain property that was situated in the West India islands. This young girl, who was about fifteen years of age, was therefore now an inmate of Silvester Langdale's house, under the care of the wife of Abel Barnes, and in the guardianship of Silvester Langdale himself.

After an interval of twelve months we meet with Silvester Langdale again in the drawing-room of his house, near to Grosvenor Square, and we find with him no less a personage than Mr. Spaltok himself.

"Sir," Mr. Spaltok is saying, "I think I have done all that can be done for him in England, and I believe that he will mellow into one of the finest tenors that this country has ever produced. I am just about old enough to remember Incledon, and I should say that his voice is very similar to that of the great tenor of those days."

Of course Mr. Spaltok is speaking of Severn Barnes, and the progress the youth has made in his vocal studies.

"I am very glad to hear your good opinion of him, Mr. Spaltok," said Silvester Langdale, "because it justifies a determination to which I have come. He has been very faithful to me—his father has been my faithful, and I might almost add, my affectionate servitor—and so I have resolved to give the boy a start in life; indeed, I have determined upon sending him to Italy."

At this intimation Mr. Spaltok opens his mouth in gratified astonishment, and he elevates his eyebrows with so much energy, that the points of his countenance quite glow again.

"Sir," he says, "the resolution does you honour, and I am sure you will reap the reward you deserve, in seeing Severn Barnes, one of these days, a great celebrity on the lyric stage."

"That will be for himself," said Mr. Langdale; "I am merely placing the means in his hands to enable him to climb to eminence, if he can."

"I am sure of the result," said Mr. Spaltok.

"I expect the youngster here in a few minutes; I have sent his father for him, as I desired to inform him in your presence of what I purpose doing for him."

Silvester Langdale had scarcely said this when a knock was heard at the door, and immediately afterwards both Abel Barnes and his son entered the room. They had both changed in appearance remarkably for the better since the time when we last held communion with them. Abel Barnes himself looked a jovial, burly, good-humoured yeoman; there was good

humour marked palpably upon his big round face, and all the traces of his ancient mode of life—traces that were indented deeply enough when we first saw him—seemed to have been smoothed away; and, contrary to the usual order of nature, Time appeared to have brushed his hand across the face of Abel Barnes, simply to rub out the scars that might be wrinkles now.

And Severn Barnes is a tall, handsome youth; he seems to have started into manhood since we last saw him, for he looks much older than he really is.

Mr. Spaltok receives both Abel Barnes and his son very graciously, and observes to the latter that he is now on the high road to fortune indeed.

This allusion, however, of Mr. Spaltok is not at all understood by young Severn Barnes, seeing that he is wholly unacquainted with the intentions of Silvester Langdale with regard to him. He is therefore doubtful whether Mr. Spaltok is indulging in banter, or has some occult meaning of his own in the observation he has just made.

“The good wish that is implied in your observation, Mr. Spaltok,” Silvester Langdale observes, “is doubtless scarcely understood by our young friend here, because he is as yet ignorant of the course I propose to adopt with regard to him.”

At this intimation a peculiar expression might have been observed upon the countenance of young Severn Barnes, an expression which was an admixture of doubt, apprehension, curiosity, and satisfaction. Silvester Langdale did not fail to observe this, and he smiled as he said, turning to Severn Barnes,—

“I have been talking to Mr. Spaltok about the progress you have made in what, I suppose, I must call your profession, and he has informed me that you have reached the limit of the course of instruction that he is enabled to give you.”

The expression upon the countenance of Severn Barnes is now one that is wholly of apprehension, because he fears that the generous support he has received from his patron is about to be withdrawn. He is, however, speedily reassured; for Silvester Langdale says, addressing the quondam pugilist and present attached servitor,—

“As a kind of recognition of your services, Abel, and as an incentive to himself, I propose to send your son to Italy, there to prosecute and complete his studies.”

At this intimation the bearing and behaviour of Abel Barnes are remarkable and peculiar. It surely cannot be; and now we look again there is no mistake about it,—the big, hearty, honest, burly fellow is crying like a child; and he is trembling too.

“Why, what is the matter with you, Abel?” Silvester Langdale inquires, laughing, and yet himself feeling something like the emotion that is agitating the sturdy frame of Abel Barnes.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Abel? If any of your former backers were to see you now, what would they say?"

"Why, they'd say, sir, what was true,—that I couldn't come up to time, and you might knock me down with a feather."

"Why, then, if I needed such assistance, I am afraid that I should have but a sorry dependence, eh?" and Silvester Langdale laughed most good-humouredly at this.

But the allusion instantly braces Abel Barnes up, as it were, and he is a muscular giant again as he exclaims fervently, and at the same time clenching both his fists,—

"Lord! shouldn't I like to catch anybody a-touching your honour!"

Severn Barnes does not know whether to laugh or cry, but he is much excited; and Mr. Spaltok, he stands in the centre of the group, like a melodramatic and rubicund father in the midst of "a striking situation," as the imaginative playbill designates it.

"Yes, Abel, I have decided upon sending him to Italy to make his own way in the world. I shall supply him with what I may consider to be sufficient to carry him along, but he must understand that he will be entirely dependent upon his own exertions for the future, and it will be in his conduct in that future that I shall expect to find my return for what I now do."

Is there anything that he in this world could possibly have accomplished, that Abel Barnes would not at that moment have done for Silvester Langdale? He was indeed in heart and soul his willing and devoted slave.

"Run then to your wife, Abel, and inform her that I have determined upon dismissing Severn, and sending him far away."

"Oh, Mr. Langdale!" cried a fair-haired, sweet-complexioned little girl, running into the room, "here is such a peculiar-looking man, with such a large beard, and such strange-looking eyes, waiting down-stairs to see you."

The little girl had rushed into the room so impetuously, not knowing that any one was with Mr. Langdale, that she did not observe, until she had concluded her announcement, who was with him. She turned and looked at Severn Barnes, and seemed quite flurried; and as she ran out again she cried, "Oh, Mr. Langdale, I did not know there was anybody with you." She clearly thought that Severn Barnes was of much more importance than either Abel Barnes or Mr. Spaltok.

It was with no little exertion that Abel Barnes could tear himself out of that room; he could have fallen down and worshipped Silvester Langdale. Langdale, however, got rid of his three clients, and then went down to see the strange man.

It was only Marl Baskerville.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ELECTION.

SILVESTER LANGDALE's professional business continues with each succeeding term to increase and extend, and his embarrassments—for such the periodical demands that are made upon him amount to—would seem to keep pace with it. Still they have hitherto been simply inconveniences, in no case prudentially anticipated, and only considered when they have presented themselves. And although he is but a young bachelor, his house expenses have been very considerable, for he has lived, and is living, in a style that is in accordance with the circle in which he moves, and of the locality in which he resides. Still, the position which he has won for himself, perhaps, may be taken to excuse, if not to justify, such a course and such an expenditure. He is, doubtless, lavish and improvident, but he is ardent and young, and believes that he has an inexhaustible mine under his control. He is in chains, it is true, but they are chains that sit lightly upon him, and do not gall him as yet. Marl Baskerville, and those with whom he acts, or with whom he says he acts, may be his evil genii, but they have only appeared in attractive guise at present; and Marl Baskerville, although he has bound the young barrister to him, even as though he were his slave, is anything but a hard taskmaster. He would seem, indeed, if we found the conclusion upon a superficial view, to be rather a guardian spirit than a pursuing fiend; for while he is the tempter, he is also the good adviser,—at least, he tenders good advice upon occasions. Marl Baskerville is acquainted with the engagement that has been made between Silvester Langdale and Augusta Montalban. Langdale was eager enough to inform him of it, even at the moment that it was contracted, but he was too joyous and full of spirits to observe that, when he made the communication to Marl Baskerville, the peculiar eyes of that somewhat inscrutable individual lighted up with an expression which was not pleasant to behold. It was that expression which Count Moule had not failed to observe, and of which he had spoken to Silvester Langdale—an expression which was similar to that which the tiger exhibits when in a state of irritation. From the moment, however, that Silvester Langdale conveyed the intimation to the lawyer-money-lender, Marl Baskerville seemed to have become more assiduous in his attentions to the young barrister, and to be more desirous of serving him. Instead of Silvester Langdale being the fettered slave of Marl Baskerville, the money-lender seemed to have become the willing bondsman of the barrister; and so, although the causes of his embarrassments—his periodical embarrassments, were steadily increasing, they were made to sit lightly upon him for the time, and Marl Baskerville was the good friend indeed.

Marl Baskerville seemed to live but to advance the interests of Silvester

Langdale. He it was who was the first to convey the information to Langdale that a vacancy was about to occur in the parliamentary representation of the city in which he had passed all his youth, and it was quite exhilarating to Silvester Langdale to see the avidity with which Baskerville tendered his services in the cause of the young barrister as a candidate for the representation of what we may consider his native city.

Fortune seemed to favour Silvester Langdale in everything. The vacancy in the representation could not have occurred at a more opportune time, for it was the time of the summer circuit just then; and when the intimation of the vacancy was conveyed to him, Silvester Langdale was in the assize courts of the city itself, and engaged, too, in a case which had agitated the city and county from one end to the other, and was likely to do so again. Silvester Langdale was engaged on the side that was the popular one; and as he carried the day in the cause against territorial wrong and oppression, his name almost imperceptibly became associated with a cry and with a principle. He therefore entered upon his canvass of the electors of the city of his youth under the most encouraging auspices. But although his chance was strong, and his claims good, it was not intended that he should assert those claims and try that chance without a struggle. True, it was known that he would have Lord Montalban's interest, and also that of the Duke of Chaumontel, who, in a moment of pardonable weakness, had allowed his personal predilections to get the better of his judgment, and had given a kind of tacit consent to the alliance of unknown and probably plebeian blood with one of his race. But still many of the powerful families of the county seemed to think that Silvester Langdale was forcing himself upon them in right of his great ability. That was a kind of claim that they could not recognize, seeing that the aspiring barrister had no wealth, save that which he could himself personally acquire. The city had, for a century past, returned for one of its representatives a scion of some neighbouring noble house, until the election had become almost a matter of prescriptive right with them. But at the previous election, by some unaccountable chance, there was no eligible scion of a neighbouring noble house to be found, and consequently he could not be returned, and so a couple of members of the Smith and Robinson families, well known in the hosiery and pottery businesses, were returned without a struggle. The gentleman, however, who was connected with that branch of the commerce of the country which has to do with the supply of stockings to the community, found that the exigencies of his new position were such that, on the whole, perhaps he had better evade them by retirement, and so he became a placeholder, and accepted the high and honourable post of steward of her Majesty's manor of Hefpholn, wherever that royal appanage may be, and whatever may be the duties which its royal steward has to perform. The acceptance of this office by the representative of the hosiery interest of course necessitated that vacancy which Silvester Langdale was

now seeking to fill. He was first in the field, but by no very lengthened start; for although the county families were still without a scion of a neighbouring noble house, they were ready to stand up for their order, and so they had determined upon nominating a young man who was the son of a Scotch peer, was in the army, had an allowance of three hundred a year from his father, was a great gambler with cards, lived at the rate of three thousand a year, and drank hard. It was not every day that a candidate with these qualifications could be found, and surely they would more than counterbalance the claims of the young barrister on the score of ability, to say nothing of the influence of the county families. All the county families, with the exception of two or three, were Tories of the old feudal stamp; "change nothing, improve nothing," was their implied cry, and they acted up to it. They inscribed upon their banners, in its beautiful mediæval orthography, the splendid aspiration which was worthy of them,—

"Lette laws and larning, trayde and commerce, dye,
But leve us still owr olde nobyl-i-tye."

And it was to uphold these glorious principles of the constitution that the son of the Scotch earl was brought down to contest the seat for Sabrinster with Silvester Langdale.

Sabrinster was a city that held by its traditions, political, historical, and social. Its contested elections had, from time immemorial, been famous for the vast amount of money which they had caused to be expended. The oral traditions in connection with parliamentary elections, when it was necessary to keep open the poll for fourteen days, and when electors were brought from distant lands to exercise their franchise, were rich in startling facts. Old men in the city could tell you how, many years ago—"in the good old times, sir; ah, them was times, to be sure"—relatives of theirs were brought a distance of five hundred miles; how that when they started on their journeys—"and there was no railway then, sir; the old coaches, sir,—them was the conveyances for electors"—they were in a helpless state of intoxication, and remained so during the whole of their journey, and until after they had polled. Then there were legends of how dead men had been miraculously raised from their graves in distant lands, and appearing in their native city once again, and then vanishing to the realms of spirits suddenly. And these old men, garrulous, would boast and chuckle, as they did so, of how much their friends and relatives of their youth had cost aspiring candidates; of how young men of gentle birth would, in those days, spend their inheritance in the contest for the city; of how many hogsheads of strong beer were consumed in the fourteen days; of the heaps of sovereigns that were piled up on tables, which simple-minded electors might have for the asking; and how upon the charring day the chair of state was torn to pieces, according to the good old custom, when the free and independent electors and non-electors shared

the spoil between them. Oh! those were glorious days in that old cathedral city, in which the county families held so much sway.

The scene is changed materially now. There was wide-spread corruption rampant for fourteen days then; there is the same corruption now, but then it is limited but to eight hours only.

Silvester Langdale had not been a candidate for the representation of the old city four-and-twenty hours before he was made acquainted with the fact that money must be spent in wide profusion, or his election could not be secured. Marl Baskerville was at his elbow, therefore the intimation did not trouble him. Marl Baskerville was his secret agent. Marl Baskerville had told him that he would raise five thousand pounds that afternoon, if necessary. The election must be carried, and in making this declaration Marl Baskerville appeared quite enthusiastic.

Silvester Langdale gained much knowledge during his canvass of the enlightened citizens of Sabrinster. He was made the recipient of many of their complaints, personal and political; and he was frequently reminded that he was one of them, "and now as he was rose in the world, he oughtn't to forget them old friends." Promises were held out to him upon conditions. Every elector, particularly amongst those who conducted shops, seemed to have extensive family connections who required to be provided for. There were not a few who took the opportunity which the canvass presented of receiving legal advice gratis upon matters in which the free and independent electors seeking it were involved. Amongst the shopkeepers, grievances of a personal character appeared to be very prevalent, and in more than one case Silvester Langdale was solicited to act as arbitrator immediately.

It was after a harassing day of canvass amongst this class, that Langdale was seated in his room at his hotel with Marl Baskerville, and while he was recounting some of these disagreeables, that a note was put into his hands, on reading which he burst into a loud laugh, saying, "Well, this is the richest of all; nothing has come up to this yet;" and he handed Marl Baskerville the following communication:—

"SIR,—Me and my eldest son has a vote apiece. We're in pardners as hatters. But I've got a second son as has been educated special, and I should like to get him a nice snug berth under Guv'ment. As you will be sure to be returned if you do the liberal, I shall be glad to know if you will use your endeavours in the House of Commons to get my son the berth. He is not particular, so that he gets a situation under Guv'ment, as all he requires is ease and emolument. Hoping to hear from you immediate, I remain, honoured Sir, your most obedient

SIMON FELT AND SON,
Hatters, &c., Monk Street."

Marl Baskerville smiled as he read this letter, and in handing it back to Silvester Langdale he said, "You'll have plenty of those after you are elected; but they must be an overreaching lot to begin so early. It's simply asking to enter upon open and wholesale bribery and corruption."

"What must I do about the two votes herein mentioned?" inquired Silvester Langdale, laughing.

"Oh, I'll call upon them and make it all right. Keep the letter, because it's a curiosity in its way."

"Oh, that I certainly will do," said Silvester Langdale, placing the remarkable document in his pocket-book.

The contest was waged with much fury on both sides, and on the nomination day the old city was in a ferment of excitement, for the county families had put forth a battle cry, and had declared themselves ready to advance to the defence of the glorious constitution in Church and State, which was much threatened by the appearance of such a candidate as Silvester Langdale. The popular feeling, however, was unmistakably with Langdale, who was received wherever he went with great demonstrations of applause by the crowds in the streets. And so was old Nicholas Darvill. It was indeed a proud day for the old man, that nomination day; and wherever he went he was overwhelmed with congratulations, for the old man's friends looked upon young Langdale as his son.

The hustings from which the nomination was to be made were erected at one end of the great hall of the town-hall—a large, long chamber, with a stone floor, the walls of which were decorated with pieces of ancient armour, relics of those glorious times when civil war was raging through the land, and every household was in arms. This long and lofty chamber was, at an early hour of the morning, filled with a noisy crowd, who assembled together to exercise one of the most cherished privileges of Britons, and to enjoy a day's unmitigated uproar. Every citizen in that long hall felt himself on this occasion a power in the State, especially those who were in possession of powerful lungs. The end of the hall, against the hustings, was occupied mainly by the friends of the popular candidate, and they were densely packed together; and at the other end, where it was not so crowded, and people could conveniently move about, knots of argumentative electors and citizens were congregated; and it would have amused, perhaps have instructed, both candidates if they could have heard the comments that were alternately made upon each of them. The Honourable Mr. M'Sandy, Silvester Langdale's opponent, being utterly unknown to the electors, obtained by far the greater share of animadversion and of assertion with regard to his personal matters. Of course he had his friends at that end of the hall, and one of these, in answer to a disparaging remark, having reference to his being the younger son of a poor Scotch earl, argued that "a younger son of a yarl of any sort was better nor a young laayer any day."

"Our man yan't a laayer!" cried one of Silvester Langdale's friends.

"A, yan't he? Wot is a then?" demanded the supporter of the Honourable Mr. M'Sandy.

"Why, a's a barrister, as everybody knows as knows anything at all," said Silvester Langdale's friend.

"Oh," cried the M'Sandyite, triumphantly, "there yain't much difference; it's six o' one and half a dozen o' t'other.—Wot do you say, Mr. Clinchett?" This was an appeal to a middle-aged gentleman, who exhibited unmistakable evidence in his general appearance as to the nature of his calling—that of a shoemaker,—and who, being famous in the city on account of certain strong political opinions, which he was in the habit of enumerating, had obtained the sobriquet of the "political snob." This politician, being so pointedly appealed to by the M'Sandyite, said he must decline fettering himself by an expressed opinion until he had heard how Mr. Langdale could talk; and all round the "political snob" held this to be a sound reticence, and he was greeted with a murmur of applause.

There is loud cheering outside in the main street of the old city, for the candidates, with their friends and committee men, are approaching the hall. At first the roar is a distant roar, but it rapidly increases in volume as the two processions, one on either side of the street, approach the town-hall, which is now filled from end to end. In a few minutes the hustings are filled; the mayor, the two candidates, and their committee men and friends having been admitted from the back, and everything is ready for the ceremony of the day; and that ceremony commenced; and as it was proceeded with, the imposing assembly exhibited all those exciting characteristics which are never absent on the nomination of candidates in a contested election, and with which every elector, non-elect, householder, and rate-payer in every city and borough in the kingdom is well acquainted, having probably, at some time or other, taken a part in it. The mayor of the city—a little bald-headed man, wearing gold spectacles, a mulberry-coloured coat, and drab small-clothes—opened the proceedings amidst the usual uproar, upon which a stentorian voice, immediately under his worship, cried, in a tone that was heard down to the very end of the hall, "Hear the mar!" but the mayor had very little to say, and, in consequence of the uproar, the electors had nothing to hear from him. Silvester Langdale was then proposed as a fit and proper person, &c., by a gentleman with a very big and a very red face, and who was jocose in all he said, and put the crowd before him in good humour. He was seconded by a gentleman who was very fierce and determined, and who called upon the electors to do their duty like men, and not as the nominees of a corrupt oligarchy. He believed they would do so; but if they didn't, then they were not worth that!—and he snapped his fingers emphatically in illustration of "that." The Honourable Mr. M'Sandy was proposed by one of the clergy from the cathedral; and he performed the duty with so much solemnity of voice and manner, that the gentleman below with the stentorian voice, losing all patience, cried out, "We don't want no sermon here; keep that for the shop!" which irreverent declaration was received with much applause in the body of the hall; and the reverend gentleman took the hint and proposed Mr. M'Sandy, who was seconded by a very fat man, who had something to do with the bishopric, but who announced

that he was no speaker, and all he could say was that Mr. M'Sandy had his head screwed on right and tight. "Which can't be said o' you, old Victuals-and-drink," again cried the stentor, in allusion, probably, to the extent of the eating and drinking powers of Mr. M'Sandy's seconder, who looked down at the rough gentleman who had made the personal allusion to him, and as he looked breathed excessively hard and unpleasantly thick.

Silvester Langdale made a long and brilliant speech to the electors of that his native city, as he was proud to call it; and when he concluded there was a loud shout of "Bravo, Sabrinster!" in recognition of the fact that the city had produced such a man as Silvester Langdale. The Honourable Mr. M'Sandy was no orator, but he had a flowing moustache, was rather florid round the eyes and pale in the cheeks, as though he had been up rather late the previous night, as was probably the fact. He addressed the electors as though they ought to think themselves devilish lucky in having such a candidate as himself, and the electors immediately afterwards gave him a practical answer by exhibiting an overwhelming majority of hands in favour of Silvester Langdale; and a poll being demanded, the actual political fight commenced.

The excitement of the nomination was as nothing to that which was exhibited on the day of taking the poll. Every cab and carriage for hire in the city was employed without ceasing in racing up and down the streets. All the women in the back localities and in the alleys of the city seemed to have turned out in a body, and they all seemed actuated by a frantic desire to see Silvester Langdale returned. How fortune did seem to follow him! And the working men got so excited that many of them appeared in the streets without their coats and with their shirt sleeves tucked up, as though they were preparing for a pugilistic encounter. Tradesmen left their shops and quarrelled with each other in the roadway; little boys ran about with cards in their caps, on which were inscribed the names of the candidates; and when at two o'clock it was announced that the Honourable Mr. M'Sandy, finding he had no chance, had resigned, a little army of men and boys, with brooms of all sorts and sizes in their hands, turned out and swept the street from end to end, in search, as they announced, of the fugitive candidate.

Silvester Langdale was now member for the old city, and a leading man in it,—courted, and caressed, and invited on all sides; but with his great triumph fresh upon him, the happiest hour that he spent upon that day so great to him was in the quiet evening, late, when he and Marl Baskerville visited old Nicholas Darvill in his brick-floored parlour, and smoked their pipes. For it was the old man's custom of an evening late to smoke his pipe. It was a happy hour indeed both to that old man and Silvester Langdale.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SILVESTER LANGDALE TAKES THE OATHS AND HIS SEAT.

SILVESTER LANGDALE has gone through the ceremony which is designated taking the oaths and his seat,—that is, a person in a barrister's wig and gown has mumbled something to him at the side of the table in the House of Commons; he has kissed a book, and shaken hands with the Speaker. That is the form and ceremony of taking the oaths and a seat in the House of Commons. It is astonishing what a lot of swearing goes on in the House of Commons. It is supposed to be an assembly of gentlemen and men of honour. They are all held to be honourable members; but the country or the State considers that there is not one of them, from the Speaker down to the member of the tenderest years, whose word can be depended upon for anything. Every member is supposed to take a solemn oath that he is not and does not intend to become a traitor and a conspirator; that he will faithfully perform his duties, and that he will not burglariously break open the first church he comes to; and he has to swear these things upon the true faith of a Christian. Of course there is but one inference to be drawn from this established form, and that is, that if the oath were not taken, the member would at once set about to plot treason and become a conspirator—a kind of modern Guy Fawkes; that he would shirk his work, and occupy himself in sacrilegious burglary.

Everything has to be done upon oath. After a member has taken the oath and his seat, if the validity of his return be questioned, a committee of five is appointed to try the question, and then the five members all set to swearing again, and call down everlasting vengeance—or appear to do so—upon themselves if by word or deed they should show the slightest partiality to the parties interested; it being assumed, of course, that if they did not so pledge themselves they would sell their influence and decision to the highest bidder, it being well known, of course, that all English gentlemen do that sort of thing when they are unfettered by what is supposed to be the obligations of an oath. And not only do the members of an election committee take a solemn oath that they will not degrade themselves to the level of criminals, but the very shorthand writer who is appointed to take notes of the proceedings has to take a similar oath that he will not garble the evidence, and that he will be a faithful reporter of what takes place.

So with our judges. Their minds are naturally so inclined to wickedness and corruption, that they cannot be trusted with the administration of justice until they have solemnly sworn that they will not attempt to dethrone the Queen, and that they will in all cases do the thing that is right.

And the bishops, we must perforce assume that they would, from the

archbishop down to the right reverend prelate who goes to Kamtschatka, at once set about embezzling the surplus revenues of their several sees, and doing other things equally unbecoming in a gentleman and a bishop, if the country had not the security of the oath which the bishop on the occasion of his consecration is obliged to take.

Then, again, how could we expect to retain that legal acumen, that forensic eloquence, that impartiality and justice, which the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and the great body of the unpaid magistracy of the country are born with, if it were not for the oath which the constitution requires them to take when they become blossoming blessings to their grateful country?

Still there is this disagreeable assumption, that as in all these cases a solemn oath is required, if the custom of swearing were abolished amongst us, of course all our great and good men would at once lapse into wickedness, and the last state of the country would be a great deal worse than the first, when our ancestors used paint instead of broadcloth.

Silvester Langdale has given security for honesty as a Member of Parliament by taking the prescribed oaths, and having taken his seat on the second row behind the treasury bench, he is visited by the smirking whipper-in of the Government, who, taking his seat beside the new member, congratulates him upon his return, and expresses the assurance he feels that the new member will worthily support those principles which have become traditionary in the family with which the whipper-in understands the new member is about to become matrimonially connected. The whipper-in also delicately hints that there is a lack of legal ability on their side of the house—that is, amongst the older members; and hence he has more than ordinary satisfaction in welcoming the new member in his new sphere.

But the whipper-in attached to the Government is not the only member who takes a lively interest in the appearance in the House of the new member. Silvester Langdale, although such a very young man, is well known by reputation to all the members of that assembly. His name was famous before the election for Sabrinster, and those who had never seen him before stared at him as though he were a phenomenon. The feeling of curiosity in Members of Parliament inside their own house is very marked. When a high and mighty notability visits the gallery that is set apart for the especial accommodation of such personages, it is quite funny to see the simple and primitive manner in which the members will go up to the side galleries in order to stare at the illustrious visitors, just as though they had been placed there for no other purpose than their inspection. Nobody except Silvester Langdale himself, therefore, thought anything of a member going across the floor of the House, staring at the new member, and then going back to make his private comments to his neighbours upon the appearance of the young member.

There is no doubt, however, that the House generally felt considerable

interest in the advent of Silvester Langdale to legislative honours. Did he not come under peculiarly bright auspices? He had attained to a brilliant celebrity at the bar almost on the instant, and the newspapers throughout the country had within the last few days proclaimed to the world that he was about "to lead to the hymeneal altar" the only daughter of Viscount Montalban. The bridegroom in all marriages in high life leads his bride to the hymeneal altar, at least according to the authorized announcement of the fact, as though the marriage ceremony were a figure in a quadrille, and the parties advanced and set to partners.

Yes, Silvester Langdale did make his appearance in the House of Commons, and commenced his legislative career, under very bright auspices indeed.

Augusta Montalban has ceased to institute comparisons between the Marquis of Milltown and Silvester Langdale. The daughter of Viscount Montalban has by almost imperceptible degrees given her heart and soul to the young barrister, and she would willingly go into abject poverty with him if fate were to decree the sacrifice. And Silvester Langdale would lay down his life for her; and yet it is an ill-advised marriage. The union will be one of pure affection; but the world, if it knew all the circumstances by which it was to be accompanied, would hold it to be indiscreet, and perhaps a false step. And there is no doubt, considering all the circumstances, that the union was not a worldly-wise one. Viscount Montalban was no longer wealthy. It is true he could not alienate his sole remaining estate, nor could he encumber it; but he could anticipate his income, and he did so, but the means thereof were gradually becoming more circumscribed and difficult every year.

Augusta Montalban was a portionless daughter, but she had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and her will had never been thwarted. She was true-hearted, high-minded, generous, noble; but she was lavish in the gratification of her predilections. She was therefore likely to be a dangerous wife to Silvester Langdale, because his income of course would be fluctuating, or at all events unknown, although it was certain to be large; but being unknown, it would not be duly considered by Augusta Montalban as the wife of Silvester Langdale. But the marriage was a doubly hazardous step when we consider that Silvester Langdale, like Lord Montalban, had already learnt the means and availed himself of them of anticipating his income. He was indeed a man in chains as well as Viscount Montalban, and if the world had known the fact, it would with reason have given an unfavourable forecast of the destiny of the young and ardent couple. It would not have been slow to prophesy disaster as the inevitable result of such a union, and there would have appeared to be wisdom in the forecast. But nobody can look into the future, and the future cannot be disclosed through the agency of the present, although it may perhaps sometimes be mirrored in the past. If such sombre reasoning had been whispered to Silvester Langdale he would have laughed at it.

He would have argued—if not openly, at all events to himself—that he had not been born rich, but he had been born lucky. He would have faith thenceforth in the old adage—its truth would be indisputable. The idea that his marriage with Augusta Montalban could possibly lead to disaster would have been ridiculed by him as being something more than preposterous. It would be impossible.

The day for the marriage of Augusta Montalban and Silvester Langdale has been fixed, the wedding dresses have been nearly completed, and the trousseau has been inspected. A bishop is to officiate, assisted by a dean and a vicar. What is it that clergymen who “assist” a superior at a marriage have to do? The church is to be St. George’s, Hanover Square, and it has been arranged, in order to give additional *éclat* to the occasion, that the wedding breakfast shall be held at the mansion of the Duke of Chaumontel.

At first Miss Montalban protested against this proposal, because the Marquis of Milltown had become almost odious in her eyes; and now his name was for ever and everywhere associated with that of the brilliant horsewoman who had been the cause of the *contretemps* at the hunt down in the country. But gradually Miss Montalban had been reasoned out of her objection by her father, who had argued with her that a more brilliant honour could scarcely have been conferred upon Silvester Langdale than to be invited to hold his wedding feast in the ancestral home of the Chaumontels. It was this argument that had decided Augusta Montalban. The course proposed was to be in honour of her own dear love;—oh! no, no, no; she could not hesitate after that. But what would she have said, how would her cheek have crimsoned and her bosom heaved with passion, if the information had been conveyed to her, that when it was known—for it was made known through the usual channels—that the wedding breakfast was to be held at the Duke of Chaumontel’s, bets were offered in the clubs to which the Marquis of Milltown belonged, that the noble Marquis would introduce Marie Wingrave as one of the guests at the wedding breakfast? It would have made no difference in her feelings to have known that such bets were not actually made, but they were merely offered as indicating the feeling the associates of the Marquis of Milltown entertained with regard to that young nobleman’s sensibilities, and the position in which he then stood. Happily for her peace of mind, Augusta Montalban had no intimation of these things; and she was enabled to contemplate her happiness, and to anticipate it in all its own native brightness, without the shadow of an indication of any approaching cloud.

And Silvester Langdale, was he not happy too? and there is somebody with him whose happiness may be described as ecstatic. Nicholas Darvill has come up from the old city to be present at the ceremony, and Nicholas Darvill has been introduced to Augusta Montalban, and that young lady has fondly embraced the old man; for has she not at many a

time indeed with greedy ear devoured up the discourse of Silvester Langdale when he has been recounting to her the story of his youth?

Why, nothing could in appearance be more auspicious and bright than was the advent of the marriage of Augusta Montalban and Silvester Langdale. If there was anything approaching to a shadow near it, perhaps it was in the person of Marl Baskerville; but then, if that were a shadow, it was perceptible only to Silvester Langdale himself, and scarcely so to him. The person of Marl Baskerville might have been as a shadow in the eyes of Viscount Montalban too, if he had seen it—but he never had—in connection with the approaching marriage. Marl Baskerville has, however, been a studious observer of what has been going on, for in his hands is placed the regulation and the application of those chains that are loosely and yet bindingly hanging all round Silvester Langdale. He has talked to the young barrister—now the well-known Member of Parliament—on the subject of the marriage, and his eyes have exhibited that maniacal glare to which we have previously alluded. But that glare has never been seen in its intensity yet; it has hitherto been but concealed, while at the same time it has indicated the fury that was slumbering beneath.

The sun is shining brightly on the wedding morning, and there is a crowd in the street in front of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to see the bridal party in the great wedding arrive. And everybody in that crowd, young girls and old women, wrinkled men and beardless youths, are unanimous in their opinion that a handsomer, finer, nobler looking couple never were made one by God's holy ordinance; and a buzz of glowing admiration swells up from that crowd pressing round the gates as Silvester Langdale leads his newly-made bride down the steps of the church porch and hands her into the carriage. And in the countenance of that handsome bride there is a glow of happy pride and unmingled joy. Beauty and happiness sit commingled in that noble face as the delighted bridegroom presses the lovely hand that, beneath the blessing of the church, has just given him a heart entire. And as they drive away, instinctively as it were there rises from the crowd a murmur, which, if it could be analyzed, might perhaps be found to contain the elements that form a blessing.

The neighbourhood of Chaumontel House is alive with excitement. It can be discovered peeping out of upper windows, for all the houses on either side of the street appear to be holding communication upon the subject of the grand wedding of that morning. The housemaid's work in every household in that street has not only been delayed, but neglected; for it is not often that there is such a brilliant marriage to be seen almost next door, as it were, to every house in the street.

Chaumontel House is a palace. It is of vast extent, and it is the very realization of the magnificence of great wealth. Its portico is massive, and presents much architectural beauty in its design, and the entrance-hall is all of marble, and this hall extends the whole depth of the house,

and is surmounted by a cupola of ornamental glass. Opposite to the entrance is a noble flight of marble stairs, which leads to a gallery round the three sides of the splendid hall, and from which the several chambers of the mansion branch. It is a mansion that upon occasions can accommodate a thousand guests, but there are not a thousand guests to-day. The *élite* of the great world is there, not so much in honour of Augusta Montalban's wedding—because, truth to say, they do not approve of it—as because the wedding feast is being celebrated in the house of the Duke of Chaumontel.

And it is manifest that the noble Duke has got over his original prejudice against the union of the Chaumontel blood with not only that of very inferior veins, but of absolutely that which is unknown. We say that he has manifestly surmounted this original prejudice, because he is to-day, on the morning of the wedding, beaming in his bearing to all around. Indeed, if Augusta Montalban had been that morning married to a lineal descendant of the greatest Saxon or Norman thief of those days when theft was the highest attribute of nobility, he could not have been more beaming or more light-hearted. And his duchess, who was ten years younger than himself, and was splendidly full-blown, and whose genealogical line could be traced back nominally to the flood of vagabondage that overran the nation when King Stephen refused to remunerate his breeches-maker with more than half a crown,—she was beaming too, and, as the fashionable chronicle of the wedding intends to say when he writes his account of to-night, “looks every inch a duchess;” which, if weight, and size, and dazzling ornaments, and an expansive display of rolling bosom constitute the great points of a duchess, will be unquestionably perfectly true.

Oh yes, the Duke and Duchess of Chaumontel feel that that is a great occasion. They have reasoned themselves out of their fears with regard to this alliance; and they feel that perhaps, after all, it is not so very objectionable that some portion of the family—and that a failing portion, you know—should ally itself to what was called genius and ability, and that sort of thing. It was not, perhaps, what they could tolerate in any very near connection of their own; that of course would be out of the question; but Augusta Montalban did not bear even the name of the Chaumontels, and she was at least a couple of degrees removed. So that altogether, taking all the circumstances into due consideration, the alliance of that day might be accepted as an auspicious one.

Of course the wedding of Lord Montalban's daughter had excited great interest at the clubs, as well as in society generally; but those at the clubs to whom reference has previously been made, who were ready to offer bets that the Marquis of Montalban would introduce Marie Wingrave to the wedding breakfast, would have lost their wagers if they had made them; for not only did the brilliant Marquis not attempt to introduce that young lady, but he did not introduce himself. Of course during the wedding

breakfast this excited no surprise amongst the guests—it would indeed require something very sensational to rouse them to surprise,—because they knew that Miss Montalban might have married the Marquis if she had pleased; but as she did not please, but had married somebody else, why, it was very good taste on the part of the Marquis to absent himself from the wedding festivities that were then being celebrated. The guests, therefore, were not at all surprised at the absence of the noble Marquis, but the noble Marquis's noble parents were, for they had fully expected that he would have been present. He was, however, absent, and his absence may be explained by a conversation which took place between the Duke of Chaumontel and Viscount Montalban after the usual formula of a wedding breakfast had been gone through, and the bride had retired for the purpose of preparing for that tour which leads to the honeymoon.

A letter had been placed in the hands of the Duke, and it was observed that when he read it, he looked as though the contents had much amused him; and so indeed they had, for he beckoned Lord Montalban over to one of the windows, in the recess of which he said, taking Lord Montalban by the button,—

“I told you how it would be, Montalban. I said if we did not manage for Constantine to marry Augusta, that Marie Wingrave would inevitably marry him, and now look at this.”

And he handed the letter he had just received to Lord Montalban, laughing as he did so, as though it contained a very good joke.

The letter was very brief: it was dated “Paris”—was signed “Milltown,” and announced that, as it was impossible he could have Augusta Montalban, and as he felt he could not live without her, the next best thing was to look out for somebody exactly like her, and that somebody he had found in Marie Wingrave, who was now the Marchioness of Milltown.

“Nice joke that, isn't it?” said the Duke of Chaumontel, shrugging his shoulders, and laughing.

Lord Montalban, however, did not laugh.

Speed away, Silvester Langdale, with your happy, beautiful bride. You are both in all the sublimity of bliss now. You are flying onward, and heaven upon earth seems opening round you. Cherish her, Silvester Langdale; cherish him, Augusta; ye are both worthy of each other. Onward—onward to the heaven that is before you. Good-bye,—farewell,—your path is strewn with flowers. Farewell! we shall meet you in the days to come.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NEW TENOR AT THE OPERA.

SEVERN BARNES remained two years and a half in Italy, and during that time he practised assiduously;—his professors called it study, but it was

practice, although perhaps between the two terms there is a distinction, but no difference. He had practised with great ardour, and at the end of the time for his remaining in the boot of Europe, his master professor, under whose instructions he had from the commencement been, said to him, "Now, then, you can return to your own country, and carry with you the finest tenor of the day; and when you get to London tell them that I said so. Prove to them that what I say is true, and you have only to open your mouth to do so, and your fortune is made." Severn Barnes was of course highly elated at this, as he would naturally be, and he expressed his gratification to his professor, who in return said, "But mind, you must be careful, you know. I believe yours to be the finest organ in Europe, but at the same time it is one of the most delicate. Therefore I say again, you must be careful."

And so Severn Barnes left Milan, and came back to England.

The ragged boy, who had summoned Silvester Langdale to the death-bed scene of old Nicholas Darvill's usher, had changed almost out of mind since then. He returned to London a handsome, grown-up young man, with a noble presence and a commanding mien; and he came back to London with a full knowledge that he possessed those outward personal attractions. Of course he knew the occupation in which his father and mother were engaged in the household of Silvester Langdale, and that his patron's house was their home; so the moment he arrived in London he proceeded thither, but he found that Mr. and Mrs. Langdale were then upon an autumn visit to Lord Montalban, in the country, and of course Abel Barnes was with his master. The house in London had been left in charge of the housekeeper, Abel Barnes's mother; and besides the house, another charge had been left with Abel Barnes's mother, in the person of Silvester Langdale's ward, Miss Helen Lebar, who was to follow Mr. and Mrs. Langdale into the country in a few days.

Now it so happened that when Severn Barnes called at Mr. Langdale's house, his mother was not at home, and being informed that Mr. Langdale was in the country, and that Abel Barnes was with him, the young man exhibited such palpable indications of disappointment, not to say trouble, that the servant who had answered his summons at the door, as much in pity as from any other prompting feeling, said that Miss Lebar was in; probably the gentleman would like to see that lady.

Severn Barnes had no notion who Miss Lebar was, having never heard her name before; but he at once said that he should like to see the lady, and he was accordingly shown into one of the reception-rooms, and in a few minutes Miss Lebar entered the room.

Know her! why, he recognized her instantly, and she as quickly recognized Severn Barnes; but how changed they were in appearance both of them! They both felt embarrassed, and yet they knew not why. The little girl that Severn Barnes had seen run into the drawing-room the day before he left England, and on the occasion of his last interview

with Mr. Langdale, had grown into a beautiful woman; at least, she was no longer a child, and so Severn Barnes felt embarrassed in her presence.

The good-looking boy whom Miss Lebar had seen for a few minutes on the same occasion had grown into a handsome young man, with the bearing of a gentleman, and with an interesting presence; she, therefore, was more embarrassed than Severn Barnes: they neither of them thought of the change which had occurred in both—they only saw the change that had so strikingly taken place in each other.

“Do you recollect me?” faltered Severn Barnes.

“Oh yes,” replied Helen Lebar, eagerly, “I knew you directly. When did you return from Italy?”

“I have but this day returned.”

“I knew you directly,” said Helen Lebar; “but you are greatly altered.”

“And so are you,” Severn Barnes said, “and yet I knew you.”

Helen Lebar was very pretty, very artless, and probably was very impressionable. She had lived in the house of Silvester Langdale during the time that Severn Barnes was away in Italy; but she had not been in public much as yet. She had become an especial favourite with Mrs. Langdale, who looked upon her as a kind of foster-sister, and treated her as such. Her beauty was in striking contrast with that of Mrs. Langdale; for while Silvester Langdale’s wife had dark, rich hair—very dark indeed,—Helen Lebar was a bright blonde, her hair being of the brightest auburn, and her eyes of the lightest blue. When Severn Barnes met her on his arrival in England, she had just budded out of girlhood, as it were, and she looked very charming. Is it at all remarkable that that young man, and that artless, beautiful girl, should have experienced an unusual, to them a very novel pleasure in that interview? We fancy not; at all events, they enjoyed that mutual pleasure. The situation of each was peculiar. That was Helen Lebar’s home, she had no other; it may be said that Severn Barnes came there to look for a home, for were not his father and mother engaged as servants in that house? That thought struck suddenly and grated harshly upon the young man’s mind, and he hesitated to ask for either his father or his mother. That beautiful girl before him doubtless knew—of course, how could she be living in that establishment and not know?—that his father and mother were menials in the service of the master of the house. The thought sent a blush into his cheeks, and the worse part of his mind exhibited itself partially in that blush. The boy who had exhibited so much feeling when Silvester Langdale had informed him of what he intended to do for him with Mr. Spaltok, had changed in more respects than in outward appearance, or that blush would not have suffused his cheeks. How little did Helen Lebar, the artless and trusting and generous girl as she was, divine the real cause that had produced that blush! Why, it made Severn Barnes look still more interesting in her eyes;

but when she exclaimed joyously, as though she herself was sharing the pleasure he must feel in the meeting—and doubtless she did feel that pleasure,—“You must be anxious to see your mother: I will send for her,” he became pale as suddenly as he had blushed, and perhaps his better feeling was asserting itself. At all events, he said, “You are exceedingly kind,” as she rang the bell. In another minute a message was despatched to the housekeeper’s room, and a few minutes after that message was delivered, Miss Helen Lebar was in tears; yes, big, rolling tears were welling out of her eyes, and coursing down her cheeks; but she was not distressed. Oh no; she was in an ecstasy of pleasure, for the moment that Mrs. Barnes entered the room she uttered a wild cry, and that handsome boy—for he was a boy—was locked in her arms. And that embrace at once drove away the feeling that had called the blush into Severn Barnes’s face, and he returned its pressure fervently.

“Why, you are a man, my dear boy,” cried his mother through her tears. “Oh! this moment repays me for a life of misery.”

Misery! thought Helen Lebar, as she gazed upon the mother and her son. She had never heard Mrs. Barnes speak of misery; what could the allusion mean? Helen Lebar had often told Mr. Langdale’s housekeeper, when in confidential conversation, that she thought Mrs. Barnes must have been very handsome in her youth, and Mrs. Barnes would smile sadly at that, and reply, that people had said so when she was young; and it was not so many years ago as the young lady might think, when she was young and handsome as the people said; and she would inform Helen Lebar when in conversation thus, that she was not always poor and dependent, for that in her youth she had been carefully tended and luxuriously brought up at a young ladies’ establishment; but why should she talk of those times to that pretty face that was before her? And then she would kiss the pretty face that was before her, and smooth that bright hair down the forehead of that sweet face, and bid the young girl speak to her of herself; and she would do so, and the elder woman would listen to her lovingly, and sometimes fall to weeping when the conversation ended.

Oh yes, Helen Lebar felt as much rapture in that meeting of the mother and son as did either of them, and that was why she was weeping and smiling too.

“Has he not grown, Miss Helen?” said Mrs. Barnes, turning to the young lady, and her first burst of delight at the meeting over. “You will pardon a fond mother’s feelings, won’t you? Why, I do believe you are crying, Miss Helen; what can you have to cry about?” And to show how silly it was of the young lady to do any such thing, Severn Barnes’s mother burst into tears herself again.

When the three had calmed down into a little less exuberance of feeling, Miss Lebar suggested to Mrs. Barnes that her son would necessarily require some refreshment after his journey; but Severn Barnes declared that he did not, because he had come straight from an hotel.

Mrs. Barnes, however, did not wait to hear the denial, and, inwardly reproaching herself for so neglecting her poor boy, hastened from the room to her own.

"You are, I suppose, an accomplished musician now, Mr. Barnes?" Helen Lebar said, with a smile.

"I have brought some strong certificates with me," he said, modestly.

"Oh, I am sure that Mr. Langdale will be delighted to hear it;" and then Helen Lebar glanced timidly at an open piano that was in the room, and with almost a frightened look she said, "I am passionately fond of Italian music; might I ask you to try one of your songs that you learnt in Italy?"

Might she! Why, Severn Barnes was more than delighted at the request she had made, and sat down at the piano.

Mrs. Barnes stands at the half-open door, spell-bound, as it were. That full, rich, melodious voice, that rolls round the chamber like a wave of melody, makes her hold her very breath. Move not, mother of Abel Barnes, lest you should interrupt the current of those splendid cadences. It is your son, woman, who is filling that chamber with those tones which make enraptured audiences noisy with enthusiasm. It is a voice that will delight great audiences soon;—but, Severn Barnes, you will never be honoured with listeners whose hearts will throb at the sound of your voice like that small audience you are singing to now, although the great crowd may greet you with enthusiasm, and be far more demonstrative in their wild applause; and you will think so too, although perhaps you do not now.

The song is ended, and Helen Lebar stands chained.

Oh, Silvester Langdale, you have been a true and faithful trustee to the will of the dead man who left his loving child to your care! You have watched her tenderly, and if she had been your own sister, you could not have guarded her more anxiously. She is in peril now, but you do not know it. She has a guileless heart that is plastic now, and to her danger. You are far away from her; perchance, if you were near her you would not perceive that which, if thought of, would be a kind of madness to you. And it is a moment of happiness with her—a happiness her child's heart has never known before.

Oh, is there a fiend that sits unseen and unfelt upon the heart of all humankind, to mock at happiness and blight it—to counteract the good that is born with us all? A study of the human heart might almost lead us to a belief in that.

After some time, Severn Barnes laughingly said that he must now see about delivering his certificates that he had brought with him, and first of all he had, he said, to go to Spring Gardens, where he would write to Mr. Langdale and inform him of his arrival. And so he took his leave—the refreshments that had been provided having been duly honoured—and promised that he would return early in the evening.

The whole of that day until the evening, Helen Lebar spent with Mrs. Barnes.

Severn Barnes said that, first of all, he had to go to Spring Gardens, and thither he went, for the letter which he carried with that superscription bore the name of Marl Baskerville. Severn Barnes had forgotten the name, but the moment he saw him he remembered the man. The recognition was not mutual, for although Marl Baskerville had seen young Severn Barnes several times as a boy, his recollection with regard to him was not so lively as that of Helen Lebar. As soon, however, as he read the letter which Severn Barnes handed to him, he exclaimed,—

“And you are Mr. Langdale’s *protégé*, are you? Well, I should not have known you. The signor here speaks in ecstasies of you, and writes to say that you have got the finest voice in Europe.”

Severn Barnes bowed, but it was a kind of bow that seemed to imply that he knew it himself, and acknowledged it as a matter of fact. Indeed, Severn Barnes was exhibiting—only slightly at present, it was only incipient—that conceit which seems overweeningly to seize upon all who attain to anything like success upon the stage. Probably Marl Baskerville noticed this, although he did not show it either by word or gesture.

“I suppose the signor told you that I am mixed up with the man who has the opera just now. It is an English opera company.”

“The signor,” whoever that personage was, had not given Severn Barnes the information, and the young man of course said so.

“Well, you are come at a most opportune time,” said Marl Baskerville, “for they want a first-rate tenor. I am no judge of these matters myself.”

And as he said this he smiled, and placed a seat for Severn Barnes,—as usual, opposite to the light. That strange man of Spring Gardens gazed into the face of Severn Barnes, and as he did so, the smile upon his countenance seemed to die away into a cloud, as it were. Perhaps the expression of Severn Barnes’s face had called up recollections of former times in some inscrutable way. It may be so; for if Severn Barnes could have observed those eyes that a minute ago were looking into his face, but which were now turned away, he would have seen the wild and weird expression to which we have more than once previously made reference.

The feeling—if it were a feeling—in Marl Baskerville’s mind is gone, and he says, “Suppose we go up and see Snarlstone at once.”

Snarlstone was the manager of the opera with which Marl Baskerville had said he was mixed up.

And so they took their way to the theatre, and there they found Snarlstone in earnest consultation with the conductor of the orchestra.

“Oh, I’m glad you’re come, Baskerville; I was just going to send down to you. I’ve got such a stunning opera;” and as Mr. Snarlstone said this he took Marl Baskerville on one side on to the stage.

"Good tenor part in it?" asked Baskerville.

Mr. Snarlstone looked with some surprise at Baskerville, for the question sounded strange as coming from him; but he answered emphatically, "A stunner."

"Read that, then," said Marl Baskerville, laconically, and handing the signor's letter to the manager.

Marl Baskerville had told Severn Barnes that he was no judge of operatic matters, but as he listens to the scena that the signor's pupil is performing upon that stage, he whispers to the manager, Snarlstone, "Well, that is something like a voice."

"Splendid! splendid!" acquiesces the usually morose manager, enthusiastically.

Through all the musical circles of the metropolis the rumour that same evening went rapidly about, that a new opera was in preparation at the Parthenon, and that the finest English tenor that had been heard in London since the days of Incedon was to appear in it.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE NEW TENOR.

THE fame of young Severn Barnes, as we have said, rapidly extended amongst the musical circles of the metropolis, and as the time for the production of the new opera approached, the rehearsals at the theatre were eagerly attended by those who had the privilege of being in the theatre at the time, and of introducing their friends. The result was, that the fame of the new tenor steadily extended itself out of doors beyond the musical circles of the metropolis.

As the opera was a grand one, and as it contained many scenic effects, the theatre was closed on the night before its production, in order that a full dress night rehearsal might be had. To this rehearsal the manager invited all the critics of the day and the principal musical professors, together with his personal friends. Severn Barnes, of course, had the privilege of inviting his friends also, and the manager was most anxious that he should exercise this privilege, for he knew that those friends moved in the very highest ranks of society.

Silvester Langdale and his wife had come up from the country purposely to be present, and they had invited Lord Montalban and the Duke and Duchess of Chaumontel to accompany them, and those noble personages had consented to do so.

There was a very brilliant gathering of both intellect and rank at that rehearsal, and the occasion was certainly worthy of it. The opera was a very grand one; the music was by a native composer, who seems to be possessed of the faculty of streaming melody from his fingers' ends; and the mounting of the piece was very gorgeous. The principal character in

the opera was well calculated in all respects to produce a favourable impression for Severn Barnes. He had to wear dresses that would display his fine figure to great advantage, and the music he had to sing was of that attractive nature that it was certain to go direct up into the gallery, and thence descend into the streets, there to roll through the traduced itinerant bands and barrel-organs unceasingly, to say nothing of those drawing-rooms in which it would float about in the evening-time, and morning too, during the hours of practice.

The rehearsal of the opera was faultlessly got through, and the Duke and Duchess of Chaumontel quite gave themselves up to applause. Indeed, the Duchess, who had never been present at a rehearsal before, said it was the most charming thing she had ever assisted at. She was especially delighted with the interruption that took place in the course of the rehearsal in order to perfect various striking points, and that final instructions should be given to the lay noblemen and the knights at a shilling a night. Some of these, although they had been drilled for a month, were rather awkward still; they would, as it seemed, pertinaciously jostle each other, until the stage-manager would lose his patience, much to the hilarity of those in the body of the house, who laughed heartily when the stage-manager, in one of those stage whispers which are heard all over the house, exclaimed to the super-master, "I told you, Mr. Drudginspike, to keep all those knock-kneed behind; they can't stand straight, of course;" and so the super-master went to the back of the stage, and rearranged the knock-kneed knights.

The chorus was the occasion, too, of a little difficulty every now and then, but as the experience of the London opera chorus may be said to extend back to time immemorial, of course the members thereof quickly apprehended any instructions that were given to them; and so, when any little hitch or difficulty did arise, it was speedily got over.

The chorus at the opera is a very remarkable body, respecting whose course of life there has been no chronicler yet, and yet that course must be of necessity full of striking incident. The chorus corps in an opera is always an object of great interest with us. We have watched those unchronicled celebrities with a gratification which the enjoyment of the current piece has not exceeded. The scenes of horror, of degradation, of ecstatic joy, of terrible misery, of boundless wealth and abject poverty, that we have seen the leading members of that corps conspicuous in, are beyond the reach of the coherent romancist. Why, there is that little sturdy, hard-featured old man, who always struts about second or third on the O.P. side of the stage, from our earliest youth we have noticed him. When we were a child delighting in the pantomime, that chorus singer was a little sturdy, hard-featured old man, and probably had been ever since the great fire of London, about which time operatic performances came into vogue. We have seen that little sturdy old man as a prince of the highest degree, scattering wealth about him as though he were sowing coins;

within an hour we have seen him in wretched rags, and one of an outcast band, whose poverty is so intense, that it leads into the commission of most mysterious crimes, such as stealing female children and bringing them up luxuriously in their wretched dens, and dressing them up in jewels and variegated muslins, so that they may be worthy of the splendid inheritance which they invariably and inevitably come to. Again, we have seen him as one of a desperate band of brigands scowling through a wild chorus, which, with a crash, proclaims that they must be silent as the grave, for the victims approach; in performing which clanging crash, indicative of the silence the band must observe in consequence of the close propinquity of the unfortunate victims, the members of the chorus affectionately tap long knives that they carry in their belts; and some—the little sturdy old man always does—draw them forth and flourish them in the air; and having thus roused all the slumbering echoes of the surrounding mountains, they steal off the stage with their fingers to their lips, preparatory to stealing on when the unsuspecting victims, two ladies and a child, have got through the grand scene that they have to perform in that situation. And it is something quite harrowing to the young soul to see the ferocious manner in which that sturdy little old man seizes the prima donna by the wrist, and brandishing his long knife, and with other appropriate action, indicates that she must quietly yield and be conducted to the cave, or else it will be instantly all over with her. He kindly, however, releases her just for two minutes, in order that she may repeat the concluding portion of the scena with the necessary imploring action of the bare arms addressed emphatically to the conductor of the orchestra, who at the moment is not paying that attention to her which the intensity of the scene requires, inasmuch as he is looking daggers at a rebellious trombone, that has just passed a false note where the flute should have come in. On the very same night we have seen that sturdy little old man of the chorus passing himself off as a Dutch boor, and doing it so admirably, too, that you might almost believe yourself in the neighbourhood of Helvoetsluys, if the scene shifter had not persisted in putting on a mountainous country at the back, although the corps of the chorus, as he must know, is declaring vociferously, that in another quarter of an hour or twenty minutes they will be near the royal palace at the Hague.

Ah, indeed, the life of the operatic chorus singer is one of eventful and constantly recurring change, and the desperate adventures that he has to go through six nights in one week of his engagement might supply a romancist with materials for an age.

The aristocratic party that is surrounding Silvester Langdale—he has his wife on one side of him and Helen Lebar on the other, in that box that is immediately in front of the stage—have been delighted with the rehearsed performance; but there is no one, perhaps, who has been so delighted as the young girl who is sitting by the side of Silvester Langdale. Yes, there is one who is perhaps more delighted than any one in that audience, but yet

she sits up in one corner of a little box above the tier in which Langdale and his party are seated, and she is weeping, too. One would think, to look at her, she was weeping bitterly, and that that big burly form by her side was trying in vain to comfort her ; but no, she is weeping for excess of joy, and she is whispering that it would be worth going through all her misery and trials over again for such a moment as that.

Silvester Langdale feels proud of his *protégé*, and the Duke and Duchess of Chaumontel congratulate him upon having been the means of giving such an operatic gem to the musical world ; and when Severn Barnes rides home with his patron in the carriage, he expresses his gratitude to Silvester Langdale ; and he, too, feels proud indeed, and the same idea has struck both Langdale and his wife, as they ride along, that a more interesting pair could scarcely be seen than Severn Barnes and Helen Lebar, then sitting side by side in the carriage.

The public appearance of Severn Barnes the next night was an unmixed triumph, and he became a brilliant star upon the instant. His success was recorded to be the most marked of the age, and he became a rage.

Surely Silvester Langdale was not departing from the spirit of the charge he had accepted when he became the guardian of Helen Lebar, in receiving Severn Barnes as the suitor for her hand. It was an eligible match on both sides ; it was eminently a love match, as any one could see, and Silvester Langdale was but discharging a sacred duty in fostering it. Severn Barnes was therefore openly received as the accepted suitor of Helen Lebar, who was indeed happy in her choice, the object of her young heart's bright affection. Silvester Langdale had informed Severn Barnes that Helen Lebar had considerable property in the West Indies, and so in every way the match appeared to be an auspicious one. But, in the words of the song that Augusta Montalban had sung to Langdale,—

“The morn may break in brightest hue,
 The sun may rise in glory bright,
 Undimm'd by e'en a fleeting cloud
 To mar the glory of his light ;
 But yet the noon such clouds may show,
 And o'er that brightness shadows fling.
 So we on earth can never know
 The troubles that an hour may bring.”

All had been indeed bright hitherto, but yet the clouds were gathering over Silvester Langdale's house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ELOPEMENT.

A BRILLIANT opera season has passed away, and Severn Barnes, although so young in years, is in the zenith of a fame that has become European. Indeed, he has already entered into Continental engagements. He is one of the gayest of the gay, and he had of course become conceited. Sometimes when he appeared in public he was offensively so, but perhaps this was only to be expected, for what a change had a few short years effected in his life! From a ragged boy, almost without a meal, he had become the pampered guest of the highest and the noblest in the land, and it was intended that he should marry the ward of the most rising professional man of the day. Why, the Marquis and Marchioness of Milltown gave special parties in his honour, and it was observed that the Marchioness had taken a most marked interest in him. On the night that Severn Barnes made his *début* before the public, the Marchioness of Milltown occupied the most conspicuous box in the house, and it was generally remarked that the noble Marquis himself was never more brilliantly made up than on that occasion. Severn Barnes was constantly at their house, and the Marchioness was so attentive to him that the people who were cognizant of the fact shook their heads, and remarked that nothing else was to be expected, and indulged in inuendos, which were most of them founded in ill-nature, and had no warrant in reality. The society in which the Marchioness of Milltown moved was of necessity very limited in its sphere; her chief resource of course was in places of public amusement, at all of which of every kind she was well known. To those who could look beyond the surface, a strong motive could be discovered for the predilection that she exhibited for the society of Severn Barnes. He was engaged to be married to the ward of Silvester Langdale, whose wife was the daughter of Lord Montalban, who was the kinsman of the Duke of Chaumontel, who was her husband's father. Surely there was motive strong enough and innocent enough, and that motive was indulged. Had the Marchioness of Milltown an idea that when Severn Barnes was married he would bring his bride to visit her, and so establish a social link between herself and the great family to which she had been united? It might have been so, it probably was so. The Marchioness of Milltown entertained no feeling towards Severn Barnes that she might not have indulged in towards a brother. Indeed, they became so intimate that she used to say, jokingly, that she looked upon him as a kind of brother; and then people would remark that they might very well pass for brother and sister.

Severn Barnes had been constant in his attentions to Helen Lebar, and apparently there could not have been a more ardent lover, but no definite

time had as yet been fixed for the marriage; and as circumstances turned out, the day was never fixed.

It was a good many months after his first introduction to Helen Lebar, that Silvester Langdale one evening called Severn Barnes into his library. The young man could see that the barrister, his patron, had something serious upon his mind, and he at once concluded that he was now going to propose that the day for Helen Lebar's wedding should be fixed. This idea, however, was at once dispelled by Silvester Langdale saying, as soon as they entered the library and he had closed the door after them,—

"Barnes, I have some bad news to tell you."

"Indeed, sir!" said Severn Barnes, feeling alarmed.

"I think I have no doubt, that I have no occasion to doubt, the sincerity of your attachment to Helen Lebar?" Silvester Langdale observed.

"I think not, sir," said Severn Barnes, rather puzzled at the observation of Silvester Langdale.

"I look upon that girl as my sister; I have treated her as such, and I shall continue to do so; and therefore I need not say that I have her happiness and welfare deeply at heart. It was a source of great satisfaction to me to see the affection that sprang up between you. I know that her feeling towards you is ardent and devoted—I think that yours towards her is equally strong."

"Sir, she is dearer to me than all the world; she is the star of my ambition, when I am seeking that applause which my position gives;" and the young man appeared to speak warmly.

"I understand you," said Silvester Langdale; "you are in a position now that gives you more than applause,—you are in the possession of material success. I think I need not ask you the question that is implied in my suggestion and belief. From what I have seen, then, I do believe that you entertain a warm affection for Helen Lebar—for herself alone."

"For herself alone, indeed," answered Severn Barnes, with strong feeling.

"Then I can make the communication to you that I desire to do, with no apprehension. I have this night received advices from the West Indies, from which it appears that all the property of Helen Lebar has been destroyed, and that she is now indeed a penniless orphan, dependent wholly upon myself. After the declaration you have made to me, however, I feel the less concern respecting that terrible news with regard to Helen's property than I should have done under ordinary circumstances, because, from your position and prospects, the matter may in reality be of little consequence to her."

And as Silvester Langdale ceased to speak, he looked earnestly into the countenance of the young man before him.

Severn Barnes had never been informed what was the extent of Helen Lebar's property, or of what it consisted; he had had only a general knowledge that she was an heiress, and that she was Mr. Silvester Langdale's ward.

He could not conceal from himself that the affection which he entertained for Helen was in some sort strengthened by the knowledge that such was her position ; the intimation, therefore, which Silvester Langdale had just made to him came like a sudden misfortune upon him, and his heart for the instant appeared to swell within him ; only for an instant, however, and without the slightest outward indication thereof. Indeed, it appeared to Langdale that the young man, after a moment's thought, seemed as though he looked upon the disaster to Helen Lebar's fortune cheerily, and as one of no moment ; as though he brightened up under the information, rather than that he was cast down by it.

This was very pleasing to Silvester Langdale, who said, " We need say nothing of this to Helen at present ; poor girl, she will know it soon enough, I dare say. I felt that you would receive it in the true spirit, and my confidence in you has not been misplaced."

And Silvester Langdale gave Severn Barnes his hand, which the young man took tremblingly,—which was attributable, as Langdale thought, to emotion.

" Now let us return to the drawing-room," said Silvester Langdale ; " and not a word about this to Helen."

And they returned to the drawing-room, and there they found other guests, and amongst them Count Moule, who was now a frequent visitor, and who was invariably at Lord Montalban's when the Langdales were there ; and whenever he visited either house, the company seemed instinctively to fall to playing at cards, and Count Moule was almost invariably fortunate. Augusta Montalban had been always impulsive, and always seeking for excitement. Augusta Langdale doted upon her husband, but she sought for excitement nevertheless, and there can be no doubt that as a wife she was quite as extravagant as she had been when she was at home, the pampered daughter of Lord Montalban. She had never been denied anything, and certainly the last person in the world to deny her anything would be Silvester Langdale. His wife did not know what his resources were, but she had a kind of vague notion that they were illimitable, and she acted accordingly, and without the slightest check from her devoted husband. Silvester Langdale was in the receipt of a noble income, and yet he was involved in embarrassments. Added to those which Marl Baskerville had placed around him, he had now those of tradesmen of all classes ; for Silvester Langdale, although he was not reckless, had no forethought. Money poured in upon him every day, and that really seemed to blind him to the consequences that were lurking beneath a splendid veil. Indeed, the embarrassments of Silvester Langdale were increasing almost day by day, while the world at large believed that he was accumulating wealth with great rapidity. The admiring throng that gathered in the ride at Hyde Park, to contemplate—with eyes of envy, perhaps—the stream of fortune and of fashion that was rolling past them brilliantly, little thought that as Silvester Langdale—now an expert horseman—on his noble steed,

and Augusta his wife on her gallant thorough-bred, who passed gaily by them in the brilliant retinue, were or soon would be a prey to gnawing anxiety—gnawing at the heart, and twining with unseen fangs amongst its very fibres.

It was a gay party that assembled in Silvester Langdale's drawing-room that night, and they played at cards joyously, and Augusta Langdale lost thereat, and Count Moule won,—his usual luck was with him. It was late before Severn Barnes left the house of his patron, but before he did so he had found the means of repeating emphatically and ardently his vows of constancy to Helen Lebar.

The season at the opera-house at which Severn Barnes was engaged was rapidly drawing to its close, and overtures had been made to the now renowned vocalist for an engagement in a Continental capital for the approaching winter. After much negotiation this engagement was concluded, and the fact was speedily trumpeted to the world.

Is there anything in the atmosphere of the side scenes of a theatre which in its nature is calculated to wither, so to speak, the better feelings of moral right which it is said are planted in the breast of all of us? If we could statistically analyze the question, the answer must, we fear, be an affirmative one, and the evidence in all probability would be found, if not exclusively, almost wholly to be applicable to men rather than to women. The moral sensibility of men appears to become blunted by a constant respiration of that atmosphere which pervades the stage behind the curtain. There cannot be much doubt about it if we probe the matter thoroughly and impartially. This may be, and probably is, the result of circumstances. Men, after all, more easily become the victims to vanity and conceit than women. The men upon the stage, as a rule, are not conspicuous for general intellect or great strength of mind, while ninety-nine out of every hundred men who don the sock and buskin believe themselves to be geniuses whom the world should foster, and to whom everything should be yielded. They see their names upon the walls constantly flaming before the public, and they come to think that they are the brilliant ornaments, even if they be not the essential supports, of the empire. Their minds become dazzled, their moral sensibilities give way, and hence—well, we will not inquire too closely as to what follows that moral decadence.

When Severn Barnes left Mr. Langdale's house on the night the communication respecting Helen Lebar's fortune was made to him, he thought little of the matter; but the next day he thought much of it, and day by day for some time afterwards he thought much of it; and although when he visited Mr. Langdale's house, as he did daily, there was no apparent change in him, a change of purpose had taken possession of his heart.

The time for his departure for the Continent was at hand, but no arrangement for his marriage had been made, for the simple reason that Silvester Langdale, after mature consideration with Augusta, had come to

the conclusion that the ceremony had better not take place until the spring. It was just now about the time when Silvester Langdale should set out for the circuit, and Augusta had decided upon accompanying him, for the season had been a brilliant one, and in her case it may be said to have been also an enervating one. Helen Lebar and Mrs. Barnes, were, therefore, left in town to be housekeepers.

Helen Lebar was barely eighteen, childlike, artless, loving, devoted. Already did she look upon Mrs. Barnes as her mother; she was happy—she was proud, indeed, in the prospect of soon becoming the wife of Severn Barnes; and at any moment, so ardent, so sacrificing, so unsuspecting was her devotion, she would have laid down her life for him, if the sacrifice could have brought fresh happiness to him.

Severn Barnes knew this devotion, and he revelled in it. But he was now a great celebrity in the world of fashion, and young though he was, he had come to look upon such devotion as his due. He had reasoned upon it, too, with himself, and especially on those occasions when he visited the house of the Marchioness of Milltown. Helen Lebar was a portionless girl—an orphan, living upon the good favour of friends who were in no way connected with her by blood. Why, Severn Barnes had brought his heart to reason in this way. Could he not look round him in the brilliant circle to which he was now admitted? He could—he did—and he saw around titled beauty almost at his feet.

Why need we elaborate the catastrophe? The confiding girl, from the very bottom of her soul, believed in the truth of Severn Barnes, looked upon him as the soul of honour, the god of her idolatry. It is not a matter for wonder, then, that Silvester Langdale should receive, while he is upon the circuit, a letter which is almost prostrating in its effect upon him, although it is illumined by just one solitary ray of hope. Is it something wondrous to record that Helen Lebar has written from Paris to say that her darling, too impatient in his affection, has brought her away to marry her unostentatiously at the British Embassy in that city? Is it an unnatural conclusion that the mind of Silvester Langdale instantly arrives at, that no such marriage will take place? And under these circumstances is it surprising that he goes with his heart lacerated to consult with his beautiful wife?

His conclusion is but too true. The atmosphere that lurks about the green-room has been effectually inspired into his very heart, and Severn Barnes has trampled all the best feelings of the soul—gratitude, affection, generosity—ruthlessly beneath his feet. He has become in heart and soul a villain; and that beautiful, innocent, loving, tender being, whose golden hair is twining now about his neck, is the victim that bears a terrible evidence against him.

A "RAPPEL."

OLD friends, the years are passing by,
 And your dear faces dream-like shine
 Out from my past ! O memory,
 Was ever pain like thine !

I close my eyes, but still ye come,
 With the same looks that once ye wore,
 And voices that have long been dumb
 I listen to once more.

For some among you, far beyond
My call or cry, have passed away ;
 No prayer, however wild or fond,
 Could bring you back one day.

But ye who, passing to and fro,
 Still linger on the restless earth,
 O seize the moments as they go—
 The Now of priceless worth.

O precious hours ! O fleeting days !
 Why should we waste our lives apart,
 Too short to spend in separate ways
 For friends but one in heart ?

The bygone days are all enwrought
 With meanings strangers could not learn ;
 The soft, sad rays from *their* light caught
 No eyes but ours discern.

Then come, old friends ! the evening shades
 Are falling now, are gathering fast,—
 Come back, ere all the brightness fades
 From our beloved Past.

Your own old seats are empty yet,
 The old warm welcome 'waits you still ;
 Oh, come ! the door ajar is set,
 The outer air is chill.

The narrowed circle closer drawn,
 Hands closer clasped for hands we miss ;
 So we will wait the golden dawn
 Of brighter day than this.

REAL ENGLISH OPERA.

THERE is an English opera which has now dropped so completely out of sight, that there may be some novelty in recalling its existence for a few pages. The clever productions of Balfe, of Wallace, and of Benedict, though highly creditable to the reputation of those gentlemen as composers, can still lay but a slight claim to the title of English opera,—the stones upon which they are founded, and the very names by which they are distinguished, being, almost without exception, of foreign origin. Even the music is tinged with Mendelssohn, Rossini, or Verdi, and the heroes and heroines go through much the same sort of fortunes in the modern English as in the Italian entertainment. When first the fashionable diversion was introduced into this country, it attracted fully as much of ridicule as of favour. To be as real as possible, with the exception of blank verse, was always the practice of our stage and its writers; but here was a performance in which the dialogue was sung, the pathos was sung softer, the agony piled on a higher note, and the curtain fell to a loud chorus, in which all the actors evinced an harmonious sympathy with the catastrophe. Still, though the opera was very extensively voted absurd, it was universally voted agreeable, and besides, it became the rage. It was patronized by rich people, who affected a taste for it, just as they affected a taste for elegant China monsters, for black pages to hold their lap-dogs, or for Frenchmen to teach them dancing. There was a prevalent fiction that the frequenters of the boxes and the stalls were sufficiently acquainted with the language of the singers to understand their meaning. The custom of the opera itself is much older than the custom of selling a translation of it in the vernacular. And so it was naturally a polite and elegant thing to go to an amusement, the enjoyment of which, in a certain manner, depended on the possession of an accomplishment usually confined to a privileged class. Apart from this, there was something intrinsically pleasant in hearing the lover tell his passion in one of the best, and by far the most picturesque of ways in which passion can be expressed, and in listening to the tender responses of his mistress, given with all the dying falls and lingering tones of soprano tenderness. It was completely artificial, to be sure,—nonsense, if you like; but still it must have had a portion of the truth of art, must have touched a point akin to our sentimental nature, in order to advance, as it has done, into the popularity of an institution. There is this principle in the drama, which might go a short length to explain the success of operatic exhibitions,—that we admire on the stage many representations of persons and things, not from their resemblance to persons and things as we know them to be in reality, but from their coincidence with a peculiar disposition of the imagination, which pictures both events and characters in that most pleasing point of view we would desire them to be placed in.

This principle is specially applicable to that description of entertainment it is here intended to bring under the head of real English opera. This real English opera always kept on the level walk of comedy, eschewed the dagger and bowl completely, and remained within a charming province of love, and happiness, and namby-pamby. It was most in vogue about that time when women were called Chloes and Daphnes, with such queer pertinacity, that Leigh Hunt, whose first lessons were taken in the good old school, addressed a deceased grand-aunt as a "nymph." Indeed, it laid the entire Arcadian machinery under perpetual contribution. It avoided the outrageous absurdity of recitative; the dialogue was comprehensible as a rule, and often very humorous, and the songs were brought in with at least as much of reasonable excuse as the hero of a melodrama gives for a ballet. You were seldom at a loss to know what was coming next. If the lover walked out on the stage by himself, and hinted anything about his feelings, he was sure to deliver himself immediately afterwards of the mental oppression by a stave or two illustrative of the situation. If his peerless Fanny, Leonora, or Clarissa, happened to be with him, there was a duet for certain. Supposing the lady's-maid turned up, a trio resulted; and if papa (heavy father) came on the boards near the end of an act, a quartett was inevitable. The villain or rival was seldom gratified with a song, though on rare occasions he might be allowed to slip a bar of rascality between the rifts of a lively catch; more usually, however, he was confined to prose, and had to submit, in rueful silence, to being chorused at and exulted over in a triumphant manner when his designs were operatically defeated. In the event of circumstances going in that course proverbially unsmooth, the heroine generally took to a solo. It must be remarked that none of the incidents approached a genuinely passionate character. The whole affair was so essentially a play, that at the most intense crisis you quite understood that the curtain would come down to "Bless you, my children." The father—that most necessary accompaniment to every kind of Thespian contrivance—had one or two noticeable particulars, from which, as a rule, he never departed. He was, for instance, exceedingly fond of his daughter, calling her pet names, chucking her under the chin, telling her what a large fortune she should come in for, and how good she ought to be to deserve it. Then he was amusingly dogmatic and impatient of contradiction. He went in for the honest, blunt old man, who hated your French kickshaws, damme! and all your new-fangled notions, damme! He frequently had the gout, and carried a heavy stick, which he would thump energetically on the ground, and even threaten his daughter with, especially when about to lock her up on bread and water, after discovering her clandestine correspondence with the neighbouring squire's second son, when she ought to have been cocking her pretty cap at the eldest—a virtuous, and consequently (in the opera) a very intolerable personage. His language was vivacious, even for the times—indeed, vivacious is the mildest term applicable to it,—and he

indulges in reminiscences of his youthful days, which do not tend to give us an elevated opinion of his moral conduct during that period. On the subject of his wife, and towards the finale, when he commences to rub his hands and chuckle, he becomes positively indecent. Nor are you left in any doubt as to the nature of the jokes, for if the heroine is present, she always shows her comprehension of the *double entendre* by an "Oh, papa!" or "How could you!" And if the old rascal addresses himself to a chambermaid or a tidy villager, ten to one the coin he receives in exchange is stamped in the same disreputable mint. The mamma is unfailingly a Lady Somebody, and is either very fashionable or very learned. She is not unfrequently an invalid, and, on the whole, is the fool of the play. She never takes part in the songs, but sends messages to her husband, in which he is severely held up to reprobation as an unfeeling brute. Her position altogether is subordinate, and in many cases she is no more visible than the scene-shifter.

In wide lines the foregoing fairly enclose the ordinary types of character in English opera. The following cursory notices of the most popular of those now obsolete entertainments will indicate to the reader a field of amusing research.

One of the best specimens of a real English opera is "Lionel and Clarissa; or, the School for Fathers." This clever little piece was written by Isaac Bickerstaff, and first performed at Covent Garden in the year 1768. Bannister appears on the bill of the first night as sustaining the part of Jenkins. The scene opens with "Colonel Oldboy at breakfast reading a newspaper; at a short distance from the tea-table sits Jenkins, and on the opposite side Diana, who is playing on a harpsichord, a girl attending." Diana opens the ball with a song, about the morning, and the summer adorning, and various reasons for taking advantage of the unusual salubrity of the season. Colonel Oldboy goes into fits of admiration, and proceeds to extract from Diana (evidently a fast young lady) her views on matrimony. Miss does not care for any of your slow coaches; "she would like to hit a libertine, extravagant, madcap fellow, and take him upon the wing;" and then she goes away singing a coquette's defiance to all the beaux,—

"Sound, sound, then, the trumpet, both sexes to arms,
Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly shall see whether courage or charms
Decide for the Helens or Hectors!"

while Jenkins makes his exit under cover of this genuine old-boy jingle:—

"At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear!"

The plot is ingenious and well developed, but is too lengthy to explain.

in detail. Here is Colonel Oldboy's sketch of a dandy named Jessamy; the rhymes and the metre are very suggestive of Thomas Ingoldsby:—

“Zounds, sir! then I'll tell you, without any jest,
The thing of all things that I hate and detest,—
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milksop,
Who, essenced and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks just like a doll from a milliner's shop!
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit,
All fashion, no weight,
Who shrugs and takes snuff,
And carries a muff,
A minikin,
Finicking,
French powder puff!
And now, sir, I fancy I've told you enough.”

The scenes between Lionel and Clarissa are carried on in that strange, Sir Charles Grandison sort of dialogue, which even Fielding puts sometimes into the mouth of Tom Jones, when Tom is laying siege to Sophia Western. Clarissa calls Lionel “sir,” and Lionel calls her “madam.” Their sentences give and take, in the see-saw and balanced style of “Rasselas” or the “Rambler.” They make love to each other as if they were dancing a minuet—in a staid, courtly manner, which is now forgotten, and which it would be as much out of place for a man to assume towards a lady as it would be for him to assume a bag wig and a sword.

“Inkle and Yarico” was another prime favourite with our great-grand-fathers, and with those even who preceded our venerable progenitors. The story was known everywhere through Addison's pathetic narrative in the “Spectator;”—how Inkle was wrecked on an island, where he met a female Friday, who cherished him and sheltered him;—how afterwards a ship brought them both away, and the grateful Christian proceeded to sell the poor fond heathen to another honest man, who dealt in live human stock. Coleman managed the incident with consummate ability, and for a certain farcical kind of humour (above which Coleman never rose) his version is unsurpassed. The famous Mrs. Billington was the Yarico of Covent Garden in 1790, when the opera had an immense run. The songs are full of point, and the dialogue natural and effective. There are some excellent satiric strokes. The following is taken from Act II., Scene 1—a conversation between Trudge (companion to Juke) and Wowski, a second Yarico, with whom he has struck up an arrangement resembling that of his master. Trudge is endeavouring to enlighten his dusky friend upon the privileges and practices of civilization:—

Wowski : What make you love me now ?

Trudge : Gratitude, to be sure.

Wows. : What that ?

Trudge : Ha ! This it is now to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude without finding out what it means ; while we can tell the meaning of it with little or no practice at all. Lord ! Lord ! what a fine advantage Christian learning is ! Hark'ee, Wows !

Wows. : Iss.

Trudge : Let's see, now. What are you to do when I introduce you to the nobility, gentry, and others of my acquaintance ?

Wows. : Make believe sit down ; then get up.

Trudge : Let me see you do it. [*She makes a low curtsy.*] Very well ! And how are you to recommend yourself when you have nothing to say ! amongst all our great friends ?

Wows. : Grin—show my teeth.

Trudge : Right ! They'll think you've lived with people of fashion. But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune that you don't wish to be seen to speak to, what would you do ?

Wows. : Look blind—not see him.

Trudge : Why would you do that ?

Wows. : 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress !

Coleman extricates Inkle from the difficulty in which he is placed by his revolting selfishness with much skill. The music, too, is disposed with considerable care. In our English opera the music always helped the story, instead of the story helping the music. In the works of the Continental masters there is a continuity of musical idea perceptibly carried forward by the orchestra when dropped by the singers ; but in those here treated of the business was seldom neglected for the sake of a melody, and when the time did come for a tune it was certain to emphasize the dramatic situations of the characters. The airs were generally old favourites, which inherited a right to popularity by prescription. Connected some of them with our stirring history, others associated with the household and nursery, many coming from the land of Wales, where from immemorial days they have been thrummed upon the national instrument, more again hailing from over the Border,—they were all sure of a warm reception from those who from childhood were well acquainted with them. These English operas resembled a house built up of old materials, whose design was not marred by any tentative efforts at originality, and whose pleasing but somewhat commonplace appearance was agreeable from custom and familiarity. The choral parts were simply arranged with the least distracting involutions of harmony, and chimed in neatly and effectively with every stir and gesture of the performers. Then the scenes were always laid in delightful places—in gardens and balconies, Spanish streets, drawing-rooms, humble but exceedingly well painted cottages, or in sylvan prettinesses. Even the villains before alluded to were not at all of the truculent Grindoff kind, but tender, remorseful scoundrels, easily brought to a repenting state of mind by the beauty of the heroine or by “ a strain heard in happier and more virtuous moments.” This strain was the usual locomotive engine that carried contrition to the heart of the ruffian. It was

borne in an agonizing, *legato* quiver on the violins, or came wailing, Ophelia-like, from the bosom and throat of Persecuted Innocence. It was never known to fail, and is still reproduced in our melodramas, and may be considered one of the most venerable practices of the British theatre.

“Rosina,” an opera in two acts, written by Mrs. Brooke, had a brilliant success. The story was said to be taken from the book of Ruth, and had already furnished to Thomson’s “Seasons” the episode of Palemon and Lavinia. It had also been musically adapted by Monsieur Favart, a French composer of some merit. He seemed, however, to have abjured the sentimental aspect of the narrative, and Mrs. Brooke, in a preface acknowledging her obligations to his version, hints at the superiority of her own, which gives wide scope for love-making. This trifle would take about an hour and a half in representation. Rosina, virtuous and handsome, dwells in a cottage with Dame Dorcas. Gleaning in the corn-fields, she attracts the admiration of Belville, who takes fire like touch-paper. Belville’s brother, an officer, falls in love with her too, and tries his wicked arts upon her unsuspecting modesty, but without success. He follows her to her humble residence, where Goody Dorcas, very much wide awake, turns on the gallant captain, and sends him off with a moral flea in his ear. Thereupon the military man betakes him to a steward—a creature of his own, as certain novelists would say,—and gives that personage £5 5s. to arrange the little affair for him. The investment of this enormous capital, fortunately for Rosina (and the audience), fails to bring the expected return, and Captain Belville is what is called baffled. Charles Belville, however, gains the heart of the heroine by a novel process, which apparently consists in sleeping with the sun on his face, and thus giving her an opportunity of preserving his complexion and delicately disclosing her own passion. This she does by simply making a wreath of straw, and fastening it with a ribbon taken from that part of her dress immediately below the neck. She suffers continually from the attentions of the captain, but is rescued at an imminent crisis by a pair of accidental Irishmen, whose nationality is established satisfactorily by their frequent appeals to the patron of the first gem of the sea. Finally, Rosina, after a genteel fib about preferring a cottage and a spinning-wheel to matrimony, accepts the hand of her faithful Belville, who has previously made inquiries of a rather practical nature into the respectability of her family. There is an under-plot, in which a Miss Phœbe coquettes with a Mr. William in the most approved and stagy manner, and sings at him various songs which argue a more extensive acquaintance with the Latin classics than is usual among persons of her condition. She makes him dreadfully jealous by speaking of Harry, who has paid her, oh! such fine court and compliments, while he retorts with a hint at a certain miller’s maid not insensible to his (William’s) considerable accomplishments. According to his own account he is quite a bucolical Don Giovanni :—

“I’ve kiss’d and I’ve prattled with fifty fair maids,
 And changed them as oft, d’ye see ;
 But of all the fair maids that dance on the green,
 The Maid of the Mill for me !”

Milton’s “Comus” and Fielding’s “Tom Thumb” are generally included with the operas, but they differ so much from those brought here under that title that they may be considered as belonging to another class. “Tom Thumb” is probably as much the legitimate ancestor of the modern burlesque as the great novel of the clever humorist is the primitive from which the fashion of our present romances is derived. As for “Comus,” the power of the writer has taken it far above the reach of all other productions cast in the same mould, and it remains virtually unattempted and unacted, to be read in a grave, appreciative mood ; a splendid Morality clothed in humble garb, but stamped with the very royalty of genius.

The perfection of the real English opera was achieved by Dibdin. Nothing can exceed the grace, the sprightliness, and agreeability of his pieces. The songs are written as only Dibdin could write songs ; the music has a power of moving peculiarly its own ; the plot hinges on probable incidents ; and the whole never fails to please any one capable of being amused by harmless wit, sweet sounds, and seeing justice done to true lovers, and confusion to amorous or wrong-headed interlopers. Who does not know that immortal “Jolly Young Waterman,” who has rowed along and will continue to row along when those who have erst heard of his aquatic performances will be certainly thinking of nothing at all ? And “Farewell, my trim-built wherry,” done in white ducks, a straw hat, small shoes, a linsey-woolsey shirt, and a prominent belt, what could beat it for pathos ? Then in the “Quaker” we had “The Lads of the Village,” with the characteristic “Merrily ha !” and “Verily ha !” for a chorus of Steady, the broad-brim disciple of Richard Barclay. Those entertainments were somewhat different from the lugubrious “Lucrezia,” or the distressingly solemn “Norma,” and were certainly more refreshing and more comprehensible.

The “Padlock,” a musical interlude, was written by Bickerstaff, and the music supplied by Dibdin, who himself undertook the part of Mungo. Cervantes was the originator of the plot. It was founded on a novel of his called the “Jealous Husband,” in which the husband uses every Spanish precaution, and is most comically befooled at the finish. If the opera had been composed in the days of the Restoration we should undoubtedly have had some good easy man brought to confusion by an unfaithful wife. But the times were mending in this respect, and Don Diego and Leonard are in such relations to each other as to take the *dénonement* out of the jurisdiction of the divorce court. The fun of the piece turns upon the insufficiency of bolts and bars to keep out a lover, or keep in a young lady. An old woman called Ursula fills an important part. She seems a combination of Sheridan’s duenna and the nurse of Juliet, and rivals the

latter more than successfully in a sort of vocabulary, which Shakspeare has used less frequently than Wycherly. Mungo is servant to the Don, a black Major-domo, with all the fondness of an Ethiopian for music, the tinkling of a guitar being sufficient to induce him to help Leander over the garden wall. When Don Diego returns unexpectedly and finds that his "Padlock" has only given a sweet, stolen zest to the meeting of the lovers, he resigns himself to his fate with a good-humoured laugh, and sings,—

"Go forge me fetters, that shall bind
The rage of the tempestuous wind;
Sound with a needleful of thread
The depth of ocean's steepy bed;
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
Quench Etha with a cup of tea;—
In these manœuvres show your skill,
Then hold a woman of your will."

Storace, an excellent musical writer, got a favourable introduction to the public by contributing the music of "The Doctor and the Apothecary." This is a very dull affair to read, and yet it might tell on the stage briskly enough. Passages of "The Lady of Lyons," very like nonsense in the closet, are very effective in the acting. The strut, the kneeling down, the hand upon sword or hand upon forehead, the elevated eyebrows, and stare defiant, go immensely to sustain a drama. The author of a clever farce told the writer of this paper that a comedian considered his "study" merely as a serviceable indication for his action, and depended far more upon what he could do with a mobile face, a comic gait, and a queer jerk of his thumbs, than he did upon the jokes and fun set down for him.

Of "The Beggar's Opera" so much has been said everywhere that the theme is wellnigh exhausted. It is a unique mixture of rascality and music, a decoction like an American tangle-leg made up of very strong materials. "A Newgate Pastoral might make a pretty sort of thing," remarked Swift to Gay, and shortly afterwards the musical gaol-birds of "The Beggar's Opera" commenced to warble their various lays in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the opera was first performed, with Miss Fenton as Polly. Every one has heard the story of how Polly became Duchess of Bolton, and graced her exalted station by her wit, her manners, and her beauty. Many an actress has hoped to die a duchess since that romantic accident; but dukes are scarce off the boards, though on them noble lords, nay, even kings, may be had for the least encouragement. Ireland, in his "Hogarth Illustrated," relates an anecdote of a foreigner who, learning the success of the new venture, and the satirical blows it levelled at the Italian opera, remarked of Gay, "Saire, this simple signor did try to pelt my countrymen out of England with *bumps of pudding*," one of Gay's tunes.

In a moral aspect Captain Macheath may be a much less dangerous

example than the feminine Traviata. A great deal of twaddle has been written upon the influence of works like "Paul Clifford," "Jack Sheppard," and scenic adaptations such as "The Beggar's Opera." If we were to put all the robbers who have become so from the source of the drama, or the source of books, into comparison with those criminally instructed by vicious example, by poverty, and inherent depravity (there are children of the devil who begin their father's work from the very cradle), we should find the balance weighed down entirely from the latter causes. Crime is mostly the disease of an unimaginative, dull-minded class; and those who frequent theatres, and read novels, even of a questionable nature, have something of good in them—some saving gleam of fancy, shown in the very effort to take recreation from any other quarter than that of the gin-shop or the night cellar.

The artists now retained at Covent Garden would probably despise the puerilities of the real English opera. Very few shakes, no brilliant runs, no notes to be sustained until the singer is panting with exhaustion and the audience open-mouthed in astonishment. The gentlemen of the orchestra would scarcely care to have their really magnificent band employed on mere accompaniments, in which there is no science to speak of, and seldom an opportunity for the personal display of any instrumentalist. Perhaps we have all gone beyond being amused by "Rosina," "The Padlock," or "The Quaker." Namby-pamby, however nicely served up, is not a dish to go down with the strong stomachs of this generation. We like fierce, warm love, vehement hatred, outrageous fools, the wickedest women or concentrated essences of good ones, angels and fallen angels, those whose motto is "Excelsior," and those whose device intimates a different region. So they be contrasted, black and white, they possess the first element of popularity. Real English opera was neutral tinted, and has faded so much out of recollection as to have an air of antiquity about it already.

W. B.

LOVE AND THE POET.

IN THE ORIGINAL METRE OF ANACREON.)

IN solemn hours of midnight,
 When the northern star was shedding
 Its radiance o'er Arcturus,
 And the weary race of mortals
 Lay tranced in happy slumbers,
 Came Cupid to my portal,
 And knocking pray'd me "open."
 Cried I, "Who raps my wicket,
 And breaks upon my slumbers,
 Recalling me from Dreamland?"
 Yet still he prayed me, "Open;
 Fear not, I'm but an infant;
 The cruel rain is falling,
 And O, the night is moonless,
 Whilst all alone I wander."
 I pitied his sad story:
 I lit my lamp—I open'd—
 And lo a wingèd urchin,
 With bow, and shafts, and quiver!
 I placed him at my hearthside,
 I chafed his frozen fingers,
 And from his golden tresses
 Wrung out the dripping water.
 As the warmth recall'd his spirits,
 "Come," said the boy precocious,
 "We'll see if this foul weather
 Hath harm'd at all my bowstring."
 He drew, and whizz'd an arrow
 To my heart, that wasp-like stung me;
 And laughing cried—the changeling—
 "Friend host, good-bye. Love's bowstring
 Hath weather'd well the tempest;
 Thou'lt prove it—to thy heartache."

REV. C. MAURICE DAVIES, D.D.

THE SHADOW-LAND OF IRELAND.

To link the visible with the invisible world, and to make things real seem as if they were not real, had often been the business and the pleasure of the Celtic imagination. Thoughtless and thriftless, but endowed with a restless fancy, the Irish peasant little heeded the exigencies of to-day in the bright hues in which he invested the morrow. The happy medium which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon mind is unknown to him. He delights in extremes. He is alternately elated with joy or depressed with grief; as it were, reflecting in his disposition the variability of the climate of his country.

As in most countries, so it is in Ireland, its ancient history is a mixture of fact and fable, to which the minds of Irishmen constantly recur with unspeakable pleasure. The retrospective tendency in the national mind has too often operated prejudicially for the interests of the present; and however useful it may be that men should devote their time and talents to prevent the past from falling into oblivion, it seems to us that men can render greater services to society by employing their energies on questions of present utility. If this be true, is it of greater moment to decipher an Ogham inscription, or to aid in the development of the deep-sea fisheries, or in the more extended cultivation of flax? This retrospective tendency, or proneness to musing, is in an especial manner the mental inheritance of the peasant class. The legendary glories of Ireland have been faithfully transmitted from father to son, and each generation listens reverently to them. Always have the young men heard with pride and pleasure of the architectural skill and mighty magic of the Tuaatha de Danaans, of the craft of the Firbolgs, and the valour of the Milesians; often have they gazed long and wistfully on the dark waters of Lough Neagh to discover the round towers of the city which are fancifully said to shine beneath its waves.

Superstitions receive their colouring from national and local peculiarities. Mermaids and mermen abound only within sight of their native element; wild huntsmen haunt woods and forests; witches and warlocks frequent glens, and the caverns of rocky mountains; and the elfin tribe usurp the domain of the level swards, now seeking concealment amid daffodils, and now coquettishly hiding from mortal eye in the calyx of the bluebell.

As collateral evidence of the Oriental origin of the Irish, many monuments are pointed to, which seem the lingering relics of the devotion of fire-worshippers. The worship of Baal had evidently extended to this country; and though Christianity abolished the belief in heathen deities, it could not wholly eradicate heathen customs. Baal was dethroned from his high estate, but the Beltine season was still observed, and the fires lighted, though rather as a popular amusement than a religious observance. On the first of May these fires blazed throughout the country, whilst young

men and women danced merrily round them. Then, with joined hands, they would rush in towards the fire, and as hastily withdraw from it, and commence the Beltine dance, the mystic movements of which, however, had long lost their ancient significancy. In the neighbourhood of each fire a May-bush was set up, its branches illuminated with candles, like the *heilige nacht Baume*, or the Christmas tree of Germany. The following customs generally terminated the night's amusements. Young men purified themselves for the married state by jumping three times backwards and forwards over the fire; persons about to travel followed the same custom in order to make their journey prosperous. Cattle were supposed to be preserved from disease and witchcraft if driven over the embers of the fires; and at the conclusion of all, and previous to dispersing for the night, such persons as could secure a burning brand hurried away with it, it being considered "lucky" to bring home some of the May-fire. The origin of this custom has been traced back to the times of the Druids, who, having craftily ordained that all fires should be extinguished on that day, and, after the lapse of a few hours, rekindled from those lighted in honour of Belus, received in return for the privilege an annual tribute from the people.

The belief in the divinity of fire was not wholly extinct in Ireland in the year 1831. The peasant's mind recurred to it on the first visitation of cholera. Both medicine and pishogue had proved unavailing to arrest its ravages. The people were appalled. The horrors of all the ancient plagues seemed revived, and with them revived the traditional custom of invoking the aid of fire for the preservation of the people. The circuit of the island was divided into stations, and a man allotted to each. Then, from a given station, a man, bearing a lighted torch in his hand, was despatched to the next station, where the torch was taken from him and borne on from station to station—the light never suffered to be extinguished, though the torch might be renewed—by the persons appointed. Hence by means of torch-light a fiery cordon was drawn round Ireland in one night.

It would seem that from May-eve till the close of May-day supernatural agencies were in unceasing operation. It was the Saturnalian period of witches and fairies, and woe to the person who had incurred the resentment of either! His own health or that of his family might suffer. Beneath their malignant influence his possessions melted away. His cows would yield him no milk, or if they did yield, all the churning of the milk-maid would be unavailing to produce butter. And this state of things continued until May-day again came round, when he might invoke aid to neutralize or destroy the spells from which he had been suffering.

It was popularly believed that not only the power to pass from place to place, but also that of transforming themselves into any animal at pleasure, was possessed by witches. It is related that a witch, being maliciously disposed towards a poor man who owned a couple of cows, used to turn

herself into a hare, and milk them in the open field. She was seen from the road by two men who had been out shooting; she was fired at, and shot in the leg. Then they had a smart chase after her to a wretched cabin some distance off, into which she jumped through the aperture that served as a window. The cabin was the abode of an old woman who was reputed a witch; so it was not without feelings of apprehension that the men rushed in at the door in pursuit of the hare, which they never saw afterwards. But they were confronted by the old woman seated on her three-legged stool, whilst she was smoking a short black pipe with the utmost composure. The window-hole in the wall was marked with blood, which had dripped along the ground to the stool, and seemed still to trickle from her rags of petticoats. However, the transformation of the old woman could not be proved, though it was religiously believed in, and she accordingly escaped punishment.

A stranger travelling in Ireland, and unaware that the belief in witchcraft still existed there, would be surprised to see large straw collars round the necks of cows grazing in the fields. But his surprise would change to astonishment when he was told that these *soogauns* were put on as a protection against witchcraft. Then the number of horseshoes nailed against doorposts would excite his wonder; for as the *soogauns* protected the cows in the field, so the horseshoe protected the butter in the dairy. With such pieces of old iron nailed to the doorposts, and to the bottom of the churn, the milkmaid churned without fear of losing the product of her labour. No fairy, no wicked witch, could work malicious spells in the presence of so potent a talisman.

The discovery of the source whence this efficacious charm proceeded has recently engaged the attention of learned antiquaries, and the result of their investigations tends to show that the charm lies in the metal, it being indifferent what form it has received from the hand of man, or the use for which it has been fashioned. Though the iron was formed into a shoe, and had been worn by a horse, it was not on that account the more efficacious. This conclusion has been arrived at from the study of old legends, and the examination of weapons of ancient warfare. The bronze swords and stone arrow-heads of the Celts were inefficient against the steel or iron weapons with which other nations fought. In ancient story, swords of steel were called swords of light; magical properties were ascribed to them, and their possessors were deemed invincible. Hence, in course of time, the credulous peasant assigned magical properties to a horseshoe!

At the dawn of a fine May morning the dew lies heavy on the grass, and sparkles with diamond brilliancy on each leaf of tree and shrub. A peculiar cosmetic property is assigned to it. Maidens rise early to gather and rub it to their faces; for even Irish girls do not disdain to enhance their natural attractions.

In Ireland, fairies have had, from time out of mind, the sobriquet of "good people;" but considering the company they kept, and the wicked

deeds they sometimes committed, they hardly deserved such a name. Yet their temper was not always malignant; it was fitful, like the temper of those whom they alternately plagued and pleased. May-night was their favourite time for revelling and paying domiciliary visits to mortals; punishing the slattern and rewarding the tidy and cleanly. The hapless girl who neglected to make fitting preparation for their reception, whose hearth was unswept and room unwashed, suffered from their resentment. Her nose was tweaked, and she was pinched black and blue, till her skin was marked like that of a leopard. But she who is tidy, cleanly, and neat, is generally rewarded by finding a shilling in her shoe next morning. Amongst the fairies themselves, this night seems to be one of the most sportive in their calendar; now frolicking among the purple bells of the heather blossom, now footing it to the music of the fairy piper. Sometimes mortals, by chance or destiny, participated in those revels, and the subsequent agility of the dance movements, the perfection of the heel and toe and cover-the-buckle steps of such persons, was regarded as evidence that they had once footed it to the mystic pipes.

On May eve, along the borders of the lakes of Killarney, might be seen many an anxious Celt, prepared to watch through the night for the dawn of the coming morning, when it might be their good fortune to see that traditional hero, the O'Donoghue of the lakes. Once in seven years, mounted on his milk-white steed and accompanied by his silvery elves, he may be seen riding on the surface of the lakes, whose waters rise before him and his festive train in clouds of silvery spray. His appearance is the harbinger of peace and plenty in the land, and happy shall be the man who beholds him.

Often have the Irish peasant, and even persons of better condition, been terror-stricken at the appearance of the fetch or the banshee. When the shades of evening were falling, the fetch, or second self, would appear to the person whom death had marked out for an early victim. The apparition would be seen, perhaps, amid the ruins of an old building, or along the road-side, or in the doomed person's very home. Again, the banshee, with her plaintive wail, was another messenger of the Fates that considerably warned the Irish Celt of the approach of death. But by the decisions of the Landed Estates Court, which have dispossessed of their holdings many of the bankrupt gentry, and dispersed them and their followers through the length and breadth of the land; by the intermixture of races, which has diminished the number of persons in whose veins the pure Celtic blood still flows; and by the voluntary expatriation of thousands of others, whose genuine Celtic extraction would entitle them to the polite attention of fetch and banshee, these harbingers of the king of terrors are now seldom seen or heard.

As may be supposed, where the supernatural exercised such sway over the national mind, there was a corresponding recourse to superstitious customs. Even when sickness was prevalent among the people, there was

a greater reliance placed on spells, charms, and pilgrimages, than on the skill of a medical man. His prescriptions were slighted or regarded with suspicion, while the specifics of an old crone were always in favour. It will seem incredible that, in the nineteenth century, the ravages of a malignant fever were expected to be arrested by such a remedy as we have now to describe. It was of a purely superstitious character, but different in complexion from that employed against the cholera some years previously. The people were dying by hundreds of fever, and yet they hesitated to send for a doctor or to take his medicines. But an old woman recommended a cure which was universally tried. Some clay was scraped from the threshold of the sick person's cabin, heated in a skillet, then put into the leg of a stocking and applied to the patient's back. The healing virtue of the clay was supposed to have been imparted to it by the numberless benedictions pronounced over it, no visitor ever crossing the threshold of an Irish cabin without saying, "God save all here!" It was not until sorely tried by death, and in despair of all homely remedies, that the people resorted to medical aid.

A disease, commonly known as "wildfire," was once very prevalent among the peasants. The standard remedy for this was a few drops of the blood of a lineal descendant of the family of the Keoghs. We can fancy the ceremony with which such a person would be ushered into the patient's home, submitting, in the interests of humanity, to be bled in the thumb. Sometimes it happened that a Keogh was not to be found in the patient's vicinity, or that he refused to grant the boon required of him; then a cat, of a pure black colour, was sought for, the blood of which was supposed to be as efficacious a remedy as that of a Keogh. This supposition is based on a legend of the pre-historic period. When the round towers were being erected, a proud chieftain of the name of Keogh churlishly refused a site for one of them on his property. The Tuaatha de Danaans, however, having resolved not to be thwarted in the business of erecting those monuments of their skill and power, the objects and uses of which were afterwards to puzzle and perplex the minds of men, transformed the refractory chieftain into a black cat.

Perhaps this superstition is a lingering vestige of the Oriental doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Perhaps it is a counterpart of the belief which is entertained by the inhabitants of countries in northern latitudes, that many men are endowed with the power of transforming themselves into bears at pleasure. As a bear may therefore be a man in disguise, no one in those latitudes ever kills a bear without begging his pardon.

The tutelary guardian of the peasant's home against the ravages of fire is St. Bridget. The talisman, the sign that the aid of St. Bridget has been invoked, consists of a small, rudely formed cross, which is placed over the door. With the recurrence of the festival there is a renewal of the sign of the invocation of the saint; and as the new crosses are put up in the thatch without the old ones being taken down, they soon become a

sort of calendar, by which the age of the house is known. The Irish peasant contemplates them with as much complacency as the well-to-do burgess contemplates the insurance plates on the front of his house; and the constantly increasing number of those crosses indicates the regularity with which the policy has been renewed.

Fairies have, perhaps, had their abiding-place longer in Ireland than in other countries. In Bretagne, traces of the "good people" are still perceptible. And along the banks of the silvery Rhine the attention of the traveller is directed to places and objects which manifest their power for good or evil. The steep craggy rock, pinnaced by the ruined castle, or cleft in twain by superhuman might, or removed to a distance from its original site, are pointed to as monuments of the power and agency of the fairies. Irish fairies were more circumscribed in their action, but their influence was more felt by the people. They punished any intrusion on their privacy and homesteads; but they liberally rewarded those who respected the places sacred to their gambols, and which were generally on the "streamlets' banks, upon the green hill-side, round the grassy fort." Irish fairies, shut out from intercourse with their European brethren by the insular position of their country, assimilated themselves in their habits and customs to the peasantry. They married and gave in marriage. They procreated their species, they drank, danced, and fought as sprightly and as eagerly as the wildest Tipperary boys. Such was the belief entertained of them,—and how often does a belief mirror forth the mental habits of the believer! Woe betide the mortal who spoke slightly of or disbelieved in the "good people"! they were sure to bide their time and have their revenge. The sceptic or scoffer, returning from a wake or a wedding, a christening or a patten, belated, and a little the worse for liquor, was waylaid and punished; sometimes, "with tapers formed of the waxen thighs of bees, and lighted at the fiery glow-worm's eyes," they allured the hapless wayfarer on, till he sank with a splash in a marsh or bog. Immersed to his neck, and with fairy lights playing along the waters of the marsh, and with fairy forms apparently flitting about him, the hapless being was ready to recant his errors, and proclaim his belief in fairy mythology.

Sometimes the offender dreams three times of hidden treasure, and then he sets out with pick and spade to dig for the crock of gold. It is the solemn hour of midnight, when phookas pursue their fiery courses, and witches celebrate their unhallowed rites. It is the hour when the banshee's wail may ring on the human ear, and the unshriven dead rise to perform purgatorial exercises. The moon veils her face behind a cloud, and the stars twinkle menacingly down on the devoted head of the trembling offender, as with palpitating heart he toils alternately with pick and spade, to arrive at the much-coveted treasure. He has religiously observed the directions given him in his dream, and the practices usual on such occasions. He has mentally repeated the charmed words which neutralize the spells of the palashantra, or guardian goblin. Not a sound, not a

word has escaped his lips ; he digs on, till at last his labours, and his patience, and his prudence are about to be rewarded ; his spade strikes against a large stone or iron trap-door, or, better still, the crock, long familiar to his imagination ; when his excitement overcomes him, his dream is being fulfilled ; he is dazzled with the visionary prospect of unbounded wealth that lies before him, and he utters an exclamation of joy. Instantly a rumbling noise, like thunder, is heard. The ivy-clad crumbling walls of the ruined building, in which he has been digging, topple ; a chasm opens beneath his feet, and he sinks down, down into the caverns of the earth, whilst a discordant chorus of elfish laughter rings in his ears. He survives the shock, and recovers his consciousness, and discovers that he has been sleeping outside the old ruins (of his Castle of Indolence), with his spade by his side, and an empty whiskey bottle in his hand.

There were few sounds for which the Irishman listened more attentively than the tick, tack, of the leprechaun's hammer. Acquainted with the places in which auriferous treasures were buried, possessed of the magical purse in which there was always a shilling, the wily elf constantly excited and baffled the cupidity of the ever-sanguine Milesian. The shoemaker in ordinary to the fairies, arrayed in his cocked hat and red coat, was sometimes caught and threatened with instant destruction unless he divulged the secret which would enrich his captor, or surrendered to him the much-coveted purse. When so circumstanced the elf affected compliance ; but legends say that he always outwitted the peasant, and escaped with a malicious laugh. Their too frequent appearance, however, was considered an ill omen, for a tradition runs, that—

“When leprechauns appear,
Troubled times are near.”

The abduction of healthy children, and sometimes that of grown persons, was a constant practice with the fairies. In a most unaccountable manner, the mother's darling, which had smiled and chirruped so sweetly but a few instants before, disappeared, and a puny, weird thing was left in its place. Fairy doctors were then consulted, potent spells were put into operation, and sometimes so successfully that the fairy was banished and the child restored to its mother. Changelings, however, were universally believed in.

Some of England's greatest poets have embodied this superstition in their poetry. In the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*” we have the English fairy mythology preserved ; and thus, in this gorgeous poetic effusion, Shakspeare beautifully introduces the belief in changelings :—

“For Oberon is passing fell and wroth
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king :
She never had so sweet a changeling.”

Spenser, in his "Fairy Queen," thus preserves the superstition :—

"A fairy thee unweeting reft
There as thou slepst in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left,
Such men do changelings call,—so changed by fairies' theft."

But with the partial insight which these superstitions give of the Shadow-land of Ireland, this paper shall conclude. We may return to the subject, which is replete with so much interest, and has attracted so much attention. As aids to the study of Irish life and Irish character, Irish superstitions should not be neglected; for they have given a poetic colouring to the thoughts and appreciably influenced the actions of Irishmen. Also, the mythical tales have a general interest. In them is discernible evidence of their belonging to the stock whence proceeded all the mythical tales which have been distributed over the European continent. However modified those tales may be to suit the variety of race, dissimilarity of language, and exigencies of climate, the strong family likeness is uneffaceable, which proves them to have been racy of the Oriental soil which gave them birth, and redolent of myrrh and frankincense when brought hither by the first Indo-European tribes.

Where now should we expect to find the lingering traces of these tales and superstitions? As the tropical plants and driftwood of the gulf stream were arrested in their course at their first contact with the land, so also was the mental *débris* of the Indo-European races checked with the advance of the races themselves by their first contact with the ocean. Bretagne, Norway, Denmark, the Hebrides, Ireland, have preserved the folk-lore transmitted to them by their Oriental ancestors. Tales which pleased an Emir, as he reposed beneath the shelter of his tent, have delighted the peasant as he sat in the light of his turf fire and within the mud walls of his cabin. And they may still be heard in all their freshness and beauty, as well in the log huts of Canada, and in the rude dwellings of the Australian gold-digger, as in the countless other places in which the Irish peasant has sought and found a home.

A REMARKABLE TRIAL.

THE CROWN *VERSUS* RICHARD BEECROFT AND OTHERS.

THIS trial took place in the assize court, Lincoln city, on Wednesday, July 16th, 1699. Richard Beecroft, attorney-at-law, John Edwards, gardener, and William Earle, gentleman, were indicted for the wilful murder of Ellen Gay, a young and very attractive gentlewoman, "though, it may be, of a flighty, incontinent temper," possessed of considerable landed property in her own right, bequeathed by a paternal maiden aunt. The presiding judge was Mr. Baron Hatsell.

The indictment, stripped of its surplusage, charged the prisoners that they, not having God before their eyes, and being moved and seduced of the devil, did, on the 13th day of March, in the eleventh year of the king's reign, commit a felonious assault upon one Ellen Gay, "and afterwards binding a rope of no value about her neck, did strangle, smother her, and afterwards throw her body into a mill-dam river."

Mr. Serjeant Burt was counsel for the Crown. The first portion of the speech I shall give in the first person, and pretty nearly in his own words, affording as it does a striking illustration of the state of medical science in those days.

"The prisoner Beecroft," said the learned gentleman, "had been long previously acquainted with Ellen Gay. He is a gentleman having a good practice in Boston. Being about to accompany the assize court on circuit, he sent a letter to the deceased, penned in the handwriting of his wife, which stated that he would call upon the young lady's mother. He did so, and stayed to sup, intending, as he said, to remain during the night. And at eleven o'clock, gentlemen," continued Mr. Serjeant, "he having been sitting privately with the young lady for several hours, an order was given, *in his hearing*, to warm a bed for him. One of the servants did accordingly warm his bed, expecting he would follow. Instead of that, whilst she was warming the bed, she heard the street door opened and shut. Now the nature of that door is such, that upon its clapping to, all the house would hear the noise. There can be no possible mistake about this, that the door was opened and shut only once. Now, excepting the prisoner Beecroft and Ellen Gay, no one had left the house. A fair presumption, then, is that they left together. The servant, at hearing the door slam, and finding Mr. Beecroft did not come to his room, became, after a while, uneasy in her mind. She went down-stairs and roused the mother, Mrs. Gay. These sat up together all night, much distressed, and wondering at the absence of Mr. Beecroft and the young mistress. They sat up in vain expectation of the return of the absent ones, and the next morning the first news of the young lady was that she lay drowned, but floating, in the river not far from the mill-dam. Upon that

many persons assembled, for it was a surprise how it should come to pass. Now this made a great noise, which was natural. There she lay floating with her petticoats and apron, but her night-rail (*sic*) and morning gown were off. It must, indeed, be held very extraordinary, that from the time the servant left Mr. Beecroft and her young mistress together she was not seen or heard of till next morning, and then found in such a condition, with her eyes broad open, floating on the water. It will also be proved that a mortgage deed, executed by the young lady about two months before her death, has been produced by Mr. Mason, a wealthy person residing at Boston, upon which the prisoner Beecroft raised three thousand five hundred pounds. At this the relatives of Miss Gay were greatly amazed. What possible reason could she have for so obtaining such a large sum? More than all, what use had she put the money to? There were but fifteen guineas and a few pieces of silver found in her desk, and no one ever saw or heard of the deceased having possession of any considerable sum of money. The prisoner Beecroft has declared he paid the amount over in gold spade guineas, chiefly to the deceased herself, and that the young lady, having no maid with her, carried such a heavy charge away. With respect to that circumstance, credible witnesses will have pertinent things to relate. Another important circumstance, which I had almost forgotten, is, that the lady's purse was in her pocket, but a very valuable diamond brooch could not be found. That might, however, have slipped into the stream."

Unquestionably this, so far, was a formidable opening of the case against the prisoner Beecroft; but the learned serjeant, in his zeal to convict, made the mistake of endeavouring to prove too much. With special earnestness he urged the alleged fact, in anticipated reply to the defence, which it was known would be set up.

"When the body came to be viewed," said Serjeant Burt, "it was much wondered at; because it is contrary to nature that persons who have drowned themselves should float upon the water. We have sufficient evidence that it is a thing that never was. If persons fall alive into the water, then they sink; if dead, then they swim. At first it was thought such a thing might have happened, though no one could imagine why this young gentlewoman should have incurred the crime of *felo-de-se*. And upon closer examination it did appear there had been violence used to the deceased. There was a crease round her neck. She was bruised about the ear; so that it did seem certain she had been strangled by hands or a rope. No question this matter is dark and blind, as all wicked actions are,—done in secret, to be kept from the knowledge of men as much as possible." Here Mr. Serjeant was stopped by Baron Hatsell, who told him "not to flourish so much."

After some further observations, the counsel for the Crown proceeded to establish his case by evidence. The medical testimony, intended to prove, beyond all doubt, that only persons already dead ever float upon

the water, was weak and contradictory. With respect to that the prosecution had broken down, or, at least, had not to the satisfaction of the court or jury established the alleged fact.

The evidence against the prisoner was sufficiently damning without it. The woman-servant who warmed the bed swore distinctly that not only was the street door only opened once, but that she heard the tread of two pairs of feet along the passage, and the deceased talking much more loudly than usual with her to Mr. Beecroft. Then the door slammed to with a loud noise. In cross-examination she admitted that the deceased had been melancholy at times of late. She was of rather a passionate temper, but good-hearted, generous. The last time she saw Mr. Beecroft and her together, they appeared to be as good friends as ever. She sat up with Mrs. Gay all night, and offered to go in search of the absent young lady; but her mother refused, as it would make a talk in the town. It was about eleven o'clock when she went up-stairs to warm the bed.

William Roberts, landlord of the "Golden Fleece," deposed, that towards eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th of March, Mr. William Earle, a gentleman of family, though it was reported considerably reduced in means, and whom he had seen in former days walking with the deceased Miss Gay, came into the "Golden Fleece," and asked if he could have beds for the night for himself and another person. Being told he could, he ordered a fire to be lit; and though then the worse for wine, ordered a jug of mulled claret, with which he was served. He was very pale,—ghastly white, indeed,—though flustered with drink, and appeared to be very moody-minded, sitting with his hands on his knees, staring at the fire. At near twelve, John Edwards, formerly gardener in Mr. Earle's employ, but who had been some months out of work, came in with a small bundle in his hand. He asked for his former master, and was shown into the room where Mr. Earle sat. More wine was ordered, and both drank together as if equals in station, at which he, Roberts, was surprised. Edwards looked almost as white and agitated as did Mr. Earle. Edwards had once been a man well-to-do, but had fallen in the world. He was said to be a man of good education, and there was a report that Mr. Earle meant to get him a nursery garden, and set him going again. Twice when he, Roberts, entered, the words Miss Ellen Gay, or Ellen May, were twice spoken, both times by Edwards. They were uttered in a low tone, but the witness caught them distinctly. He was quite sure of that. In about a quarter of an hour Mr. Beecroft knocked at the outer door, and asked if Mr. Earle was there. Witness did not, to the best of his recollection, mention Edwards, who, when he entered the room to ask Mr. Earle if he would see Mr. Beecroft, jumped up from his chair, his face flushed to the colour of flame, seized Mr. Earle roughly by the arm, and whispered hurriedly in his ear. The witness thought that strange, but of course made no remark. Mr. Earle said he

would see Mr. Beecroft. The attorney did not stay very long. Witness, whose curiosity was strongly excited, he hardly knew why, listening outside, heard through the thin panelling the name of Miss Gay repeated at least a dozen times; but in so quiet a tone was the conversation—in which Edwards freely joined—carried on, that he could only make out that it related to Miss Gay and a large sum of money, *the division of which seemed to be in dispute.*

Nothing was elicited from this witness in favour of the prisoner, except that he had known Mr. Beecroft many years, and always believed him to be a most worthy gentleman. Did not know for certain, but had lately heard he had become embarrassed in his circumstances. Mr. Earle and Edwards, who slept in a double-bedded room, rose early, and left without taking breakfast.

Mrs. Gay said her deceased daughter was an intimate friend of Mr. Beecroft's wife, and was himself much respected by her. She had understood he was employed to get back a number of letters from Mr. Earle, to whom her daughter had been engaged. She could not speak positively, as Ellen was very close and reserved. "As soon as the news of my daughter's death reached him, Mr. Beecroft hurried to our house. He appeared to be greatly distressed in mind, and presently said that certain letters, which had been returned to my unfortunate daughter through his agency, ought to be at once sought out and destroyed. I, having great confidence in Mr. Beecroft, consented. My daughter's secretaire was opened, but only two letters could be found. These I knew, by the handwriting of the address, were from Beecroft himself. He seized them eagerly and threw them on the fire, remarking that they were of no value or consequence. I did not quite like that, and ultimately placed the whole business in the hands of Mr. Treherne, an attorney, who is now in court. A gentleman of this city was at the time of my daughter's decease paying his addresses to her. I hope it will not be insisted upon that I mention his name."

Baron Hatsell: "So far as the case has gone, you will be excused as to that. We may have clearer insight by-and-bye, when it may be necessary to do so. Mistress Gay, was it customary with your daughter to wander out alone at unseemly hours of the night, unattended by servant or friend?"

"Never, my lord, that I know of. But she was of a fearless temper."

Baron Hatsell: "You are quite sure that the letters hastily tossed upon the fire by the prisoner Beecroft were in his hand-writing?"

"Positive, my lord."

The prisoner Beecroft: "I have never denied that they were, my lord; but they were of no significance—had no bearing on this case."

Baron Hatsell: "So you say, which may be true, but the act itself looks strangely, coupled with other things."

Beecroft : "My lord, I am an innocent man."

Judge : "So you said before, by your plea of Not guilty.—Call the next witness, brother Burt."

Mr. Treherne was called, sworn, and examined by Serjeant Burt.

"You are an attorney, and have practised many years in Lincoln city?"

"Upwards of thirty years."

"You have not been during that period the attorney of the Gay family?"

"No; Mr. Beecroft has been their legal agent, except upon one occasion."

"What occasion?"

"A day or two after the deceased Ellen Gay attained her majority—now about four years since—coming into the full enjoyment of her property, she instructed me—Mr. Beecroft not being at hand—to draw up a lease for seven years of the mill, near which the body was found, in favour of John Proby, miller, a worthy man, and great favourite of hers."

"The relatives of the deceased have commissioned you to investigate this terrible affair?"

"Yes. The facts that the prisoner Beecroft was the last person seen with the deceased, that he left the house with her, his bed, as he knew, being warmed for him at the time, and did not return, seemed to have, closely looked at, an ugly look. Still, no conceivable motive for the commission of such a crime could be imputed to Beecroft. This circumstance staggered me; suspicious as was the burning of the letters—"

Baron Hatsell, interrupting : "Give us the facts, Mr. Treherne; such as lie within your own knowledge; the interpretation, the just inference to be drawn from these facts, is in the province of the court and jury. A capital felony is charged upon these men. We must be careful."

"My lord and gentlemen," continued Treherne, "a letter arrived from Mr. Mason, a highly respectable gentleman residing at Boston, which occasioned great wonder in the Gay family."

Mr. Serjeant Burt : "Have you that letter here?"

"Yes; I produce it. A claim is made therein for interest due on a mortgage bond for three thousand five hundred pounds, which moneys, it is stated, were paid over to the prisoner Beecroft, with exception of something above seven hundred pounds, the amount of a long-standing debt due by Beecroft to Mason."

"Did you at once proceed to Boston to make inquiries?"

"I did; waited upon Mr. Mason, was shown the deed, and felt not the slightest doubt that the document was genuine."

"Whom did you next see and speak with in this matter?"

"The prisoner Beecroft. I was asked into the library, where I found

him alone. I at once went to business. I am here, said I, to inquire of you, on behalf of the relatives of the late Miss Gay, of Lincoln, for what purpose or purposes that young lady raised three thousand five hundred pounds upon a mortgage deed, prepared and witnessed by yourself and two of your clerks, and which deed is now in the possession of Mr. Mason.

“What answer did the prisoner Beecroft make?”

“With much confusion and hesitancy of speech and manner he said—more correctly stammered—that he did not know. ‘Do not know, Mr. Beecroft?’ I exclaimed. ‘That reply will not pass. You at least know that you paid a large debt of your own out of the proceeds,—payment of which you had been legally pressed for?’ ‘Yes,’ faintly replied the prisoner, rising from his chair in much agitation, and supporting himself by leaning his elbow upon the mantelpiece. ‘When was the money paid to the young lady?’ I asked. ‘Here in this room, to the young lady herself.’ The prisoner further stated, but with the same hesitancy, that the young lady, who he admitted was alone, had carried the money in gold away with her. To this I said that something like half a hundredweight avoirdupois was a heavy burden for a delicate young lady. ‘Of course you have the young lady’s written acknowledgment that she received the money, and no doubt you gave her a memorandum that you had borrowed at interest, I must suppose, seven hundred pounds of her?’ ‘No,’ said the prisoner Beecroft, ‘those formalities were omitted; we had confidence in each other.’ Greatly provoked, and my temper getting the mastery, I said, in a heat, ‘Perhaps the letters you seized and threw into the fire might have thrown a light upon the subject?’ To that no reply was made. There was a pause of some length,—I considering how to act; he, being a lawyer, knew he was not bound to criminate himself, but that if he chose voluntarily to answer any question I put, he was at liberty to do so. ‘Now be careful,’ I said, ‘Mr. Beecroft, before you answer. Did you, or did you not, keep back, retain in your hands—I do not say against the young lady’s consent—more, much more, than the seven hundred pounds spoken of?’ ‘I have told you,’ said he, but with trembling tongue, ‘that the deceased young lady took the moneys away with her, with the exception of the seven hundred pounds, against which sum there is an offset in my bill of costs.’ ‘You persist in that answer?’ queried I. ‘Yes.’ ‘And that you do not know the purposes for which the bulk of the money was raised,—you, her legal adviser?’ ‘That is so.’ Immediately on leaving I made notes of this conversation,” added Mr. Treherne, “and can with a safe conscience say, my lord and gentlemen, that I have added nothing that might prejudice the prisoner, nor omitted anything which might tell in his favour.”

“My lord,” here exclaimed Beecroft, “I must have meant that I could not professionally explain or divulge the affairs of my client to a third person.”

“Baron Hatsell: “Tillyfally, man!—But go on with your evidence, brother Burt.”

“Serjeant Burt: “What else took place during this interview?”

“Nothing, except that when going out I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Beecroft, who must, concealed by a high screen, have been an auditor of what had been said. She, I suppose, came in unawares, even to her husband. I heard her say, with sobs and tears, ‘Richard, you,’ or we—I am not sure which—‘are ruined—lost—lost!’ Then there was a heavy fall on the floor,—I believe the lady swooned, but cannot say with certainty.”

“You afterwards saw a Mr. Holcroft?”

“Yes. He lives at Old Hall, about six miles out of Boston. From certain hints dropped by Mr. Mason, I believed the prisoner Beecroft had paid him a heavy debt, amounting to about twelve hundred pounds, in gold. Mr. Beecroft had borrowed that money upon a judgment bond, and Mr. Holcroft called it up—”

Jones, counsel for Beecroft, objected. It could not be received as evidence, unless the prisoner was present when the words were spoken.

Baron Hatsell: “Certainly not. If the matter be of importance in the issue, let Holcroft himself be called.”

Holcroft *was* called, and proved that two days after the date of the mortgage deed, Richard Beecroft paid him, under pressure, close upon twelve hundred pounds in guineas.

William Beatson, carpenter, proved that on the night of the 13th of March he met the deceased Ellen Gay. She was arm-in-arm with the prisoner Beecroft, walking in the path leading towards the mill-dam. Beatson saw no one else near the place.

This was the case for the prosecution, and a terrific, unanswerable one it must have been against Beecroft, if not the others; and as regarded them the presumptive evidence seemed strong. Counsel were not privileged to address the court in behalf of prisoners arraigned for felony. Had it been otherwise, it would have tasked the talents of the ablest men at the bar to have successfully set up the following unsupported statement spoken by Richard Beecroft himself, as an answer to the case for the Crown:—

“My lord and gentlemen of the jury,—I deeply feel the degradation of my position, standing here accused of one of the foulest, basest crimes of which a man could be guilty. And this not so much that I am in peril of life, though a great terror, as from knowing that I have brought that peril upon myself. I am not, my lord and gentlemen, guilty of murder; my hands are clean as those of any in this court in that regard. But I am guilty of an intention—being pressed by terrible necessities, sharpened by the absolute dependence upon me of a wife and eight children,—of a fraudulent intention to deprive the natural heirs—for some years to come, at all events—of the possession of a large sum of money. I lied

grossly, stupidly, to carry out that fraud, and have my reward in heaped-up measure. My sin has found me out. My lord and gentlemen, I have nothing to except to the evidence offered against me. It has been truthful, candid, throughout. But the witnesses are necessarily ignorant of all the circumstances,—of the whole case. As the learned counsel for the Crown remarked, ‘This matter is dark and blind, as all wicked actions are,—done in secret, to be kept from the knowledge of men.’ These are wise words, and it is in seeing that darkness and blindness that my danger lies.

“My lord and gentlemen, I will relate all the circumstances, without straining or disguising one, of this terrible mystery, so far as they are known to me; and I regret that, in doing so, some of the facts I must state may bear unfavourably upon Mr. Earle, he being, like myself, in mortal peril.

“My lord and gentlemen, the deceased young lady and Mr. Earle were not very long ago on terms of great intimacy; many letters passed between them, and I believe matters went so far that the marriage day was fixed—”

Mr. Earle, interrupting: “That was not so.”

Mr. Beecroft: “I may err upon that point. It is quite immaterial. A disagreement took place. The engagement was broken off.”

Mr. Earle: “The young lady had found a wealthier suitor—”

“That remark,” exclaimed Baron Hatsell, “is indecent. If true, it could not help you. Pray do not interrupt the order of the proceedings.”

Mr. Beecroft: “I was saying, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that a disagreement took place, that the match was broken off. The deceased Ellen Gay was very anxious to get back her letters: she placed the matter in my hands. I treated on her behalf with Mr. Earle, who insisted upon being paid two thousand guineas as the price of delivering them up. Finally he agreed to take fifteen hundred, and, upon his honour as a gentleman, to keep the matter secret. Miss Gay agreed to the terms, and I paid him over the money for twenty-seven letters,—or, more correctly, as to many of them, notes—*billets-doux*, as they are called. Mr. Earle signed a paper drawn up by me, which set forth that he had no other letters, notes, papers of any kind, which had been sent him by the deceased, except those delivered up. Miss Gay requested me to raise the money privately by mortgage; and as the business went on, and she being great friends with my wife, it came to be understood and agreed to, that three thousand five hundred pounds should be raised, and after paying over to Mr. Earle the required sum, Miss Gay should allow the balance to be left in my hands on my personal security, at five per cent. The deed was then executed, and Miss Gay left for Lincoln. Mr. Mason, from whom I knew I could obtain the money, would not be in Boston till late that night; and this, with the hurry of the business, must have been the reason I did not give a written

acknowledgment for the money. I did, however, on the morrow write to her stating I had received the money, which is legal proof that at the time of obtaining it there was no *animus furandi* on my part."

"Baron Hatsell: "Which proof, if a proof, you, as I take it, destroyed by casting it on the fire. Go on."

"That is so, my lord. I also wrote by the same post to Mr. Earle, requesting him to bring the letters, as endorsed, to Boston, and receive the money agreed to be paid. He came. I counted the letters, and then said, 'Before handing you this large sum of money, which ought never to have been demanded for the doing of a simple act of courtesy, you must sign this paper.' 'What is that paper?' he demanded, in an angry, surly tone. 'It is merely,' I said, 'a formal undertaking that, if these letters should prove to be not all of those sent you by Miss Gay, that you have wilfully or carelessly withheld any, and refuse prompt amends, the money you now are to receive shall be a legal charge upon your estate.' Mr. Earle signed the memorandum with a *dash*, as one may say, received the money, and left. I, being at the time greatly busied, sealed up the letters without close scrutiny, and put them away.

"It was not, my lord, till the 8th or 9th of March that I found leisure to closely examine the letters. That examination proved to me that several were not genuine,—copies, in fact, if not fabrications. This threw me into a storm of rage. I wrote immediately to Mr. Earle, saying that I should be in Lincoln on the 13th, and if not then fully satisfied, should at once proceed against him—either civilly, to obtain restitution of the money; or criminally, for felony in the procurement thereof. I wrote in the same sense to Miss Gay. Those were the letters I found in the deceased's desk and threw on the fire. Coming to Lincoln on the 13th, I, before seeing my unfortunate client, rode to Mr. Earle's place, saw and spoke with the prisoner Edwards, who said Mr. Earle was out, and would not be home till ten in the evening at earliest. I said that I would call at about that hour, my business being urgent. I then rode to the dwelling of the Gays; had a long private conversation with the deceased, who was much disturbed, and not, I frankly own, well pleased with me. The five letters I had my suspicion of she at once declared to be forgeries, and would herself go with me to see herself righted in the matter. I agreed that she might. We set out together; but when at no great distance from the river where the unfortunate young lady's body was found, Miss Gay changed her mind. 'I had better first see him, hear what he has to say to-morrow. It would be unseemly,' she added, 'that she herself should visit Mr. Earle, especially at night.' She then shook hands with me, turned back to go home, and I never saw her again except as a corpse. Mr. Earle was not at home, would not be that night, I was told, which greatly annoyed me, as I had a press of business to get through with on the next and following days. I did not go back to the Gays, but to the inn where I was stopping. There it chanced that,

having made some inquiries concerning Mr. Earle, I heard that he had been seen not very long before to go into the 'Golden Fleece.' I determined to seek him there. We had, as deposed to, an interview. He denied that the letters referred to were forgeries, and said he should stand by his right and the law. We did not part good friends, though, knowing how desirous Miss Gay still was to settle the business quietly, I was not violent in word or manner. Hearing next day of the young lady's death, I, after the first shock had somewhat passed, bethought me that the two letters I had written to Miss Gay were the only evidence existing that I owed that young lady aught. The devil tempted me with that, in my actual condition, glittering prize, and I fell. All the letters received of Earle I afterwards burned. This is all, my lord and gentlemen, I have to say. I have acted as a villain touching the money, of which base deed I heartily repent; but of murder, or the thought of murder, I am as innocent as an unborn babe. This I solemnly declare, as I shall answer to the all-seeing God at the last great day. And may HE send me a good deliverance."

Beecroft said he had no witnesses to call. Earle merely said that, as far as his own knowledge went, Beecroft's story was true, except his averment that some of Miss Gay's letters were forgeries. Edwards could only say that all his concernment in the matter was, that being in Mr. Earle's confidence, that gentleman had consulted him as to how he should best deal with Beecroft's charge against him.

Baron Hatsell: "I think, gentlemen of the jury, you will agree with me, that there is no evidence before us worth a straw connecting the prisoners Earle and Edwards with this foul murder, for that murder was done upon the deceased I have no manner of doubt."

The jury agreed with his lordship, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned as regarded those two prisoners, and they left the dock.

The judge then summed up the evidence, in a very unfavourable sense to Beecroft. The jury, without hesitation, found him "Guilty." Proclamation was made, Baron Hatsell put on the black cap, and passed sentence of death upon the convicted man—the sentence to be carried into effect, as the custom then was, within forty-eight hours,—“And may the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul.”

“A soul innocent of murder, my lord!” exclaimed Beecroft, in a loud voice. “I am unjustly doomed to death. Sooner or later the truth will be discovered—”

A loud, piercing scream interrupted him, which was found to proceed from Charles Proby, the son of John Proby, the miller. The lad, who might be about eighteen, and was very intelligent for his years and station in life, had been observed by several persons to watch the progress of the trial with restless interest. Having uttered that piercing cry the lad swooned, and was borne out into the air. He had been a favourite with Miss Ellen Gay, it was said, which accounted, it was thought, for his

great emotion. Not a very logical conclusion that, it seems to me. The incident was soon forgotten.

Five months have passed away since Richard Beecroft, protesting his innocence to the last, was executed; and now the solemn scene which ends this strange eventful history is passing in John Proby's mill. That man's wife is dying,—not of age, she can scarcely be forty, but of a broken spirit. No one is in with her but a neighbour woman and a servant. Proby himself is many miles away on business, and Charles Proby, who went out early in the morning, has not returned, though it is growing late. When he left he was not aware of his mother's imminent danger, nor was she herself. Now her anxiety to see him is intense, and messengers have been despatched to hurry his return.

Charles Proby arrives not one minute too soon; the room is cleared, and, strained in his mother's feeble embrace, looked upon with a world of love, of sorrow, remorse, repentance, in her darkening eyes, he hears her say, "Weep not for me, beloved son; rather rejoice that the weary strife for your unhappy mother—unhappy save in your love—will soon be over. Listen, Charles, for I feel my minutes are but few. That cruel man, my wicked husband, specious, godly as he appears before the world, is not your father. Start not—calm yourself; I have been compelled, partly by a sense of shame, partly by *his* menaces, to conceal this from you. I was sinful in youth—you were not born in wedlock—some money was left me, and I married John Proby. The Clarks, of High Street, Leicester, will give you proof of what I say. You can escape the marble-hearted man's thralldom, and—and it—it may be your duty to—I know not. HE has said, 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay.' How cold and dark it grows!" she added, in a scarcely audible voice. "The Clarks of Leicester: write,—no, better go." There was a rattle in the throat, a quivering of the white lips, the flame of an inexhaustible love leaped from the parting soul through the mother's eyes, and with "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," the world-wearied woman sank to rest.

The chief facts concerning Mrs. Proby's death, the manner thereof, and her last words, are extracted from a letter written during the night of his mother's death, to Mr. Ephraim Clark, of Leicester, and a deposition afterwards made by Charles Proby, so called. An answer was requested, addressed to the writer, and left to be called for at a friend of the lad's in Lincoln. Charles Proby resolved, during the watches of that solemn night, upon the course he was bound to pursue, but he would first satisfy himself that his mother's words were not the wanderings of delirium.

John Proby returned home on the following evening, and appeared surprised and affected, in a certain way, by his wife's death; and having heard from the servant of her overpowering anxiety to see and speak with

her son, that he arrived in time, and that she insisted upon being left alone with him, he became much excited. He insisted upon hearing from the young man what his mother had said, and, not being satisfied with his answers, burst into a violent rage, threatening his son with instant and terrible punishment should he do, or offer to do, anything to displease him. "You know me," he added, "and that my vengeance would be swift and deadly ; therefore beware."

Two days after the funeral, Proby was obliged to go to a village, more than twenty miles off, upon business which could not be neglected. Mrs. Proby's son, who had felt himself to be closely watched both by John Proby and his foreman, gave the latter the slip, sped off to Lincoln, found a letter at his mother's friend, a Mr. Rowton, confirming Mrs. Proby's assertion that he was not John Proby's son ; and after earnest consultation with Mr. Rowton, and fully comprehending that the accomplice in a murder after the fact, the "aiding and comforting" a murderer, especially when by that "aiding and comforting" an innocent man had met his death at the gallows, was a heinous crime in the eye of the law, he, in company with Mr. Rowton, sought the residence of Mr. Bailey, a county magistrate.

The young man had a terrible tale to tell. Miss Ellen Gay had been murdered, strangled, by John Proby. Being so near, she had called at the mill on the night of the 13th of March, no doubt to demand her rent, of which a large sum was due. Everybody, except John Proby himself, had gone, or were going, to bed : he, the deponent, was partially undressed. The men and servant slept in a distant part of the mill. He thought he heard a stifled scream, and partly unclosing the door of his bedroom, which opened upon the room where the miller had been sitting, he was spell-bound with horror at seeing John Proby kneeling by the dead body of Miss Ellen Gay, and detaching her diamond brooch. That he put away in a secret drawer of his bureau, where the young man believed it was still. He then thought for a while, looking on the body, muttering, "It will sink if I strip off her upper garments," which he did. Then dragging the corpse near a door opening upon the river, he opened it, looked keenly forth, pushed the body into the stream, softly shut the door, returned, and tearing the murdered lady's garments into small strips, burned them one by one. Fearing to be discovered, and believing that if he were, he too should be murdered, the lad, trembling with terror, crept silently back to bed. His face must, next morning, have exhibited signs of the horrors he endured that night, for Proby, eyeing him with suspicion and a stern aspect, asked if he had seen a ghost ; and he, deponent, was sure in his own mind that he was always haunted by the fear that his reputed son had witnessed the dreadful deed. He took an opportunity of informing his mother of what he had seen, which threw her into convulsions. In fact, it was her death. She pined away, and was never well afterwards.

She, however, as well as her son, lived in such dread of Proby, that she prayed her son to keep the secret close. "He would kill thee, Charles," she said, "he would kill thee too, were he sure thou knowest his crime." After the conviction and sentence of Beecroft, Proby kept saying it was certain his life would be spared, though he would no doubt be heavily punished for the robbery he confessed to; and on the very morning of the execution, returned from Lincoln with, to deponent, the joyful news that the judge, before leaving, had respited the sentence for a month, in order that there might be time to obtain the royal mercy. This was no doubt done to prevent the deponent trampling upon all bonds of relationship, and denouncing even his own father, if thereby he might save the life of an innocent man.

Five stout constables, with the reputed son, quietly proceeded to the mill, took the men and servant into temporary custody, in order that nothing should be done, no signal given of the fate which awaited their master, should he return to the mill. Charles Proby, as we may continue to call him, pointed out where he had seen the brooch hidden away; it was found there. One of the constables then marched the lad off to prison, to which he had been committed upon his own confession, as an accessory to the murder after the fact.

John Proby, suspecting nothing, came home in excellent spirits—as the singing, in a louder key than usual, the fag end of a favourite loyal Orange song testified,—threw himself off his horse, shouted for the boy to unsaddle and stable him, entered the mill whistling, and in the very room where he had murdered Ellen Gay, was, after a fierce struggle—during which, in his foaming rage, he let fall more than one self-betraying sentence,—overpowered, handcuffed, ironed, and safely lodged in jail.

He was tried at the next assizes, where Mrs. Proby's illegitimate son was admitted king's evidence. That evidence, clearly given—corroborated by the finding of the brooch, and the words he let fall in the struggle with the constables,—leaving no doubt of his guilt, John Proby was convicted, sentenced to death, and duly hanged. He left the dock, pouring forth awful curses upon the bastard who had wrought his ruin, and died blaspheming.

W. RUSSELL, LL.D.

GUNPOWDER AND GUN-COTTON

BY DR. SCOFFERN.

As the millennium is arriving—the time when swords will be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks—it may be worth while to aid, as far as one's small individual efforts can be made to do, in rescuing from oblivion, like that into which brimstone matches and tinder-boxes have fallen, the two substances of great repute, whether for good or evil each individual reader must determine for himself—gunpowder and gun-cotton. Politically, scientifically, and socially, the two merit our regards, but not in an equal degree; for whilst the annalist of gunpowder can point with exultation to what it *has* done, the labours of the gun-cotton historian range only back to a few years past; numbering a small crop of deaths from accident as the sum total of its trophies: whereas the villanous mixture of saltpetre generated has bellowed from mouths of great guns, and crackled from the muzzles of small arms; has heaved earth's bosom as by the throes of earthquake; has burst into hailstones of iron the deadly shell; numbering its victims by the million from first to last. To what extent gun-cotton might have emulated it, had time been accorded, and the period of wars' cessation not been so very near, nobody knows, of course, for certain; and I imagine Austria's celebrated gun-cotton engineer, Baron Lenk, could only approximately guess. That gentleman's recent improvements upon gun-cotton are no less ingenious than they are based upon requisitions of good, solid utility. Prior to his modifications of gun-cotton—modifications that I purpose to give in detail by-and-bye—it would have been easy and safe for any practical gunner to state dogmatically that gun-cotton could not possibly take the place of gunpowder for any military use. To hazard such an assertion now would assuredly not be justifiable; indeed, Baron Lenk asserts that gun-cotton, as manufactured by his process, is now actually used in the Austrian service for certain varieties of artillery. Gun-cotton must not take precedence of gunpowder here, and yet it is hard to deal with the history of the black food of guns without the parade of certain fragments of legendary lore, that—like the tale of some garrulous old woman, grown tiresome by over-frequent telling—may pall upon the well-informed reader's susceptibilities, and cause the writer to be set down for a bore. Our school-books—our primers, our little Pinnocks, and that awful magazine—not of gunpowder, but of professedly useful knowledge, Magnall—what therein stated concerning gunpowder do we find? Why, those great schoolroom authorities bid us settle the claim of gunpowder discovery as best we please; as between our own Roger Bacon on the one part, and Bartholdus Schwartz on the other. Let nobody fear lest I lead them into tiresome polemics as touches this matter. He who writes this has come to know the value of peace and quietness. He seldom argues disputed points; but allows everybody, of both sexes, especially the softer sex, to have his or her own way. Consulting the annals of gunpowder

history, this, however, I find,—that whereas it is stated that the German monk discovered gunpowder in the year 1320, Roger Bacon clearly mentioned it in the year 1267. Of this there can be no doubt. Not only does the English friar refer in unmistakable language to gunpowder, but, setting forth the manner in which thunder and lightning may be imitated, he describes the way of making, not a paper but a parchment cracker. He states, moreover, that it might be applied to the destruction of armies, and he proposes the question whether Gideon did not use the thunder-and-lightning-making material when he destroyed the Midianites with three hundred men. Now the writer of this, ever true to the principle of peace and quietness, and no argument, does not venture to decide as between the claims of Roger Bacon and Bartholdus Schwartz; he merely asks readers polemically inclined to judge and decide each one for himself; and to this intent he subjoins, in a foot-note, the quotation from Bacon's published works, descriptive of the parchment cracker, to which reference has been made.*

Of the parchment cracker, then, as being known to Friar Bacon, no doubt; and we also perceive that saltpetre was one ingredient entering into the material used for charging it. Now, saltpetre alone is combustible, as every chemist knows; hence the inference, even were further proof not at hand, that Bacon referred to gunpowder. Further proof, however, is at hand. Bacon, in his treatise entitled, "*De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ et de Nullitate Magiæ*," makes known to his readers that with saltpetre and other matters, we can make a fire that shall burn at any distance we please. The secret still trembling on his tongue, waiting an opportunity to wing itself away, Bacon communicates the precise composition of gunpowder,—in terms veiled, indeed; but which man's ingenuity has succeeded in deciphering, nevertheless. He commits the precious secret to a Latin anagram, which reads as follows:—"Sed tamen salis petræ, lura nope cum ubre et sulphuris, et sic facies tonitruum et coruscationem ut scias artificium." Here everything is plain enough save the words *lura nope cum ubre*. Lexicons throw no light on these words of monkish mediæval Latinity. Transpose the letters, taking care to use some twice over, and we get the words "*carbonum pulvere*," whereupon all stands revealed. It may be worth while to observe, that Bacon nowhere in his writings lays claim to the discovery of what we call gunpowder. He merely refers to it as something known in his time; and seeing that Bacon travelled much; that he studied amongst the Spanish Saracens, in his time so learned and so liberal; there is much probability that he learned the secret of gunpowder out of some scientific book. Was it a Saracenic book? Were the Spanish Saracens of that epoch

* "Ex hoc ludiero puerili quod fit in multis mundi partibus scilicet ut instrumento facto ad quantitatem pollicis humani; ex hoc, violentia salis qui salpetra vocatur, tam horribilis sonus nascitur in ruptura tam modice pergamene quod fortis tonitru rugitum et coruscationem maximam sui luminis jubar excedit."

acquainted with gunpowder? Does there really exist in the Escorial an Arab treatise on gunpowder, bearing date 1249? More ancient still, is it true, as I find alleged, that not only is gunpowder referred to in a very antique book of Gentoo laws, but its application to projectile purposes? True or untrue, I know not; but if true, one may very well agree with Halhed, that the opinion, long regarded as absurd, of Alexander the Great being brought to a stand in India because of the fire missiles launched against his warriors, may not be so absurd after all. And thus have we wandered back to the very morning of human history, and are lost in the hazy mists that veil the day-dawn of time: and purposeless—as all is purposeless when we seek for truth in times so far away. What have we made out? That gunpowder was neither invented by Friar Bacon nor by Bartholdus Schwartz; that probably in the thirteenth century Spanish Saracens were acquainted with it; that probably they derived their knowledge of gunpowder from Asia, where it had been probably known from beyond the times of the oldest inhabitant. The history of gunpowder offers many points of interest, but there is no space for expatiating on them here; besides, are not all these things written in my book on projectiles? and am I not well content that *Chef d'Escadron d'Artillerie* Martinet—a gentleman wholly unknown to me—has translated that book into very excellent French?

Turn we now to the chemistry of gunpowder; and, to begin, let the fact be noted that gunpowder is a mechanical mixture, not a chemical combination. Were it the latter, the per-centage of its composition could not vary, any more than the per-centage composition of ordinary sea-salt can vary:—a material that, get it as we may, by one of several processes, is made up of thirty-six parts by weight of chlorine, and twenty-four parts by weight of the metal sodium. Now, in regard to gunpowder, the per-centage of its three components—sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal—may be varied to any extent relatively to each other that may seem fitting to the manufacturer. As gunpowder is designed for this or that application, so does the per-centage composition of it vary even in the same country; and the gunpowder of different countries varies even when one and the same purpose of application is contemplated. Formerly gunpowder was manufactured much weaker than now—chiefly because ancient guns were weaker; and this explains how it came about that such enormous ordnance as was used by the Turks, and which still exist up the Dardanelles, could be fired without bursting. As to the strength of ancient gunpowder being less considerable than of gunpowder of our own time, an Italian treatise of Tartaglia, an Italian engineer of the sixteenth century,* gives some pertinent illustrations.

In one table he publishes the composition of no less than five-and-twenty different sorts of gunpowder, of which the first and the last—the strongest and the weakest respectively—are subjoined.

* “Quesiti ed Invenzioni Dideri,” lib. iii. Venezia, 1546.

Polver di bombarda al modo piu antico.

Salnitro	parte 1
Solfero	1
Carbone	1

—equal parts, that is to say : the result would be most insignificant as to projectile force, as may well be inferred when the circumstance is made known, that modern gunpowder, even the weakest, holds more than 70 per cent. of nitre, otherwise called saltpetre.

Polver da schioppo moderna.

Salnitro raffinato	parte 18
Solfero	2
Carbone di legno di nizzolar	3

The last, as I have already remarked, represents the strongest gunpowder known to Tartaglia,—the modern gunpowder of his day, as he informs the reader. The projectile force of it, even regarding its composition alone, must have been inferior to the projectile force of gunpowder used now.

The projectile energy of gunpowder, however, is even more affected by difference of mechanical aggregation, than of per-centage composition : by variation in the size and compactness of grains, that is to say, or the equivalent of grains, as seen in the novel invention of compressed and perforated powder-block ; concerning the nature of which some few words may have to be written before the close of this paper. Now the device of imparting a granular condition to gunpowder is a somewhat modern invention. At first, gunpowder was really pulverulent, a condition absolutely incompatible with the highest development of projectile force which the constituents of gunpowder are capable of evolving. It is a very common error to imagine that it would be generally desirable, if possible, to augment the explosive force of gunpowder, or else to discover some more powerful substitute. On the contrary, gunpowder is even now too strong. Since the general introduction of rifled artillery, means have been taken to diminish the explosive force of gunpowder, by the expedient of manufacturing it in large grains, or what is equivalent, to the compression of it into powder-block, with large perforations. And so, the drifting of our thesis having led us to take cognizance of this powder-block once more, it may be as well that now, instead of later, I state all that needs be stated in reference to this new device. It is an American invention, I believe ; at least, the first notice of it made cognizant to me was conveyed by the treatise of Rodman. To describe this powder-block is easy enough. Assume that the material of gunpowder, whilst yet pulverulent, is compressed by hydrostatic or other means into a stone-like consistence of cylindrical shape, exactly fitting the gun ; and that usually a variable number of holes are pierced, larger or smaller, more or less numerous, according as the block is intended to burn more or less rapidly. This is the powder-block. It is found to answer well in America ; and I am informed by an engineer officer at Woolwich, who has tried it professionally, that the results are so satisfactory as to warrant, in all probability, its adoption, at no long time hence, by the military

and naval service of this country. The statement will be obvious to many, and could be demonstrated by experiment to all, that the materials of gunpowder remaining constant, the ignition of it within a given time and between certain limits may be accelerated or retarded by increasing or diminishing the gunpowder surface through the device of graining usually, but of perforating the powder-block occasionally. Strictly speaking, every variety of firearm—variety, that is to say, whether as to length or calibre—should be charged with a powder specially designed for it. Thus, calibre remaining constant, but length varying, the shorter gun should be charged with the larger grained powder: then, again, length being constant, but calibre varying, the larger grained powder should go to the larger gun. Such are the indications of theory, and such the deductions of practice; but the explanation of the need of varying the size of gunpowder grains is not the same. In small arms, the only limit to the size of gunpowder grains is the space of time during which the charge burns. The theoretical requisition in all applications of projectile force is, that the powder should not cease burning until the projectile—whatever it be—is on the very point of leaving the muzzle of the gun. Given that requisition, and small arm powder might be made considerably stronger than it is; for there is cohesive strength, enough and to spare, in the metal of small arms. In proportion, however, as we increase the calibre of a gun, so does the relation between endurance of metal and the disruptive force of gunpowder vary. The cohesion of one and the same metal is evidently constant, but the capacity or ability of a tube to withstand pressure from within, *cæteris paribus*, is inversely as the square of the diameter of a tube. Thus, if a tube of two inches diameter be pressed upon with a first measure of disruptive force, a tube of four inches diameter will be pressed upon with a disruptive force, not twice as great, but four times as great, inasmuch as four is the square of two. For this reason it is that large guns must be humoured—so to speak—as to their powder charge; the latter, practically, having to be lessened as to weight, and the time of its combustion diminished by some device, either of feeding the gun with large-grained powder, or with powder-block having large perforations. Inasmuch as gunpowder is a mechanical mixture, not a chemical combination, whence the composition of it admits of being varied to any extent deemed necessary by an operator, it presents through these circumstances great projectile advantages. If, from time to time, artillerists, chemists, and engineers have sought to discover some material that might be used instead of gunpowder, it has not been with the view so much of finding a material endowed with greater explosive force, as one capable of burning without residue. It follows, from a consideration of the chemical nature of gunpowder constituents, that residuary matter to some extent there ever must be. Some persons, but they were no chemists, have aspired to purify gunpowder up to such a degree, that the results of its combustion should be wholly gaseous; and have actually devised guns adapted to that case of theoretical development. Vain thoughts. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*: no such power of development is on

the cards. As an illustration of the manner in which an engineer, even of transcendent ability, whilst dealing with forces and powers to which he had been accustomed, may be led astray through not taking cognizance of the inevitable residuum of gunpowder explosion, the construction of Mr. Whitworth's first cannon may here be indicated. That gentleman devised a rifle cannon, made in longitudinal bars, each wrought into suitable pitch of rifle curve, and so nicely adapted, that when hooped together, a tube absolutely airtight, laterally, should result. His intention was to make a gun wholly incapable of bursting; because, argued he (*vide* patent specification), any excess of expulsive force internally would expand the restraining hoops, open the gun sections longitudinally, and allow the superabundant gas to escape. Truly: but the escaping gas carried soot along with it; which latter sticking to the sectional surfaces, the bars of his compound gun would never close again until taken to pieces and cleaned. It is easy to see how a mechanician of Mr. Whitworth's high standing and great practical acquirements came to be mistaken. The only expansive force he had hitherto been dealing with; from which all his experience had been acquired; from which all his analogies were deduced; was steam. Now steam, in escaping, carries with it no solid matter; but otherwise is it with gunpowder: *hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

Presently it will come within our province to enter somewhat in detail upon the consideration of the results of gunpowder explosion; but as a preliminary thereto it is necessary to take cognizance of the fact, that all projectile force must necessarily be a continuous force within given limits; no force suddenly exerted, and then ceasing, will answer the purpose. To illustrate the meaning of this, let the reader reflect on the following case. Did he ever bottle his own wine, and find that certain accidents would happen, when by some unfortunate chance the cork was driven down upon the enclosed fluid, no air bubble intervening? If yes, he will have been prepared to understand what I am about to write; if no, let him perform the experiment now to be indicated. Having filled a bottle with water and selected a closely fitting cork, let the cork be driven down upon the water surface by one sharp tap of a mallet; this done, the bottle will burst. Such result is inevitable—would have been inevitable even had the bottle been made of iron, had the cork been less yielding, and the operator's manual power sufficiently great. Yes, the bottle will inevitably burst; because the force is, to pronounce in general terms, irresistible. Nevertheless, the bottle will not be projected in fragments, seeing that water being practically inelastic, the force is developed all at once, instead of gradually, by instalments. To acquire projectile power, then, we absolutely need a force, continuous within certain conditions of limitation. If this can be thoroughly understood, we shall begin to comprehend wherefore it happens that so much discrepancy of opinion exists as to the so-called "pressure force" capable of being exercised by inflamed gunpowder. Estimates of the pressure of inflamed gunpowder on every square inch vary from the minimum of 2,000 or 3,000 lbs. (the deduction of M. Piobert) up to 60,000;—a rough estimate by Mr. Airey, the Astronomer Royal. Now, strictly

speaking, the force exercised by inflamed gunpowder is very inadequately expressed by the word "pressure," meaning, as the latter does, a static or tranquil force; whereas the energy of gunpowder is dynamic or energetic. The word "pressure" rather means ability to act, than action itself. Does it not seem that the force of gravitation might be called pressure with as much propriety as the force exerted by inflamed gunpowder is called pressure? Within certain limits, that will at once be obvious to the chemical and mathematical reader, there would appear to be a striking similarity, if not absolute identity, between the accretive velocity of a body falling in obedience to gravitation, and the accretion of velocity of a projectile urged by gunpowder; but whereas the rate of increment in the former case is invariable and determinate, that of the latter is invariable only for each one given set of conditions, and perhaps indeterminate. Pressure, as I understand the word, conveys a purely static notion,—it implies *rest*. If motion be superadded, then the original function of pressure assumes an increment, and becomes something else than pressure; furnishing a case comparable, as already stated, to that of a body having a certain weight, which latter overcomes the *vis inertia*, if such a *vis* there be (Faraday denies its existence), and initiates a motion of descent. Concerning a falling body we do not speak of the energy it displayed at the instant of beginning to fall as "a pressure." We define that energy to be a function compounded of gravitation (the static element) and time, which is no other than motion. Thus, does it not seem, is the case with gunpowder? Our static element, that corresponds with gravitation in the case cited, is, as it would seem, the coefficient or unity of disruptive force (so to designate it), the energy inherent to the smallest conceivable particle of gunpowder multiplied into the sum of all the particles constituting the charge operated with, and the whole again multiplied into the sum of the units of time occupied in ignition. Probably this coefficient of disruptive force, or *vis viva*, as some choose to call it, will never be eliminated; but if the idea springing out of its contemplation be accepted, then the hypothesis which refers the operation of exploded gunpowder to a mere pressure must be abandoned. As an analogy has been assumed as between the action of gravity upon a falling body and the action of an ignited explosive compound upon a projectile, it may be as well here to take cognizance of the law of falling bodies. Numerous experiments have shown that if a body be lifted sufficiently high, and then liberated, so that it may fall, the space through which it will fall during the first second of time* is exactly sixteen feet one inch. This represents what mathematicians term a constant; and hence, whenever the word gravity is required in any terrestrial consideration as standing for a quantity, it may be represented arithmetically by $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet; and necessarily a similar remark applies to any conventional sign or letter which may previously have been agreed to stand for gravity. Arrived at this point, a question of the following sort

* *i. e.*, at the latitude of London.

may present itself to the mind:—Am I to understand that during the *whole* of one second of time the rate of descent of a falling body is equal? A second, though a small space of time, may still be subdivided. Assume it then, for present purposes, to be subdivided into four quarter-seconds. Am I to understand that the velocity of a falling body during the last quarter-second will be no greater than during the first quarter-second? Questions like these are sure to present themselves to the mind of one studying this class of subjects for the first time. Let us, therefore, dispose of them once and for all. Quite true it is that a second of time may be divided into four equal parts, and that a further division may be conceded without limit indefinitely; but carry this division mentally as far as we please, the process of reasoning is not made easier by one jot. After I have imagined some very small space of time—say the hundredth part of a second—the question we are dealing with is as far removed from solution as ever. The questioner might still ask whether the rate of descent of a falling body is the same during the last *hundredth* of a second as during the first hundredth? Practically, then, and for all purposes of calculation, we may take whatever space of time we please for our unit of comparison. A second is the space chosen, and accordingly we say that the earth's gravitating force is represented by the space passed over by a falling body during the first second of time.*

And now concerning the results of gunpowder explosion. They are partly solid, partly vaporous but condensable, and partly gaseous—uncondensable. The solids count for nothing towards the aggregate of projectile force, which is wholly determined by vapour and gas, both expanded by heat. As to the nature of these results, they not only vary for different

* Mathematically the case may be represented as follows:—Inasmuch as equal velocities are generated in equal times, let ϕ stand for their initial velocity. Then, when a body has passed through a number of indefinitely small spaces, we shall have the following arithmetical series: $\phi, 2\phi, 3\phi, 4\phi$, and so on up to $t\phi$; t standing for the whole time of falling. Now the velocity for each indefinitely small space of time being uniform, the series may be considered to represent the spaces corresponding with each successive instant, and hence their space will equal the whole space passed through in the time t . The number of terms in this series is $= t$, and the final velocity is $= t\phi$. Let the final velocity be represented by v , establishing the equation $v = t\phi$. Ours being an arithmetical series, the sum of it will be expressed by $\frac{1}{2}t(\phi + v)$. But inasmuch as ϕ represents the first velocity, our abstraction, so to speak, may be considered nothing with relation to v . Being as nothing, we may cancel it, simplifying our formula thereby; and being cancelled, the whole space is represented by $\frac{1}{2}tv$, or calling space s , then $s = \frac{1}{2}tv$. Now the unit of first descent, or s , is for the latitude of London $= 16\frac{1}{2}$ feet for the first second of time. But this descent is caused by gravity; hence, representing gravity by g , we establish the following equations: $g = \frac{1}{2}tv$, and since $t = 1$ $g = \frac{1}{2}v$, whence $v = 2g$; and $v = 2g$ being the velocity acquired at the end of the first second of time, $v = 2gt$ will represent the acquired velocity at the end of any time t . Again, $s = \frac{1}{2}tv$; hence, substituting for v its equivalent, $2gt$, we have $s = \frac{1}{2}t(2gt)$ or $s = t^2g$. But inasmuch as g is a constant, it follows that the whole spaces described by falling bodies are to each other as the squares of the whole times.

qualities of gunpowder, but for identical qualities under different circumstances of ignition. The most recent researches upon the results of exploded gunpowder are those of Bunsen and Schischkoff, whose experiments have dissipated many previously existing ideas relative to this matter. They come to the conclusion, among others, that all clean shooting or sporting gunpowders, yield a residue of potash and carbonate of potash: a most important matter to the rifleman, inasmuch as these things form a soap with tallow or other greasy matter used for purposes of lubrication. They found, moreover, that one gramme of fine shooting powder yields only 193·1 cubic centimetres of gas, being about one-third of the amount that was assumed to be evolved by preceding experimenters, or rather theorists. According to the results of some experiments of my own, I find that—first, even the worst specimens of gunpowder liberate more gas than the most powerful of chemical explosives; second, that fine shooting powders set free less gas than coarse mining powders,—a result contrary to what might have been expected. It is a curious fact that all explosive compounds, without exception, so far as I am aware, hold nitrogen as one of their constituents, an element whose bond of union with other elements is so remarkably frail that it tends to break from composition and fly away on the slightest provocation. Contemplating now the political and social consequences of gunpowder, it may be doubted whether these have ever had the attention given to them which their importance merits. Whenever or by whomsoever the black food of guns was invented, quite certain it is that the application of it to war purposes acquired no considerable development until about the time of our own Henry the Seventh; and, as we all know, it did so little towards promoting the development of small firearms, that the long bow maintained its place in our armies well down into the reign of Charles the First, merging into that of Charles the Second. That a strong feeling of chivalry existed adverse to the employment of gunpowder in war, history has informed us, and a consideration of human nature might have suggested. Privileged warriors did not like it. Defensive armour was soon found to give no immunity from danger; and gunpowder is no respecter of persons. The first military use of gunpowder was contemplated with feelings similar to those with which the poisoning of wells or the employment of poisoned arrows might now be contemplated. These prejudices have long since worn away, people having grown reconciled to death by gunpowder by use, as live eels are to skinning.

Space and time both admonish me of the need there is to write what has to be written here concerning gun-cotton. To give the chemical details of its mode of preparation would be hardly proper here, seeing that readers chemically inclined may find them printed in almost any book of chemical instruction; and that others not chemically inclined would only yawn at the details. Enough to say, that inasmuch as gun-cotton yields no smoke, and that, next to gunpowder, it is more manageable, less treacherous than any known explosive compound, great expectations were, on its discovery, entertained of it as a projectile agent. Up to the

improvements of Baron Lenk, of Vienna, it is not too much to say that these expectations had not been realized. Numerous accidents, both during manufacture and subsequent use, led, after a few years of trial, to the abandonment of gun-cotton as applied to any warlike purpose. One of our chief gunpowder makers having established a factory of gun-cotton, the place blew up, so to express one's self, spontaneously. A manufacturer of congreve rockets for private trade having tried the experiment of ramming gun-cotton into his cases, as a substitute for mealed powder, there was an explosion; his establishment was shattered; then followed a coroner's inquest, reprobation, and abandonment. My friend Mr. Lancaster, having essayed the power of gun-cotton in a sporting double-barrelled gun, the latter burst, and Mr. Lancaster's arm was cut open. Prior to that result, however, I am assured by Mr. Lancaster, that, as a propeller of small shot, gun-cotton exhibited a force so inferior to gunpowder that even were all other objections disposed of, it could not be advantageously substituted for the latter. And so gun-cotton, having lost its *prestige*, had to retire modestly into the chemist's laboratory as a pretty curiosity, and nothing more, when Baron Lenk turned his attention to it, with a view to improvement and ultimate military utilization. That gentleman believes he has accomplished all that remained to be accomplished relative to the perfection of gun-cotton; and having made no counter-experiments myself, my demurrers, were there to be any, could only result from theoretical considerations, valueless when brought face to face with the results of practice. Having had the honour to translate all Baron Lenk's documents relative to his improvements on gun-cotton into English, in order that they might come before the British Association and elsewhere, I am of course "well posted," as the now disunited Yankees would say, relative to that gentleman's achievements with gun-cotton; and only echo the dictum of all who have considered without prejudice the whole matter in hand, in testifying to a display of wonderful genius and ingenuity that will have solved the problem of rendering gun-cotton useful in a military sense, if the problem be one that admits of solution. To begin with, Baron Lenk takes care that his gun-cotton, as to its chemical composition, shall be fixed and invariable; * not a mere mixture of several chemical compounds, as was the case in regard to the original gun-cotton devised and prepared by Schönbein. He next takes care to remove every lingering trace of nitric and sulphuric acids used in the preparation of gun-cotton. He accomplishes this partly by alkaline neutralization and partly by assiduous washing—an operation continued for many weeks together. He then dries his gun-cotton at a fixed temperature, insufficient to cause explosion. Mark, now, two pretty devices of Baron Lenk. Knowing well that prolonged atmospheric contact wholly destroys, after a certain time, the explosive force of gun-cotton, the Austrian artillerist coats every fibre of his gun-cotton with a skin—so to speak—of glass, whereby he hopes to

* Lenk's gun-cotton is di-nitro-cellulose.

defy the atmosphere. Well, time will show. I only wish that the fruition of his hope may be comparable to the happiness of the man who hopes for nothing—the one that verily shall not be disappointed. The triumph of Baron Lenk's ingenuity yet remains to be set forth. He accomplishes what I, amongst many others, had believed to be an impossibility: he effects, not the graining of gun-cotton indeed, but what is nevertheless the equivalent of graining. Now the importance, the absolute necessity of this graining, or its equivalent, has already been explained, wherefore the value of Baron Lenk's device needs no eulogy. How does the Austrian artillerist solve the problem? *By spinning!* He simply spins his gun-cotton; and spins it into larger or smaller yarn, yarn that is harder or softer, yarn that is reeled more closely or more loosely—and so does he regulate the deviation of time necessary for the combustion of his gun-cotton. A rifle charge of Baron Lenk's gun-cotton is strongly provocative of laughter. It looks exactly like a lady's reel of sewing-cotton. If there should be an invasion, and ladies should turn volunteers, Lenkian cotton rifles will come strongly commended to the delicately appreciative tastes of ladies. No smoke, no soiling of coral fingers or ruby lips: it would be all very ladylike and pretty. And there would be advantages in the establishment of lady volunteers that nobody has had the sense to see. Humanity would be improved by it—the human race, I mean. No lady would ever draw trigger at a good-looking fellow; her deadly aim would be reserved for the ugly ones. Carry this process of elimination—of natural selection—out far enough, and the consequences to human progeny are obvious.

We have grown used to killing by gunpowder, as I have written anon. We no longer think guns unchivalrous. What next? People readily subscribe to the proposition that if wars must needs be, the more deadly you make them, the better for humanity. Subscribe to the proposition—ay, but shudder and turn pale when one calmly sits down to carry it out to its logical conclusions. Why not, then, use resources at hand, and waiting? Why not economize the smoke wreaths that hover over battle-fields, wreaths that are now breathed and are expired with no farther harm than the imparting of an evil odour to the nostrils? Why not mingle white arsenic with the Valenciennes fire which certain heavy shells contain, and thus evolve a smoke—a vapour that, when taken into the lungs, should be deadly? Why not a little iodine, that would inflame the eyes and blind them? Why not attack ships under water by certain submarine projectiles, that I caused to be proposed to the Ordnance Select Committee, the War Office, and the Admiralty, on November 20, 1862, and the only objection to which was that the contrivance would be too horrible—unchristian? Unchristian! What has Christianity to do with war, I wonder? Did the Great Master tolerate it? Unchristian indeed! Why, the belief in one Deity, merciful and just, is wholly incompatible with the recognition of warfare as a Christian exercise. Reflect on the absurdity of what shall now stand written—a thought forced upon my mind in no irreverent sense, Heaven knows, though to some minds it may seem other-

wise. So long as polytheism was the belief of man, and belligerents on two sides had each a patron god to imprecate, recognition of war as a thing to be pleasing to the immortals was natural, logical enough. Two heathen deities might be assumed to take sides in a contest respectively, like two backers in a prize ring, or patrons in a cock-fight: but the ONE GOD—the Christian Lord God of Hosts to be implored by enemies on either side!—the very thought would be ridiculous were it not revolting.

Enough; the space at command is very small, and it is well nigh exhausted. If the little that has been here writ provokes some ardent seeker after truth in these matters to learn more, are there not books?—and have I not written some? One has been translated twice:—*videlicet*, by Colonel Wilford, late of Hythe, of the English service, and by *Chef d'Escadron* Martinet, of the French service, respectively. The first translation was after the manner that bishops are translated from stalls to sees; and cattle were over the border by moss-trooper catarans:—a mere transference, that is to say, without organic change. Colonel Wilford's translation is so identical with my original—word for word so far as it goes—that readers who possess *his* book need not purchase mine. Were it not that translated bishops gain emolument by it—whereas I gained a loss,—and were it not that, despite the *nolo episcopari*, the episcopal translation is not without consent, the parallelism between their case and my case would be perfect. They manage things better in France: so I think, at least. *Chef d'Escadron* Martinet might have translated my book without my consent, I knowing nothing about it. He elected otherwise. Stranger wholly, he wrote demanding permission; I acceded, and he paid me. It seems *that* is the French way of dealing with an author. One final word. Some years ago I wrote for the publisher of *St. James's* a second book, a very little one. On gunnery was that book, and it was reviewed. Scientific journals spoke well of it—very well. Colonel Wilford translated some two-thirds of it; yet a general reviewer, writing for an illustrated weekly paper of second rank, damned it, without giving reasons, and it was damned accordingly. The last copy of that book I saw was in the hands of a street shoeblack, who tore it up leaf by leaf to wrap his blacking in. I did not weep exactly, but I reflected, and came to a conclusion, and made a silent vow. The conclusion was, that the reviewer might have damned my book summarily, the better to conceal his inability to criticize it:—the vow, that if ever I did write on matters appertaining to gunnery for the same publisher again (and here behold it), I would adopt a certain course, would take a certain measure; and learn ye, all whom it may concern, that I have done it. At my publisher's will be found deposited a three-foot length of gas-pipe and a three-foot gun-barrel. On calling there and inquiring for the errand-boy, the latter is instructed to explain to general reviewers the difference between the two. There will be no gratuity expected, and no short pipes allowed. Knowledge of such difference is absolutely necessary to every reviewer who would write about guns or gunpowder; but more is time thrown away.

RECORDS OF AN OLD POLICE COURT

BY W. H. WATTS.

No. I.

TURNING down Argyll Place from Regent Street, promenaders find themselves in Great Marlborough Street—a street that leads nowhere, and is hardly known to the fashionable public, except as the direct road to the conservatory entrance of the Pantheon Bazaar. The houses in this locality are of a superior class, but evidently *passée*; and bills in the windows and modern warehouse fronts unmistakably indicate that the original privacy of the street is fast disappearing. But what can have escaped no one's notice is a large house, dingy and dirty outwardly and inwardly, with a police constable or two constantly lounging about the door in the day, and a motley crowd earlier in the morning, of evil-looking men and women, mostly the latter,—

“Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
Of touch of natural shame exempt,”—

from the slums of Peter Street, Callmall Buildings, and other localities, where vice, lawlessness, and poverty have held for many generations undisputed sway. This house, formerly the old Marlborough Street Police Office, is now the private entrance to the new Police Court. Perhaps no police court in the metropolis is so rich in cases of bygone public interest. Situated for years in the very centre of the fashionable world—for as yet Belgravia had not risen to rival the aristocratic claims of Grosvenor and Portman Squares,—and furnished with a staff of picked and experienced officers, the class of offenders who made their appearance before the magistrates were not unfrequently of the very highest rank; and the nature of their offences was of course far removed from the common crimes which form the staple of police charges. The old records of this court embodied in the deposition books of magistrates and police clerks, if made accessible, would be found to contain many a curious picture of society three quarters of a century ago, and to be the silent repositories of secrets that might possibly, if brought into the light of day, touch the pride of some of the first families in the kingdom.

At that period—we are going back at least fifty years—the press did not exercise the diurnal vigilance which now characterizes it, nor would its representatives have been permitted, or have been in a condition to give publicity to the name of an offender, whose position in society was sufficiently assured to induce the magistrate of the day to hear the evidence in his private room, and of course to “exclude reporters.” Though the old court has disappeared, it has left untouched a reputation all its own. When police courts were first instituted, it was a condition that at least one magistrate should reside “on the premises.” As it was not thought worth while to go to the expense of erecting special and suitable public

offices, it was necessary to select a house sufficiently capacious for a gentleman's residence, and at the same time so constructed as to be able, with a little outlay, to be converted into a public court, with proper accommodation for the public, and a proper provision for the safe keeping of small and great malefactors. The house in Great Marlborough Street had many recommendations: it had spacious back premises, where cells could be erected; and it had a back entrance from Blenheim Mews, which, though very little used, was a convenience on particular occasions, which could not be valued too highly. As time crept on—as population increased—as offenders and offences multiplied, it became necessary to add to the number of prisoners' cells, and for this purpose the range of coal and wine cellars were converted into places of security. The establishment of the new police, however, rendered many of the old arrangements superfluous. Some of the cells were closed, or made receptacles for police office lumber—old office books, old cutlasses and staves, with weapons of a more deadly character. These cells have all been levelled to the ground to make way for the New Court. Even the strong cell, which possesses a special history, as having held some of the most notorious malefactors and sundry of the most eminent State offenders of the time, has, “like a vision,” left “not a wreck behind.” The clearing out of the old cells—a work performed *con amore* by Welch, formerly the jailer, now the office keeper, of the New Court—brought to light a good deal that was both curious and important. A large cell, which had been shut up for some years, presented a strange sight. One side was filled with deposition books, ranging from the year 1780 to 1825. The floor was strewn with disused police cutlasses, some broken, others notched, as if from actual service, which was no doubt the case; others sharp and bright, ready for use at a moment's notice. The same might be said of the pistols—large horse-pistols for the belt, smaller for the pocket. There was a quantity of long police staves, which evidently had seen hard service. There was a handsome dress sword, which it appears was kept for the special use of magistrates, who had, in the exciting times of our grandfathers, something more than passive and peaceful duties to perform; for from the “records” it would seem, that whenever a public disturbance took place, a police magistrate, armed with sword, and supported by the civil force, was expected to make his appearance bodily among the rioters, and to read the riot act, as a preliminary step to more vigorous efforts for the preservation of the public peace. But it was the heap of deposition, bail, and other office records, that more particularly attracted the attention of the inquisitive. One of these books was a kind of office cash-book, in which the fines were registered and the expenditure of secret service money recorded. It must be recollected, that at the period to which this book referred, the French revolution had just been inaugurated—the metropolis was full of French *émigrés*—there was an unknown number of French spies in the pay of the French Directory, and there were also many French emissaries from the French revolutionists, who were

either engaged in spreading revolutionary doctrines in this country, or in directing and taking part in the deliberations and objects of the various secret corresponding societies which had spread themselves over the kingdom, and which had drawn upon their prime movers the eye of Government and the attention of the magistracy.

Turning over the leaves of this remarkable book, we find historical names which occupied a large space in public consideration at the period; and we see, as in a mirror, the actual condition of society, and the existence of an alarming state of public affairs, which has happily passed away. Materials for history, of no mean value, might be collected from these old and forgotten records. We will venture on a few extracts, to show their quality.

June, 1794.—Paid expenses for apprehending John Horne Tooke at Croydon—one officer and three men on watch night and day for ten days - - - - - £6 14 0

The capture of the celebrated champion of popular rights and redresser of popular wrongs, as we presume we must term him, was not effected without a considerable expenditure of time and ingenuity. We should judge that Mr. Tooke was hiding at the time, being probably aware that warrants were out for his apprehension, and the apprehension of his compatriots. At all events, the captors must have had a jolly time of it, judging from the quantity of victuals and drink consumed by them at various inns and public-houses, for the expenses of which they were obliged to produce vouchers.

The next entry throws some light on the reasons that induced the constituted authorities to take into custody the gentleman just referred to.

June, 1794.—For the suppression of the riots at Charing Cross, 82 new truncheons, and painting the same - - - - - £12 18 6

We next come upon some curious entries relative to the secret corresponding societies. It would appear that, however “secret” these societies may have resolved their proceedings should be, there was usually an enemy in the camp, and that the Government did not disdain to make use of instruments and means to procure information which only a national emergency could excuse or justify.

Nov. 3, 1795.—Paid James Hobbs and Richard Barber, for attending the meeting of the London Corresponding Society in Copenhagen Fields on 26th October last, and stating on examination what they heard and saw - - - - - £0 10 0

This seems all straightforward and above-board, but can the same be said of the following?—

15th November.—Paid David Cole and James Hobbs, for gaining admission into a public-house in Winsley Street [qy.], where a seditious meeting was suspected to be held, and making report of the persons present and their proceedings - - - - - £0 15 0

The next entry is suggestive :—

Paid for hackney coach for P. Le Neve, Esq. (the magistrate), for going to the Parliament with private clothes officers, when His Majesty went to the House of Parliament to give assent to bills against treason and sedition, and when a riotous mob had assembled there - £0 2 6

The Alien Act, which was then in full operation, was not suffered to remain a dead letter, if we may judge by the great number of entries relative "to Expenses for Copying and Entering of Papers of Registration relative to French Emigrants." That Government kept a wary eye on the movements of French visitors to this country may be inferred from the following entry :—

October, 1796.—Paid to John Coote, watchhouse keeper of St. James's, for the keep of Mons. D'Hurecant and Mons. Dunois, aliens, before they were sent out of the country - £12 0 0

In the Bail Book and Book of Fines for October, 1796, appear the following entries :—

Henry Rawdon, Patrick Doyle, John Douglas, George Luttrell, fined £10 each, for forcibly entering St. Anne's watchhouse, and releasing therefrom one "George Prince," in lawful custody for riotous and disorderly conduct at No. 26, Lisle Street.

The above also ordered to find bail, £500 selves, two sureties £250 each, to answer indictment at sessions.

Bail, Pierre Des Cou, Prince of Wales' Hotel, Leicester Street ; and Amos Burton, Scrivener, Leicester Square.

The above entries, read by the light of the scandalous chronicles of that day, and aided by conjectural explanation, may be made tolerably clear. Was there not a Lord Rawdon, who seconded the Duke of York in his duel with Colonel Lennox ? There was the well-known Sir John Douglas, the chief witness against the Princess of Wales. A Major Doyle was one of the Carlton House intimates, and Colonel Luttrell was another.

Now it is a tolerably well-established fact, that the Prince of Wales' Hotel in Leicester Street was the head-quarters of "George, Prince of Wales," and a select band of *roués*. It can also be shown that the notorious "Mother Wood" kept what was for many years known as the "Nunnery" in Lisle Street, and that there the Prince and his boon companions were frequent visitors. From the entries we have extracted we get at the fact that a riot took place at the "Nunnery ;" that "George Prince," the ring-leader, was captured and lodged in St. Anne's, Soho ; that the aforesaid "George Prince" was released by a body of notabilities, sufficiently strong to overpower the watchhouse authorities, and sufficiently high in position to warrant the magistrates in requiring very large bail. We also find, as one of the bail, Pierre Des Cou, of the "Prince of Wales' Hotel," the rendezvous of royalty ; and as we hear nothing more about "George Prince," is it a very far-fetched conjecture to assume that he was of too elevated a station to be subject to the legal penalties which attach to more plebeian mortals ?

Before we temporarily close our extracts, we may just make one more, to prove that the *Daily Telegraph*, now such a power, is, at least as far as the name goes, by no means the creation of to-day.

1795.—Paid for one quarter's *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, and *Telegraph*,
for the use of the office - - - - - £3 18 6

No. II.

JUDGING from the frequency of warrants issued, not only by magistrates, but from the higher departments of Government, and the summary mode adopted to capture or remove obnoxious parties, it would seem either that the "liberty of the subject" was a nominal phrase in the days of our ancestors, or that its meaning and rights have been greatly enlarged and more exactly defined in our own. What, for instance, can be inferred from the following extract from the official book of "disbursements," otherwise than that the Government of the day possessed and exercised powers, the extent of which is not dreamed of at the present time, and the existence of which, we will venture to say, would not be tolerated for an hour now that a free and independent press stands ever ready to champion popular rights, or to do battle with despotic encroachment?—

June, 1795.—Paid to thirty extra constables, for assisting at night in the execution, by the order of the magistrates, of sundry *Privy Search Warrants*, on which occasion many persons were apprehended; some were sent to serve in the navy, others released on promise to serve in the navy - - - - - £3 15 0

There is more than one entry of this character, and as it may fairly be conjectured that other police courts were furnished with similar warrants, to be executed for similar objects, this process was no doubt found quite as efficacious as the more direct operations of the "press-gang," in replenishing his Majesty's navy. What would the good people of England think nowadays of a constitution that permitted a nominally responsible body of ministers to issue "Privy" warrants to apprehend, without stint, persons of suspected character, and to make it a condition of their release that they should enter her Majesty's navy? A power of this extraordinary character, even in these times of personal protection and of established safeguards of public liberty, would be open to unlimited abuse. To what extent abuse was carried in the comparatively darker period of popular rights, and in the absence of all controlling power, as indicated by the entries in question, may be conceived, but not very accurately described.

In the same year we find the following:—

December, 1795.—For expenses at Dartford, to use means to get a large number of deserters from the regiment of Lowenstein taken into custody - - - - - £20 0 0

From the magnitude of the sum it may be inferred that this was a

meanour, worthy to be visited with exemplary punishment; the fine was therefore high, and the imprisonment, in case of non-payment, long. Here is a batch of culprits, very properly made to expiate the enormity of powdering their pates without legal permission, by a pretty considerable dip into their respective pockets:—

January, 1797.—The following persons were fined:—Louis Vouge,
 Dame Mary Bolton, Thomas Treherne, John Fosbrook, William
 Dance, each - - - - - £25 0 0

But now comes an entry of a somewhat startling character:—

March, 1797.—His Majesty's share of the penalty (two-thirds) of £50, inflicted by N. Conant, Esq., justice, on the following persons, found and taken in a common gaming-house in St. James's Square:—

Albina, Countess of Buckingham, fined £50	-	-	£33	6	8
Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, fined £50	-	-	33	6	8
Mrs. Wray Sturt, fined £50	-	-	33	6	8
Lucius Concannen, gentleman, fined £50	-	-	33	6	8
Matthias O'Byrne, gentleman, fined £50	-	-	33	6	8

This may be regarded as a lucky haul for the royal purse—his Most Sacred Majesty claiming, by legal right, the lion's share of the penalty inflicted on common gamblers. Certainly, the fact of ladies of title being frequenters of and players at a common gaming-house speaks rather strongly against the standard of morals in high life at that period. We should now deem it a national scandal were it to be whispered that titled ladies became, as *habitués* of the St. James's hells, liable to be seized by the police and brought to a police court to be fined the same as mere masculine delinquents. On the Continent, at some of the public gaming establishments, British ladies of distinction, we are aware, do not hesitate to follow the usages of the locality, probably in deference to the axiom which enjoins that “when at Rome, we must do as Rome does;” but, fortunately, they have not arrived at that point of foreign civilization which would enable them to brave public censure by gaming publicly, or openly frequenting a public gaming-house.

The next item is the complement of a penalty of £200 having been inflicted on—

Henry Martindale, for keeping a Pharaoh Table in St. James's Square.

His Majesty's share	-	-	-	-	£133	6	8
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The following entry brings before us a name that made some noise in its day. The Barrymore Brothers, boon companions of the Prince Regent, were known by the nicknames of “Hellgate,” “Cripplegate,” and “Billingsgate.” There will be no difficulty in detecting *which* of these worthies figured at the police court in 1797; the cause of the appearance, and the reasons of the moderate fine, have not been recorded in the police annals.

October, 1799.—The Honourable Maurice Barrymore, for swearing, fined	-	-	-	-	-	£0	2	6
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The next item shows that our ancestors were duly alive to the

necessity of watching over the conduct of taskmasters towards their apprentices :—

November, 1799.—John Doe, fined for causing his apprentice to work on Sunday - - - - - £0 5 0

The practice of smuggling, owing to protective duties, seems to have been very common, judging from the frequency of entries, of which the following is a sample :—

November, 1797.—Thomas Harris, harbouring run goods - - - £5 0 0

Chairmen were by no means an orderly set ; they were frequently summoned and invariably fined. The names would indicate that the majority were from the Emerald Isle.

December, 1797.—Patrick Collins and Dennis MacGrath, chairmen, for misbehaving, fined each - - - - - £0 10 0

“Running dustmen,” a class of illegal functionaries, who invaded the privileges of the licensed contractor, and surreptitiously carried off the contents of dustbins, including copper kettles, silver spoons, and other “unconsidered trifles” which came in their way, were in great vogue, as many as half a dozen charges of this sort being made in the course of the month. The fines were not less than 40s.

Manufacturers of base coin, although the penalty was death, seem to have braved all consequences, and to have carried on their nefarious trade so dexterously as to defy even the practised eyes of the officers of the police court ; for at every quarter’s payment to the Receiver of Fines there appears this entry,—

Allowance for bad silver unavoidably taken - - - - - £5 0 0

On one occasion, however, the Receiver appears to have been in no very complying mood, for we find an entry of “£3 for base coin returned by the Receiver,” which amount, we presume, was made good by the gaoler and other officials who took the “base coin.”

THE ROMAN CONVERT.

IN the days of Diocletian, when Christianity thrived amidst persecution, Pamphilus—a strenuous disciple of the growing faith—departed from Cæsarea to Rome, to unite his efforts with those of Caius, Quentin, and several other holy men, successors of the apostles, who were earnestly occupied in preparing the minds of “the faithful” to sustain with fitting fortitude the hourly impending martyrdom which awaited them. It was needful that the first great Atonement should be followed by worthy examples, and that Christian blood should cleanse the pavements of Rome from the foul stains of pagan debauchery and debasing superstition. Thus did the sacrifice of the divine Founder of the Christian faith ascend continually to heaven, and His disciples flock to the “city of cities”—the “portal of all nations”—to offer themselves for immolation before altars still reeking with victims of *the New Faith*, in order that a world might be redeemed; and that heaven itself, terror-stricken at human turpitude, might, in pity, receive into the scales of eternal justice some counterpoise against the overbrimming mass of sin and wickedness.

One evening, at the close of the short but sublime exhortation which, on each occasion, was listened to by the small assembled flock as though it were in all probability the last (for too often, ere morning came, one of their number—either pastor or one of his flock—answered not the summons, and the *De Profundis* was chanted in low yet fervent tones over the tomb of an immolated brother), Pamphilus, having given his benediction and sorrowful farewell to his brethren, watched them in profound silence slowly disappear beneath the sombre vaults of the catacombs. A feeling of inexpressible melancholy had weighed upon the breast of this holy man during the entire day; for, as might naturally be expected, unspeakable tenderness was quickly generated and deeply felt between men thus self-devoted to sacrifice, and their minds were often divided between the bitterness of mundane regrets and the transports of a divine enthusiasm.

It was under the influence of such circumstances that the Christian priest remained standing before the altar, though no longer occupied in prayer. The weariness of his frame, emaciated by fasting; the chill atmosphere of the cavern in which they were forced to hold their stolen meetings; the solemnity of the diurnal farewell; the sight of that bier, upon which, day after day for upwards of a whole month, a mutilated form had been laid to receive the crown of glory, yet humid with a martyr’s blood,—all rushed to his mind with a mingled sentiment of horror and terrible distinctness; till, overcome by his feelings, he once more knelt before the symbol of all his earthly as well as heavenly hopes, exclaiming,—

“Lord, if I must drink of this cup, spare me from the dregs! If yon bier be destined to receive my body, in mercy let it lie thereon to-morrow; that I may behold none other from among my brethren stretched mangled in his gory shroud, so that my heart’s tears may be dried up for ever.”

Scarcely had he ceased ere he heard some one knocking softly at the secret door which the faithful brethren had constructed, and which was secured on the inside, in order that the cavern might have but one outlet—the same, indeed, by which Pamphilus had watched them retire—whereby they might be less exposed to danger from surprise. The new comer could, therefore, only be a spy, or one of the brethren newly arrived from afar, and, by reason of pursuit, seeking hurried refuge within the catacombs. Pamphilus unhesitatingly drew back the bolts with a calm and steady hand. “What wouldst thou?” he asked, as he threw open the door.

Great was his surprise. A female, closely veiled, stood at the portal; she advanced with a timorous step, saying, “Let me not suffer torture—put me not to death—I am a pagan woman, who comes not hither to betray you, but to invoke your God.”

“Our God hath said, ‘Return good for evil,’” replied Pamphilus. “We kill not; we torture not even those who would betray us. Enter, therefore, daughter, and offer up your prayer unto the TRUE GOD.”

“Close then the door,” rejoined the pagan woman, “for were I surprised here, I should be accused of being a Christian, and put to the torture in order to extort a revelation of your mysteries.”

The priest accordingly closed the door, and on turning round again towards his furtive visitant, who had removed her veil, he beheld one possessed of youth, beauty, and rich attire, but whose countenance bore traces of deep inquietude and sorrow.

“Who art thou?” asked the priest, “and what seekest thou? Yonder stands the altar of our God. If thou wouldst address Him in prayer, I will kneel with thee, and beseech Him to grant thee that which thou askest.”

But the woman, instead of answering him, cast her eyes around her with an expression of mingled terror and curiosity; and when, by the pallid gleam of the lamp burning before the altar, she descried a cenotaph covered by a mort-cloth stained with livid spots, she started back in horror, exclaiming,—

“Thou pretendest that thou dost not kill; that thou tormentest not; wherefore, then, that blood-bespotted shroud?”

“Daughter,” replied the priest, “’tis the blood of our brethren, whom pagan worshippers have slain.”

Hearing this, the woman grew tranquil after a short space. “Our gods are not so cruel as we, their votaries, are,” she at length remarked; “nor like the gods of Gaul and Germany, who require human sacrifices. They are content with hecatombs of beasts; and the firstborn of a steer is more acceptable to Mars himself, than blood spilt in battle. Believe me, pontiff of the God Christ, our deities are mild and indulgent; they urge us rather towards pleasure than savage fury. Nay, it must needs be that they are now slumbering, and that the golden-tressed Hebe hath poured forth to them Lethean water in lieu of ambrosia and nectar, for they

seem in no respect any longer to preside over our destinies, but to have altogether abandoned us. When mortals are forsaken of the gods, they become like unto the ruthless barbarians of the icy North. I, for my own part, have not ceased to serve them as I ought. Above all have I invoked the favouring goddesses, and sought to render them propitious to me by offerings worthy of my rank and fortune; for I am rich and a patrician, and my name is Lea."

"You are then that woman so widely known through indulgence in every luxury, as well as for her beauty. And come *you* here to brave persecution and death? It must indeed be that you have felt some aching void—the transitory nature of all earthly joys."

"Old man," replied Lea, "I have felt the wounds of mortified vanity; the satiety of pleasure. But as I am still young, and the hours of sadness increase upon me, I have called upon the immortals to render me again my pristine joys; yet vainly have I sacrificed in turn to all the divinities from whom I anticipated aid. In vain have my feet wearied the steps of thy temple, O Venus! In vain have I offered to thee six couples of young African doves, whiter in their plumage than milk. In vain have I touched with trembling hands and parched lips the breasts of the statue of Juno Victoria; clasped with devoted ardour the golden cincture gemmed with precious stones, and fashioned like that one which thou lentest her, O queen of Paphos, in order, say they, to regain the love of Jupiter, king of gods and men. Yet, cold and unmindful goddess, thou didst not restore to me my lost power of pleasing. And now, O priest, Juno, haughty queen of Olympus, hath ceased to inspire me with those feelings of indomitable pride which could console me even for the loss of love itself. In vain, too, O Pallas, have I embroidered Tyrian veils to hang upon thy shrines; thou hast endowed me neither with wisdom, nor a fondness for study, nor habit of useful occupation. And thou also, O Hebe, did not I tender to thee the richest offerings? did not I sacrifice heifers without spot, and lambs of one year old? No longer, in these our days, doth thy invisible hand efface from the brows of thy privileged votaries early wrinkles imprinted thereon by the hand of Chronos, as in the golden time, when thy loving tenderness renewed the rose-tints on their lips. Thou hast suffered tears to stain my cheek, and the streaks of iris to wander round my eyelids. Thou, too, O Cupid, god of Idalia; did I not sacrifice to thee the firstborn of a hare, ere it had tasted the wild mountain sage and aromatic thyme? Have I not brought from Greece myrtles wreathed in the garlands of Amathonte and Gnidus, to scatter their precious flowers upon thy altar? Love, O Love, hast thou wholly forgotten me? Ye gods and goddesses, hath the smoke of my sacrifices wholly silenced you? Hath not my plaint been long and often enough reiterated to the skies, to proclaim sufficiently how much I need divine consolation and assistance? Come, then, such divinity from the north or from the east; from the deserts of Africa or from the land of the Hebrews, who, as they tell me,

have but one God, ever unchangeable ; so that my prayers be granted. I will offer up to him the richest holocausts, and I will grudge neither gifts nor honours to his priests. Speak, then, old man, and inquire of thy oracles whether the God of the Galileans can manifest a power and beneficence above those of *our* divinities, for they have become even as the deaf, and heed not."

"Woman," replied Pamphilus, "we accept not gifts, nor interpret oracles."

"How serve you, then, your God?" asked Lea; "*wherefore* serve you Him?"

"He hath taught us His word; but it abideth not within the hollow forms of vain idols. He requireth not earthly offerings; the love and worship of faithful hearts and minds are all He asks. And as for His priests, they, and all those who adore the CHRIST, have made a vow of poverty and humility."

"Thou askest never aught of Him, then—and He hath nothing, therefore, to bestow upon you? It may be that He is like unto the Fates, who have sway over all the gods,* but who can change nothing upon which they have once determined, how much soever they may be entreated by prayer."

"Our God listens to us, and grants our requests. But to speak after your manner, to the end that you may understand my meaning, know that Destiny obeys him—even as a slave his master. 'Tis His will which ruleth the universe, and none other god exists save Him. Receive His word, study His law, and you will discover that in His mercy there is greater treasure to be found than within the entire range of earthly vanities."

"Must I, then," rejoined the grief-stricken woman, "study your mysteries ere I can offer up my supplications to your God? and will He not accord them until I be initiated therein? If so, farewell! My mode of life leaves me not time to listen to your exhortations; and, moreover, a fearful persecution would in turn await me. I deemed that, by coming hither to make an offering, I might obtain some answer, and return, perchance, not altogether devoid of hope. But since it is forbidden to the priests of your faith to receive the prayers of the heathen, I will go up yet once again, and either implore Venus that she restore me the pleasure, or Vesta that she teach me continence."

"Stay!" said Pamphilus to her, mildly. "Foolish or culpable requests I am forbidden to make before my God. It seemeth, however, that you complain of the ravages of time, and the loss of forbidden appetites. The word of CHRIST teaches us that beauty of mind and purity of body are the beauty and love agreeable to the Creator. But if I have thoroughly comprehended all you have uttered, I find you suffer-

* The *Dii Magni* were submitted to the *Parcæ*, as well as all the rest of the divinities.

ing from the common malady by which your nation is tormented—utter disgust of life from weariness of evil-doing. You implore, at the same time, fabulous divinities, who, as you affirm, preside over the most contrary attributes,—modesty, luxury, science, pride, folly, wisdom. As you know not what you would have, so you are ignorant of what would effect your cure; and were I to reveal the secret, you would not comprehend me, for our moments are numbered. We shall remain here on earth but for a brief space, and your mind is so estranged from the spirit of the true God, that a year would, I doubt—I fear—scarcely suffice for your conversion. Yet, I pray thee, listen. Yonder stands the image of the true God. Kneel down before it in token of reverence—not to the wood of that crucifix, but to the living Son of God which it represents, and who is in heaven. Raise thy soul to the ETERNAL, and breathe to HIM thy troubles. Know that He is a kind and an indulgent God—a Father to the contrite and the afflicted—a God of love to the broken-hearted and fervent in faith. There is no need of interpreter-priest or angel between Him and thee. Beseech HIM only to look into the recesses of thine heart; and if thou desirest sincerely to know and serve HIM, He will endow thee with grace—which is a gift more precious, and a consolation more potent, than all the false and fleeting pleasures of this life.”

“I have heard words spoken like unto thine ere this,” mournfully and doubtfully rejoined Lea. “It hath been told me that the Nazarenes—condemned to death in these latter days—all invoked a God whom they called the God of love and mercy. It is said, however, that He in no wise resembles the god of Paphos and Cythera; nor can I easily comprehend what mercy at His hand you promise me. Nevertheless, since thou permittest me to pray in His temple, I will go to that altar and invoke Him. For if the immortal gods have knowledge of the secret thoughts of men, it is not the less efficacious to reveal it by invocation, in order to testify that hope is placed in them.”

“Do what seemeth best unto thee,” said Pamphilus; “and may the eternal Creator, blind as thou art, now thou art seeking the light, unseal thine eyes!”

The Roman lady knelt down on the damp floor of the cavern, and, throwing backwards her lovely head—richly ornamented with pins and fillets of gold,—raised her white and rounded arms, bare to the shoulder, towards the holy image.

“I know not,” she began, “what thing I ought to ask of Thee, O unknown God! But full well know I what plaint I would address to the skies; for my life is become more bitter than the olive newly gathered from the tree. I have seen the highest and wealthiest at my feet; but he whom I have chosen for my husband hath forsaken me for pleasure. His whole desire was, it seems, to see me renounce, for his gratification, the *severity* of my manners, and then throw myself into the arms of another. I thought to avenge my outraged pride by loving

Icilius ; and Thou well knowest, God of the Nazarenes, since 'tis said that, like unto Jupiter, Thou knowest all the actions and thoughts of men—Thou knowest that Icilius hath proved unworthy of my love, and hath abandoned me for the blandishments of courtesans, alleging, as a pretext, that he could not longer love a faithless woman. Thou knowest, O Divinity, that I did not abase myself so far as to supplicate the false one, but sought only to be avenged for my injured feelings. Still, thus outraged, doth my life waste away and my beauty fade, alternately between unavailing transports of tenderness or outbursts of anger. And when I called down upon the heads of those perjured ones the vengeance of the infernal gods, Thou knowest they have answered me that the avenging deities no longer existed,—that Cotytto had strangled Cerberus, and that the Furies themselves had grown placable since Plutus had shared the empire of earth with Comus and his train.

“Such is the state of all, O unknown God ! Men believe no longer in the justice of Olympus ; and the shameless bacchante insults with impunity the sorrowing vestal. Lucina no longer shields the dignity of wives and mothers ; and the altars of Cyprus are no longer tended save by dishevelled Mænades. Yet, weak as woman may be, O omnipotent Divinity, she herself is not the first to forsake the support to which she has once clung. Her sense of honour renders infidelity terrible to her, by causing her to expiate it by shame. 'Tis man, therefore, whom I come to accuse before Thee, Nazarene ! 'Tis my husband, Icilius—nay, *all* those whom I have loved in vain—now denounce I to Thy justice. Avenge me, then, on their heads—or grant that I may forget them, and enter upon the oblivion of old age. If I have lost a portion of my beauty, and if by regaining it I may recover the affection of those who have betrayed me, render to me once again my sweet youth, and the wonted potency of its charms. But can it be ? Have I indeed lost my bloom so wholly, as that Torquata, the public singer, notoriously vile by the debauchery of her life, should be preferred before me ?

* * * * *

“And yet what are we women to do, solitary and forsaken, within the shades of deserted gardens ? The government of the state, war, the academies, admit us not to those labours which occupy man, and console him for every ill. From such, by the softness of our sex and our education, we are alike excluded. We are taught only the arts of captivation. And the first care of our matrons, so soon as our tresses float upon our shoulders, is to instruct us how to arrange them in perfumed negligence, with what jewels to ornament them, in order to attract the gaze of man ! Our most serious labours have relation to attire, and the sole conversation in which we are able to take part is that in which our senses are sought to be excited, in order to engulf us recklessly in the abandonment of pleasure. If we are chaste, we inspire our husbands only with a chilling

esteem and the languor of *ennui*. If we seek to retain their love by transports of jealousy, they first suspect and then despise us.

“Thus, O God of Galilee, thus treat they the women of Rome. Behold, then, to what degradation those ladies—formerly so respected—have fallen! who gave their bracelets of gold to their country, and were only proud to have sons and heroes. Luxury, indeed, hath taken up her abode even upon the public places, and been accorded a triumph even before the eyes of modest women. If Thy people be faithful to their pristine virtues,—if the law coerce the heart to rectitude, and the body to purity of life,—strike, then, O Galilean! strike with Thy lightnings this impure city, and let a new race dwell therein. I have told Thee the horrors attendant upon our present state; answer me, therefore, by the mouth of Thy priest! Let an oracle either console or teach me. If, to work me a cure, to free me from the *ennui* and frenzy which devour me, it be necessary to invoke the aid of magic, to be present at hideous and revolting sacrifices, to swallow the poisons of Erebus, even that would I do rather than return hopelessly to my solitary couch, and longer endure the tortures of impotent vengeance.”

“I have adjured thy God. Now, priest, answer thou for Him. Have you not an allotted sibyl to consult Him? Ah! if you know of some philtre wherewith to inspire men with love, or else to extinguish its flame in the heart of woman, bestow it—oh, bestow it on me! I will drain it to the last drop, though it scorch my heart in agony. Answer, old man, what hecatomb must I offer on thy altars? Doubtest thou that I am rich? Doubtest thou my oath? I will immolate to thy Christ all the flocks upon my pastures. I will heap before His shrine all the golden vessels within my palace. Wouldst have my ornaments—the fillets upon my brow, the priceless jewels which deck my sandals? That you accept gifts from the rich merely to distribute them amongst the poor, I am also told, and that such gifts render your gods propitious. I will give anything—do anything to acquire either the gift of love or the boon of oblivion.”

“Unhappy woman!” replied Pamphilus, sorrowfully. “That which you ask lies not within our power. Our God confers not on us the power to gratify human passions. He would cause the hand to wither that would excite or vitiate the blood which flows in human veins. The servants of that God of purity profess chastity after His example. Those amongst us who enter into marriage consider fidelity equally the duty of the man as it is of the woman, and transgression alike criminal in either sex. ’Tis among Christians alone that sincere and lasting love can reign. They adore one Master only, to whom alone belongs every virtue; whilst your pagans adore every known vice, under the image of divers divinities. These false gods, my daughter, are foul demons; and, far from worshipping and fearing them, they ought to be scorned and detested by you. To the God of mercy, gentleness, and purity, should your sacrifices be given.

He heedeth not offerings of lambs and heifers, but in pity looks down upon your pride, revengeful desires, and all the vain pleasures of your sinful lives."

"My life, then, will be for the time to come pleasureless and without repose," sadly exclaimed the lovely pagan. "Can I sacrifice nought more to thy God than my hatred and resentment, that He may accord me only those pleasures which I am unable to grasp, and that repose I crave?"

"No blessing from the God I serve will ever attend upon the votaries of such pleasures. He reproveth—nay, forbids them to all who have not sacrificed them in His name by an indissoluble oath."

"What consolation, then, affordeth He to the forsaken woman?" asked Lea, rising to her feet.

"He opens His arms to her," replied the Christian, "and invites her to seek consolation in His bosom."

"Thine oracle is obscure, O priest!" exclaimed the Roman lady, "and passeth my understanding. May I love thy God, and can thy God love me also?"

"Even so, my daughter. God loveth all men, for they are His children; and when men abandon one another, He consoleth those who take refuge with Him. Essay, then, the divine love, O Lea, and thou wilt find therein delights so pure that they will make thee unmindful of all those fleeting ones here on earth."

"Thy oracles astonish and terrify me more and more!" exclaimed the woman, retreating from the altar and drawing her veil closely round her face. "The love of a God is a fearful thing, old man, and hath cost mortals dearly who have dared to abandon themselves to it. Semele was reduced to ashes by the glory of Jupiter's countenance; but the jealous Juno cruelly pursued the fugitive Latona."

"Stay, poor insensate, and cast from thee these thoughts, that are engendered of ignorance and nothingness. The true God descends not to the weaknesses of man; for He is not incorporated in an earthly form, as are your fabulous deities. O daughter of a sinful age, thou art immeshed so deeply in the trammels of error, that I know not in what words to address thee. Time is needful for thy instruction. Wouldst be a Christian?"

"Wherefore should I, if I am not assured thereby a way to the termination of my sorrows?"

"I promise it, then, in the name of the ETERNAL—consolation in this life, recompence in the next."

"And how shall I believe thy promises, if I have not, from this present time, some proof of the power of thy God?"

"Should I then beseech the omnipotent God to convince thee by a miracle?" asked the priest, rather in self-communion than addressing himself to the Roman lady.

“Ask it!” she exclaimed, “and I will prostrate myself.”

“No,” replied Pamphilus, “for thy soul is in the bonds of error, and still it is not the voice of Heaven that calls thee to thy conversion; ’tis that of thy passions, and they are yet too much at strife for thee to hearken to the voices of the Divinity. Listen, woman! Return to thy home. Constrain thyself to forget the man who has offended thee, and live henceforward in continence. Condemn thyself to solitude, to abstinence, and suffering. Offer up to God thy grief and weariness, and be not impatient in the endurance of them. When thine anguish shall increase upon thee, until it seem beyond thy strength to sustain, invoke neither Venus nor Vesta—forget those phantoms—bend thy knees to earth and look towards heaven, where reigns the living God, and utter these words,—‘*O Thou the true and only God! grant that I may know and love Thee; for I would know and love none other but Thee!*’”

“And then what miracle would He work in my behalf?” asked the Roman lady, with astonishment.

“The truth will descend and enter into thine heart. The divine love will raise thy courage. Each sense will again resume its wonted serenity, and you will then find lasting consolation.”

“For ever?”

“No; man is weak, and can do nothing without continued help from on high. Be earnest in prayer each time thou feel’st afflicted.”

“And each time will be given consolation?”

“If thou prayest with fervour and sincerity.”

“And shall I then become a Christian?” murmured Lea, uneasily and hesitatingly. “My husband will denounce me, and have me put to death.”

“These vexations will cease, and the Christ will triumph,” said Pamphilus. “Meanwhile, fear nothing. Reveal to no one, for the present, thy newly adopted faith, and pray to the UNKNOWN GOD in the secrecy of thy heart. Ere long thou wilt experience a thirst for instruction and baptism; and when thou shalt indeed have become a Christian, thou wilt no longer live in dread of martyrdom. Retire, my daughter, the hour hath elapsed. When thou hast felt the effect of these my promises, thou wilt repair again to the catacombs.”

On the morrow the vaults were penetrated by the Roman officials and soldiery, and many were the Christians dispersed or put to the sword; and during the two following years the religion of the Saviour seemed to have been wholly stifled in Rome. Pamphilus, however, returned to Cæsarea, and his friend Eusebius went to take his place in the city of St. Peter, furnished with the necessary instructions from his predecessor. Here he once more collected together the scattered flock, and found it greatly augmented. The faith had grown strong, even in the fetters of its enemies. The truth had been propagated in obscurity, and even amongst

the ranks of its former persecutors numerous brethren spontaneously communicated with the faithful.

One evening, as Eusebius was traversing the city of the Cæsars, on his way to a sequestered crypt, lying at some distance from the walls, a female African slave accosted him. The woman, having dogged his path for some time, had been taken by him for a spy; he was therefore about to retrace his steps, in order to deceive her as to his destination, when she thus addressed him:—

“In the name of the God of Nazareth, a Roman lady desireth to see you in her last moments. Follow me and fear nothing, for your God is with you.”

Eusebius followed her; and after having, as the shades of night darkened rapidly around, traversed the thick groves surrounding a magnificent villa, was introduced to the chamber of Lea. The Roman lady, though pallid and emaciated, still looked beautiful in her robes of white and purple. Raising herself upon her ivory couch, in a faint voice she asked, “Art thou Eusebius, the friend of Pamphilus?”

“I am he,” replied the holy apostle.

“’Tis well!” said the dying lady. “Proceed to give me baptism, for I would, ere I die, avow the true and unknown God. Two years have now passed, during which I have prayed to Him in tears and invoked His aid—Pamphilus had promised it me. My grief has become dear to me, and my tears have ceased to scald my cheek. I have lived as he told me; I have abandoned evanescent pleasures—the circus, the feast, the chariot race, and the temples of the impotent gods. Sequestered within the shades of my silent gardens, I have prayed each time that I felt regret for the fleeting joys of the past stealing over me; and, instead of their torments, have experienced each time a miraculous calm, and a bliss hitherto untasted has preserved me. I could not receive instruction in your mysteries; it must infallibly have exposed one of us to persecution, and I waited in patience for a happier time. But death will not let me see that day. I am dying; and I die in peace, with the hope of seeing thy God; for what Pamphilus enjoined upon me, that I have done. I have prayed with ardour and sincerity—I have repeated unceasingly the prayer which he dictated to me:—‘O THOU the TRUE and only God! grant that I may know and love Thee!’”

The words expired upon Lea’s lips. Eusebius sprinkled the holy water upon her forehead, already damp with the dews of death, saying,—

“May the ETERNAL himself instruct thee, within the heavenly mansions, in all of which thou wert ignorant upon earth! Expiation and sincerity are the true baptism which He requireth of us here below.”

A placid smile lit up the features of Lea, and the slave who attended her, astonished at the renewed loveliness her countenance had assumed, ran to fetch a mirror of polished steel, and holding it before the dying lady,—

“O my mistress!” exclaimed she, ingenuously, “fear not death, for lo! youth blooms again upon thy visage. Thine eyes sparkle with their wonted lustre; thy lip retakes its ruddy hue. The God of Galilee hath wrought a miracle in thy favour; and if thy lovers were to behold thee at this moment, they would quit all those whom they now adore, to throw themselves once more at thy feet. Arise, then; order thy litter to be prepared,—I will braid and ornament thy hair, for even Cæsar himself would this day worship thy resplendent beauty.”

For a long space did Lea contemplate her image in the glittering mirror; then letting her enfeebled arm drop listlessly by her side, she murmured in low but distinct accents, “Were the God of Galilee to restore me life and health, I would not return to my insensate loves. I would not that my beauty, regenerated by mysterious love, should become the sullied trophy of a scornful mortal. I feel that I am dying, and that I am about to rejoin the fount of imperishable beauty, called by the divine Plato, *the Sovereign Good*. He also—he must have divined the existence of the UNKNOWN GOD, when he pointed to heaven as the source of love and perfection. That water, O priest, which thou hast sprinkled upon my brow, is it not a symbol of the inexhaustible well-spring at which I am now going to slake my thirst?”

“Even so, my daughter,” replied the priest. And discoursing to her of hope and redemption, he beheld her expire with a soft smile parting her lips. The holy peace which she had found in devoting herself to the worship of the UNKNOWN GOD, and the beatific tranquillity of her last moments, struck the mind of the African slave so forcibly, that she followed Eusebius to the crypt of the Christians, and there joyfully embraced that religion which alone gives consolation to the afflicted and freedom to the slave.*

S. M.

* Pamphilus of Cæsarea, in Palestine—saint and martyr,—was celebrated also for his friendship with Eusebius, who, as a memorial of this intimacy, assumed the name of Παμφίλον. He was probably born at Berytus, of an honourable and wealthy family. Having received his early education in his native city, he proceeded to Alexandria, where he attended the instructions of Pierius, the head of the catechetical school; afterwards, but at what time we are not informed, he became a Presbyter under Agapius, the Bishop of Cæsarea. In the fifth year of the persecution under Diocletian, towards the end of the year A.D. 307, he was thrown into prison by Urbanus, the governor of Palestine, for refusing to sacrifice to the heathen deities. Eusebius attended upon him most affectionately during his imprisonment, which lasted till the 16th of February, 309, when he suffered martyrdom by the command of Firmilianus, the successor of Urbanus.—*Dr. Smith's "Dict. Greek and Rom. Biog."*

HALCYONE.

THE eyes of heaven watch'd Halcyone,
 And o'er the sleeper's pillow softly bent
 Mild-featured visions, while with tears unshed
 She folded Ceyx unto her heart in dreams.

Ay, while the stars of heaven watch'd her, slept
 The pale-faced lady in the dark of night ;
 Dove-eyed and beauteous as Cymodice,
 Sweet as a fragrant bank of asphodels
 Kiss'd into tumult by their own sweet wind,
 Slumber'd Halcyone, and Silence waved
 His dewy wings above her. Like a beam
 That catches shadow in a brooklet's breast,
 She sank into the dusky arms of peace.

The eyes of midnight watch'd Halcyone,
 Deepening the twilight of her inner doubt,
 And belting one bright fear, like starry Mars,
 Between her visions and the All-unknown ;
 But Hope had wove a tender film of prayer
 About her sorrow, as Arachne weaves
 Thin curtains for sad epitaphs. The morn
 Spilt liquid brightness on the damask bed
 Where lay, pour'd forth more white than morning milk,
 The veiless beauty of her limbs embalm'd
 In its own fragrance. Nakedly she lay,
 Pure as the eyes above ; and all the while
 Sweet shone the stainless soul upon her face
 Like mornrise on a flower. Her dewy lips
 Trembled like leaves of roses, stirr'd with breath
 Sweeter than odours from the spicy South ;
 And even as two diamond drops of rain
 Closèd in aspen leaves, her eyes lay soft
 Under the rainy lids ; and all her form
 Seem'd passing into rainbows where she slept
 In silence—as the moist and sun kiss'd snow
 Seems wonderfully melting into flowers.

The eyes of heaven watch'd Halcyone ;
 But standing in the bright and breathless noon,
 She gazed to Claros, till, with throbbing heart,
 She drew a dead man's arm about her neck,

And smooth'd the seaweeds from a dead man's eyes,
And kiss'd the cold and oozy lips of Ceyx ;
And sweet Halcyone uplifted eyes
To heaven dumbly, praying power to die ;
And trembling, glowing, sunbeam-like, she rose,
And held a dead man's arm about her neck,
And flutter'd headlong to the sea, and died.

But those sweet stars that are the eyes of heaven
Pitied Halcyone, and unclosed to see
Two small blue birds that floated on the waves
Like moving violets ; and all the air
Was silver with delight when Venus rose,
Clad in her robes of eve ; and all the eyes
Look'd down with sweetness on the tiny twain
That sat upon the marriageable waves,
And join'd the murmur of the power that sought
To part them on the shores of death and sleep.

NEWTON NEVILLE.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES AND PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

THERE is not a greater literary anomaly than that which the reports in the daily papers of the parliamentary debates present. They are not generally read—that is, read throughout,—and yet all newspaper readers expect them to be given in their present *in extenso* form, and would feel a kind of disappointment if that form were altered or abridged. But although the newspaper reader does not read the long speeches, he likes to see them; and when a speech of three or four columns appears, he runs his eye down these solid columns with a gratified expression of countenance, and when he gets to the end of the speech he draws a long breath and then looks at the speech as a whole. Having thus doubly feasted his eyes, he turns to the summary, and there obtains a knowledge of the contents of the long speech, and is satisfied. Such are the feelings and such the common course of proceeding of that cosmopolitan, “the constant reader.” After the constant reader has feasted his eyes by gazing upon the long speeches, he invariably turns to the first column of the parliamentary report, in which the interpolations of the ministers, and their answers, are given, and these he for the most part reads through; because, in the first place, they are short and complete in themselves, and require no strain upon the mind for their perusal; and, in the next place, they are generally of an interesting character.

The labour by which the parliamentary reports are produced must be intense, but there can be little doubt that for the most part—or, at all events, for a very considerable part—it is labour in vain. As I have said, not one in ten thousand readers of a daily newspaper reads the debates through from beginning to end. Such a mental process, if recklessly persisted in, would inevitably result in a softening of the brain. But certain readers read certain speeches, and summarize the rest; but even for those readers the reports might be judiciously compressed. There is not one speech in fifty that is worth being recorded *in extenso*, and there is not one speech in a hundred that would not be vastly improved by being subjected to the pressure process. Take any debate in either House of Parliament, and critically examine it, and you will find that out of every column at least one-half might be judiciously excised. Parliamentary reporting has become too much of a mechanical art, and verbal fidelity is considered in the profession as the prime qualification of a man of experience. I do not mean to infer that verbal fidelity is not an absolute essential, but I do say that verbal fidelity in all cases is a waste of power. The parliamentary reporter is generally a conscientious man, and, as we all know, does his duty to the utmost. He shrinks from the suspicion of even the appearance of shirking his work, and hence he frequently—almost

always—gives us considerably more than it is good for us to read. It is a recognized canon amongst the parliamentary staff of a newspaper, that all the leading men on both sides should be given *verbatim*, and in the first person. Reporting a speaker in the first person means *verbatim* reporting, although there is no reason why it should be taken to be such. A speaker in many cases—perhaps too many cases—may be advantageously reported in the first person without following his words. A system of *verbatim* reporting should only be attempted where all are orators. There are but two orators in the House of Commons, and they are Gladstone and Bright. All the other members who are in the habit of making speeches are merely speakers; there is not one of them that might not be compressed into, at most, one-half of the space which is commonly devoted to them in parliamentary debates. If any of these men speak for an hour, a column is amply sufficient for all they say, although they speak upwards of three columns in that time. Take, now, a brilliant example—that of Disraeli. He is looked upon as one of the leading orators of the age, and he is almost invariably reported in the first person, and with sometimes painfully literal accuracy. Well, read any of his elaborate speeches of the present day. I do not mean those which, in years gone by, he used to prepare beforehand, and, previously to their delivery, rehearse to his wife at home, but those which he is now delivering almost nightly as the leader of her Majesty's opposition; and you will find that every idea, or every "point," as it is technically termed, is elaborated—I may say laboured—two or three times over. Disraeli is not a great orator. He is very frequently a very laboured speaker; and although he often attempts to exhibit what Gladstone some time ago designated "rhetorical fireworks," yet he is generally a depressing speaker to listen to, because it is manifest that all he does is laboured.

Of another class of eloquence is that which Sir George Grey exhibits. He is, perhaps, the most rapid talker in the House of Commons; and he will say that in twenty minutes which I could express in writing in five. All his sentences are fearfully elongated, and the best method of reporting him would be to take the first four or five, and the last three or four words of every sentence, and put them together; they would be just as intelligible, and far more easy to read, than if given entire. And yet Sir George Grey is often reported at painful length.

I have no doubt it will be asked if these general observations apply to Lord Palmerston. I will answer, No, not to the full; for this reason, that when Lord Palmerston, in his present position, addresses the House, his speeches are not speeches in the ordinary acceptation of the word; they are statements, and as such should be given and received. I believe Lord Palmerston has never advanced any claim to eloquence.

There are great and eloquent speeches occasionally delivered in Parliament, by men who are not naturally orators, which may sound something like a paradox. I understand an orator to be that man of

genius who can, without premeditation, and spontaneously, deliver an oration,—

“The applause of listening senates to command.”

There are great and eloquent addresses sometimes delivered, that are neither unpremeditated nor spontaneous. We have not heard Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton of late years, but he was once in the habit of delivering such speeches—speeches of a couple of hours in length, carefully written beforehand, and so accurately studied and committed to memory, that no variation of a sentence has been discovered between the speech in delivery and the speech in manuscript. That may be declamation, but it is not oratory, and such a speech ought to be, and of course always is, given *in extenso*, and is read without a feeling of oppression resulting from the perusal.

But to return to my original proposition. Generally speaking, the long speeches are an incubus upon the mind, and so, although the constant reader likes to see them in serried columns, he instinctively shuns their perusal. Of course every speech should be taken by the parliamentary reporter, but I think he should throw a little more mind into the “writing out;” instead of writing “dead upon his notes,” as the phrase, I believe, is in the profession, he should rather strive to describe the speech he is transcribing. Did you ever meet with a long speech in a novel? and yet the debates in Parliament are frequently described in novels—that is, scenes in Parliament are described, and long and brilliant speeches are referred to; and the speeches are described, but no novelist ever yet thought of giving a speech *verbatim*.

It is really very lamentable to see the grievous waste of space that sometimes takes place in parliamentary reports, to the exclusion of general intelligence, that every reader is anxious to obtain. How often do you see a whole column of such rubbish as the following, especially when the House is in Committee of Supply, that is, when the public money is being voted away!—

Mr. Sponge thought the vote which the right honourable gentleman had proposed was not sufficient for the purpose which the right honourable gentleman, and the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who were the right honourable gentleman's colleagues in her Majesty's Government, had in view. He would suggest to the right honourable gentleman, and the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who composed her Majesty's Government, and especially to the right honourable gentleman who filled the office of her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the victualling department, to reconsider the vote.

Mr. Dreary defended the vote.

Mr. Thingumty opposed the vote.

Mr. Skylights was of opinion that the vote ought to be passed.

Mr. Wigsby did not see any objection to the vote.

After a few words from Mr. Shirk and Sir Timothy Wurzell, *Lord Augustus Plummux* said, that if the honourable gentleman divided the committee, he should vote with him.

After a desultory discussion, in which Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Robinson took part, the vote was agreed to.

I could never understand why this sort of thing is given in the parliamentary debates; nor have I ever been able to comprehend what the exact meaning of the phrase "after a few words" is. Does it mean that two Members of Parliament Billingsgate each other, and quarrel? When we say that a man has had a few words with another, we mean that he has quarrelled with him, but I do not find that it has ever been thought necessary to chronicle the fact except when it occurs in Parliament. It would seem as though a Member of Parliament, the moment he gets into the Legislature, sets about having a few words with somebody or other.

Then there is another mysterious allusion in all parliamentary reports, which must, I should fancy, be particularly unintelligible to the constant reader in remote country districts and small provincial towns. We are every morning told that "the other orders of the day were then disposed of." This must be puzzling to the provincial constant reader, and the metropolitan too, no doubt. It is suggestive of the cry that is perpetually heard in taverns, where harmony as well as spirituous liquors is provided, of, "Give your orders, gents, give your orders." Does the announcement that "the other orders of the day were then disposed of" mean that the tumblers are emptied and the members go home?

I have received an order for the Speaker's gallery, and when I visit the House I shall probably be enabled to settle this point, and also see that which I may desire to describe in another paper next month.

C.

BERTIE BRAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR VICTOR'S CHOICE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VICTIM OF A PERNICIOUS HABIT.

WHEN a person was once cast for a certain part in the drama of life, Mrs. Williams liked that person at once to act it out fully and thoroughly. Fate, as manager, had clearly ordained that Bertie Bray should be a blighted being; therefore it was an unbecoming thing, Mrs. Williams thought, for Bertie to struggle against the blight in public, and so deprive society of a legitimate outlet for its sympathy.

"I never said anything about it at the time, Bertie, but it would have been far better if you had never gone gadding about the country in the way you did with Captain Power; and that going up to London, quite out of your sphere, was a thing I'm surprised at your father allowing: if none of that had been, it would be far pleasanter for you now."

Mrs. Williams had come down to see Bertie, and to ask her, as one now specially fitted through sore tribulation for the work, "to give her mind and time to the pleasing and absorbing duties of a national school teacher, and to combine with them some of a more agreeable nature still,—those of agent for the Distribution of Baby-linen Society.

"I am quite aware, Mrs. Williams, that it would all have been better if it hadn't happened, but it *has* happened, you see; and as it can't be helped now, I'd rather not talk about it."

After this rather impatient speech, Mrs. Williams ventured to opine that Bertie had an "unchastened heart," and reminded her that she had not been sent into the world for her own pleasure. To which proposition Bertie heartily agreed, saying,—

"No, she had never wanted to be born; therefore it was very hard that the privilege of being so should be perpetually put before her as something for which she ought to be unceasingly grateful."

"Will you think about what I've said about the third class, Bertie? they're very nice children; it would take a good deal of"—trouble off my hands, she was going to say, but then she reflected that she never did anything in the school herself; this wouldn't have deterred her alone, but she knew that Bertie was aware of the same, so she said instead—"of anxiety off *my* mind, and assist in distracting your own from painful thoughts."

"Thank you, Mrs. Williams, but it's no use telling you that I will think about it, for I have decided already; it would distract my mind with a vengeance. I have no vocation for teaching; I am sorry, but I can't help you with the third class."

"Ah! you'll be better when he is married, and you know for certain that it is all over. I fear you are buoying yourself up with fallacious hopes now."

"No! I have been, but I am not any longer," Bertie replied, impatiently, while her eyes filled with tears of downright anger. "I did hope that people would have had the kindness to let the subject alone before me, but I had better give up any such delusion, for I find that hope *is* a fallacious one."

"The cross that is laid upon us we must bear," Mrs. Williams said, frigidly. She was well accustomed to bully, but not at all accustomed to be retorted upon; in a country village, the rector's wife has a great deal in her power. "You must not let your mortification overpower all proper feeling."

"But we are not compelled to bear the additional weight of our acquaintance's sermonizing," Bertie replied, spiritedly. "You may say of me what you please, Mrs. Williams, but I must beg that you will say no more about Captain Power to me; if you do, I shall never give you another chance, for I *cannot* stand it."

The outraged girl rose as she spoke, and her eyes flashed a fierce, contemptuous, defiant flash at Mrs. Williams, that was even harder for that aristocratic lady to bear than the words which accompanied them.

"Highly tighty!" said the rectoress, becoming colloquially vulgar in her wrath; "a pretty thing, indeed! a pretty thing! threatened with a cut by Miss Bray! Oh, you ungrateful girl! after I've been trying to interest Mrs. Annesley about you, too! Oh, you ungrateful girl!"

Bertie laughed wearily. "I don't know that I need be very grateful for *that*," she said; "I don't know that I should have cause to feel thankful for your trying to touch anybody with interest about my poor affairs; but I've known you a long time, and I didn't mean to be ungrateful. You must be charitable, and excuse me, for I am ill, and hardly myself, I think."

If Mrs. Williams's object had been to break Bertie down completely, she succeeded now, for the reaction had come after the temporary excitement of irritation, and Bertie Bray cried as broken-heartedly as the most exemplary Christian could have desired.

"Come, come, my dear," the rectoress said, with her professionally soothing manner, well developed; "to go on regretting a man and loving him, when he does not care for you any longer, *and perhaps never did*, is a mere indulgence of passion, and not at all what one might expect from a virtuously brought up girl like you."

She was a good woman, a very good woman indeed ; she had never stolen her neighbour's spoons, or run away with another woman's husband, or neglected taking the sacrament every time it was administered, or omitted reproving sharply any offender who came within her orbit. But she had seared a good many hearts by her Christian tongue, and blasted a good many reputations, and made the religion she professed seem a hateful thing to many of those whom she had striven to hector into a display of its outward observances. These pious people frequently permit themselves to use phrases, and give vent to thoughts, that are the reverse of pure—that are (not to put too fine a point upon it) coarsely indelicate and vilely unnatural ; so now, after her homily, Mrs. Williams told Bertie Bray, that her regretting the man she had dearly loved and had promised to marry was indulging a reprehensible “passion,” and doing what a “virtuously brought up girl” ought not to do. These people, whose well-regulated hearts and delicate scruples recoil from an affection as soon as an obstacle appears in the way of its fulfilment, who are ready to marry the next man who asks them to do so, and pour upon him the gorgeous wealth of their lawful love, may be very proper, but it seems to me that it is only the sanction of society which saves the transaction from a harsher name.

Bertie Bray was not one of these prudent, perfect ones ; she was a hardened sinner, and so there was still an aching void in her heart for Maurice Power.

Mr. Pashleigh, the father of Constance, has had no mention made of him yet in these pages ; but it becomes necessary to accord him so much honour now that Maurice is going to marry Constance. There was very little said about the sudden rupture of one match and the coming on of the other, even in their own immediate circle. The occurrence that had led to these events was known to Mrs. Power and Victor Rawley alone, and as it did not redound to the credit of the relative of either one, they guarded their knowledge sedulously. “Inquiring friends” were compelled to be satisfied with the meagrest crumbs of information ; all they could learn was, that in some way or other it had come to Miss Bray's knowledge that Captain Power was keeping a very lax faith, under the influence of the greatest coquette in London ; and that, acting on that, she had released him.

Captain Power had one very unpleasant thing in store for him, and that was a business interview with Mr. Pashleigh. The old Welsh gentleman was known to have a very keen, clear sense of honour, and to be very severe on those who failed in any of the regulations of his code. He had said very little when Constance had told him as much as she dared—that is to say, that Miss Bray had given Maurice up, and he had proposed to *her* now, and might she marry him ? He had said very little, and what little he had said was not of that highly satisfactory nature “young love”

demands. He "would see the young man the following day, before ten in the morning,—if Captain Power could get up so early," he added ; "if not, he couldn't see him at all." So Captain Power went to see him, with his heart apparently loose in his waistcoat, judging from the way it fluttered about.

Maurice Power was not one to deem getting up at ten in the morning a hardship, but he did not like Mr. Pashleigh's fixing on that hour ; it looked arbitrary on the part of the old gentleman, and Maurice hated arbitrary people ;—"like likes not like" in this case. Moreover, he thought there was something vulgar in the selection of such an early hour, "as if a fellow had to be off to his office, or his shop, or something," he said to himself, as he stood waiting for his appeal to the Pashleighs' bell to be answered.

I have hinted before that Constance was an heiress, and that Captain Power had been very extravagant. He remembered these things vividly as he stood there, and he thought also of some kites he had set flying when abroad, which were now hovering over his head, and threatening to come down upon him with the terrible weight paper has under such circumstances. The report of his projected marriage with Bertie Bray had got afloat, as reports will, and it had brought urgent requests for settlement down upon him at once, for the fact of her having no money was soon ferreted out. Now he was anxious to give wings to the report of this other projected marriage ; the sound of an heiress would quiet them, "till he could see his way clearly," as he said. A careful economy would have righted him in two or three years, and this he had sworn to himself to observe when he proposed to marry Bertie Bray ; but there would be no occasion for economy if he married Constance Pashleigh—provided that her father only acted generously.

"You are rather behind the time I fixed—two minutes after the hour," Mr. Pashleigh said to him as he entered, "but I dare say you thought I could wait. Eh? you didn't? Only 'you could not know that my clock was faster than any other in London.' Well, well! all right ; and now what do you want?"

"I thought," Maurice began, haughtily, and a flush of indignation mounted to his forehead ; but he was interrupted before he could proceed, by Mr. Pashleigh saying,—

"I do not want you to 'think,' I want you to speak ; you haven't too much time—two minutes less than I had decided to give you. Now, what do you want?"

"To know the reason that you adopt this—this devilish extraordinary tone to me, sir," Maurice said, his pride and temper getting the better of his prudence.

The old Welshman had a native love of courage, however shown ; this man, who wanted to marry his daughter, didn't seem to lack it, for he was risking a good deal by defying her father. "He's not a mean hound, at

any rate indeed," he said to himself; and his tone was less antagonistic as he said,—

"To bring you to the point at once; however, as you don't seem to mind coming to it, I'll help you. My daughter tells me that you want to marry her; now the other day you wanted to marry another girl,—how is this?"

"It is one of those things that cannot be spoken about with benefit," Maurice said, confusedly; he felt uncomfortable under this allusion to Bertie—to Bertie, his old love, who always would be dear to him in a measure, though the golden-haired syren had won him from her. "That engagement is entirely broken off,—entirely."

"Indeed I should hope so, before you proposed for *my* daughter. But it's sudden, unbecomingly sudden."

"Not in reality; it was my affection for Constance that led to the other being broken off. We neither of us wish the thing made public, but I thought, under the circumstances, it would be well to speak to you at once."

"And pray what *are* the 'circumstances'?" said Mr. Pashleigh, more gravely than he had spoken yet; "they don't seem at all clear to me;—but that you'll understand when I tell you that neither my daughter nor my nephew, the only two people who have spoken to me on the subject, have explained them at all."

"Nor can I very well," Maurice answered. "When a man has done with an affair, he doesn't like to talk about it, you know. The lady released me; that is all I am at liberty to say. She is the best girl in the world, but I preferred Constance, and she found it out and released me."

"And you only 'found out' your preference for Constance after you had asked the other young lady to be your wife; and you let her see it then, and she released you. Very noble of the young lady, but devilish mean of you."

He said it with the calmness of profound conviction. Maurice felt indignant at being called mean, but in an humbled manner that forbade speech.

"I suppose," Mr. Pashleigh continued, after a pause of a minute or two, "that there is no such luck in store for me—and for her too, though she wouldn't think it, girls are such asses—as your altering your mind a second time, and seeing some one you prefer to Constance?"

"No," Maurice said; "a change of sentiment would now be impossible. I adore Constance."

"And what are you prepared to settle on her?" Mr. Pashleigh asked, quietly.

"My father left me two thousand a year," he replied, promptly: "it increased during my minority."

"What do you mean by keeping up a house in Berkeley Square on two thousand a year?" Mr. Pashleigh asked, rather savagely; "I can't afford a house in Berkeley Square."

"The house is my mother's affair entirely ; I have nothing whatever to do with it ; the house is hers, and her money is settled on Lady Blayne."

"I thought," Mr. Pashleigh said (he was a terrible old gentleman, who never forgot anything), "that when your sister married Sir Michael, it was not considered the disgusting sacrifice it was, by the world, on account of her being without a fortune. It seems she *isn't* without a fortune?"

"She will be till my mother's death."

"Ah ! it would have been better if she'd been contented to taste comparative poverty for a year or two, and had married my nephew Rawley ; indeed it would."

"Indeed it *would*," Maurice said, cordially ; and then Mr. Pashleigh suddenly repressed his warmth by saying,—

"My daughter has a large fortune ; such a disinterested lover as you cannot be expected to care much for sordid details, but you may like to hear beforehand that her money will be tied up to her pretty tightly, and that during my lifetime you will only be able to touch it through *me*."

"You give your consent, then, to my marriage with your daughter?"

"Yes, I suppose I had better."

"Thank you," Maurice exclaimed, springing up and seizing Mr. Pashleigh's hand, "and I'll be quite content to trust to your generosity not to dole out money to us as if we were charity children."

"You're right to be content," Mr. Pashleigh remarked, in a chilly tone, "for I don't see well how you could help yourself. I think now we have said all that is necessary, and if that is the case, there is no reason for our wasting each other's time any longer."

"No reason indeed," Maurice said a short time after, in the course of an account he was giving Constance of the interview with her father, "but if he doesn't alter his intentions a little I shall be planted ; the pernicious habit of paying is too popular for a man to be permitted to indulge in the other course unmolested, and I am preciously hard up."

"Oh, it's sure to be all right, Maurice," Constance said, confidently ; "I always have spent what I like, and so I shall still. I shall give you the money : never mind its being settled upon me, I shall give it you ; and that will be just as good as if it were your own, won't it?"

"Oh, quite," Maurice said ; "rather better, in fact ; 'Gifts from so fair a hand,' &c.:" but he did not think so ; no man does ; it reverses the order of things when the head of the house has to be perpetually in the position of the obliged. A man does not feel this ; when being deemed a fit and proper person to have the sole charge and control of a woman, he is likewise trusted with her money without let or hindrance. But it is not pleasant to be subjected to laws which allow him to beat her with a stick, and restrict him from spending without her consent a penny of her money.

CHAPTER XXI.

“OH FOR THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND, AND THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT IS STILL!”

DESPITE Captain Power's troubles consequent on the pernicious habit he had spoken about to Constance, the preparations for his speedy union with that young lady were carried on efficiently. “Under the circumstances,” his sister had said to him, “it's no use playing at propriety, and trying to keep the engagement close. You had better marry, and have done with it, and then people can make one talk about the two things, so you'll gain by it in reality.”

“I wish to my heart that the two things ‘were not’ to talk about,” Maurice had answered, gloomily. “I'd give something to be able to live over the last few weeks again, and feel that Bertie Bray didn't think of me as she must.”

“That's sentimental rubbish now,” his sister replied, coolly; “you must not allow yourself the luxury of remorse, or Constance will be jealous. Bertie Bray will get over it, and fall in love with somebody else before the year's out.”

Which supposition was so infinitely comforting to Captain Power, that he asked his sister to “have the good taste—since she was so d—d deficient in good feeling—to leave the subject of Bertie Bray alone before him.”

Now that he was fairly her own—engaged to her with the consent of those whose consent was necessary—and about to be married to her in a short time, Constance displayed her affection for him frankly and openly enough, in a way that might have satisfied him. But he was developing a new quality,—jealousy; and Constance *had been* a great coquette, and even now was not at all averse to sport in the shade with others. There were very few people in London now, but the few men who remained were eyesores and heart-burnings to Maurice. Constance pooh-poohed his remonstrances, and laughed in his face when he looked sorry, and indignantly repudiated the idea of a lax faith being attributed to her when he was angry.

“I am very fond of you, Maurice. I've given proof enough of that, I think, and I don't see why I'm not to make myself agreeable to other people just because you happen to have taken it into your head that I am going to be fickle *too*,” she would say to him, when he pleaded for not quite so impressive a welcome being given to any incidental admirers who remained in town; and it was not a propitious speech, for it glanced at Maurice's own shortcomings, and made him very angry. It also made him remember that Bertie Bray had never made herself disagreeable to him through being too agreeable to others; and he resolved to “put a stop to that sort of thing, by Jove!” as soon as he was married.

Lady Blayne's remarks were so far good that they were perfectly true ; there was no use in postponing the marriage now the engagement had cropped out, so they were married in the first week in September. Maurice gave up partridge shooting, and took his wife abroad.

Bertie Bray saw the announcement in her father's face first ; she saw his lips quiver suddenly, and when they were still again she said,—

"Is the end there, papa ? give me the paper—let me look for myself, please."

"Say you hope he'll be happy ; *I* do," she said, when she handed it back to him ; but though her words were brave enough, she acknowledged to herself that the full weight of her misery had not been felt by her till now : she felt half stunned by his marriage, though she had imagined herself prepared for it.

A little later in the month there came a letter for her from Mrs. Annesley : the bright little widow had "been out of health and spirits," she said,—but it was not true ; she only wanted to make Bertie feel that *she* would confer the favour in going,—“and she wanted to go away to the sea-side, and had no one to go with unless Miss Bray would accompany her, and waive the fact of her knowing her (Bertie) so slightly in consideration of her liking her so much.”

"I won't go," Bertie said at first ; "I'm sore and wretched, and I should only make her sadder still ; I won't go."

But Mrs. Annesley came and overruled her objections, and succeeded in persuading Bertie to go to a watering-place on the eastern coast with her. "I am unreasonably irritable at times, and hardly, I think, accountable," poor Bertie said to her ; "and then the kinder people are, the crosser I seem, because no kindness eases me. I feel sick of things. You had better not hamper yourself with such a companion." But Mrs. Annesley said she had often been just the same, and persevered so in her request, that Bertie, caring little where she was, went.

The worst of having been through that sort of thing is, that every otherwise unimportant item one possesses takes to itself thorns, and pricks one vigorously by association. It is not alone the great things that have stings of memory : the sun that shone on you *both* awhile ago, and the moon by which you were simultaneously struck, and the sea that whispered the same never-ending message,—these do not pain you more than the sight of the boots you wore on such an occasion, and the gloves the light hue of whose kid grew dingy through the circumstance of the loved arm upon which you leant being covered by broadcloth that would "come off." It would be much more romantic if only lofty sights brought back thoughts of the loved and lost ; but here, as in other things tragical in themselves, the element of comedy is strong ; and a mutton^epie will recall the past more vividly than a glorious sunset—a bar of the "Perfect Cure" (which *he* probably abominated) will strike with a more heart-rending cadence on the ear than a symphony of Beethoven's.

Every nook and corner of the watering-place to which she went was not replete with memories of him, as was every nook and corner of the home from which she came; but there was quite enough in existence, let it be endured by her where it might, to remind her perpetually "Time was—time is!" The beach, to be sure, was diurnally crowded with a gay throng of which the beach at Fincham had ever been innocent; but the sea was the same that long ago had been looked at under the full glory of the morning sun, by Maurice Power and Bertie Bray—by the frank, thoughtless, careless, selfish, handsome boy, who had taken her for his pleasure then because it seemed pleasing to him, and beneficently allowed her to contribute to his happiness for a brief space when he had nothing else to do, as he had done more cruelly and lightly still in later days.

Bertie had given Mrs. Annesley an outline sketch of her story; she had not limned it forth with all its lights and shadows, but had just told her so much as close companionship rendered unavoidable. It is impossible for two women to be perpetually together without at least an occasional recurrence to the things that might have been; so Bertie Bray mentioned just so much as she saw fit to mention, and Mrs. Annesley heard her with understanding and sympathy, and neither questioned nor exhorted.

"You see, he had been everything to me for so many years before he was my lover; he was playfellow, brother, friend, *everything*. It isn't only that the thought of the last six months is made painful, but the greater part of my life is made horrible to look back upon. I can't disconnect a bit of my past from him. I have no memory beyond the time that Maurice came."

Mrs. Annesley did not say, "This phase of feeling is mercifully not lasting," but she thought it; for she remembered how she, too, had found life a burden, and the world a hard and hateful place, when Jack Annesley died; that was only three years ago, and she was conscious that there was balm in Gilead still.

Some of this balm became apparent shortly. One evening, walking late on the jetty, the pretty, brilliant little widow ceased from an animated harangue to Bertie, and deepened into greater beauty and brilliancy still, as she acknowledged the bow of a man who forthwith stopped and addressed her.

"I called at the palace three days ago," he said, "and heard you were here." Then, in a lower tone that was not intended for Bertie's ear, but that she heard distinctly nevertheless, he added, "I came on at once, and as I have never been fortunate enough to meet you, I got the uncomfortable idea into my head that you were avoiding me."

"Avoiding you! what nonsense! You didn't know my address, I suppose?"

"I did not dare to call; do you forget how I offended once before?"

"Ah, that was very different, very different indeed. I have a friend with me now.—Bertie, you must let me introduce Captain Barham to you."

And poor Bertie, while she acceded with a ghastly resignation, felt that she was in for that hideous thing to a woman who is not particularly happy herself,—having to play propriety to a pair of unacknowledged but most exuberantly happy lovers.

She almost wondered—her own wound was so fresh yet—how this woman, who had loved her husband dearly, and mourned him truly, could so soon trick herself in the beams of another possible sun of happiness. We are apt to wonder when these things are brought immediately under our notice; but it is as well to refrain from an open expression of the same, for strange things come to pass; and we who erewhile tossed virtuous heads of surprised indignation on high, find that it is not quite so easy as we supposed to be “faithful for ever” to the memory of a shade.

It was very pleasant to sit in their cool little awning-shaded balcony facing the sea, in the morning, with some light work in their hands, while Captain Barham read to them; and pleasanter to carry the same occupations down under the cliffs in the afternoon, and to dress themselves in the evening, and walk on the jetty where an ear-tiring band was wont to pour forth lively strains. At least, all these things were unquestionably very pleasant to Mrs. Annesley, and Bertie was not quite such a novice in the art of self-abnegation as to let it appear the soul-wearying thing it was to her.

It may be selfish, and all kinds of reprehensible things, but I ask any woman, old or young, whether she can call to mind any more weakly, tedious moments of her life than those she has perforce passed in the society of a pair whose present mission it was to render themselves agreeable to each other with a view towards a matrimonial alliance? It is very full of soul and pathos, that strain that he is singing to her accompaniment; very touching and melting the plaintive tone he puts into the reading of “Locksley Hall;” but all the soul and pathos, and melting music of the tone, are intended solely and wholly for the delectation of your sister or your friend, as the case may be. And you have no earthly objection to its being so; but why, in the name of all that is consistent, are you expected to listen with abject complacency to that which the performer is magnificently indifferent to your being pleased with or not? Be assured that *he* never wants you,—nor *she* either, as far as that goes; but you are a necessary evil, and must therefore smile as you were wont to smile before this weight of care was laid upon you, and look happy.

The only time Bertie could be miserable comfortably was in the long hours of the night—when everything always looms more gloomily than it has any reasonable right to do—and the brief half-hour during which they would leave her under the cliff while they strolled along the beach together to look for zoophytes. These were the only times she had quite to herself, when she could indulge—without the perpetual interruption of their presence, or the fear of their addressing her—in the passionate, yearning desire and longing that had seized her now to see him once again, no matter how, or

where, or with whom—just to see him *once* again, and speak and be spoken to kindly by Maurice Power.

Bertie had written once since she had been with Mrs. Annesley to Mrs. Power. And she had received an answer, but no mention was made therein of the recusant lover and disappointing son. “I am going abroad to be quiet and alone, late in the autumn,” she wrote. “I shall remain away nearly the whole of the winter; but in the spring I shall be home again, and then, if you can, my child, come to me.”

Clearly Mrs. Power was going away to avoid a too close present contact with her daughter-in-law. Bertie could not be magnanimous enough to feel sorry for this; but she experienced a vague feeling of dissatisfaction in thinking that Mrs. Power was not quite reconciled to her son—was not, perhaps, quite so gentle and loving to him as of old. “I shall be happier when she is, and I know it,” Bertie thought: that wrath should live against the star of her childhood, the idol of her girlhood, was an agonizing thought.

And this was where she used to sit and think of these things uninterruptedly.

On a sloping bank of yellow sand, the highest part of which was under the cliff that shaded her head, while the lower part stretched itself away a hundred yards, and became amalgamated with the end of the beach by the harbour. The harbour itself, even between the two ends of beach, looked a calm, deep, quiet piece of water enough; but, as all the sailors about the place knew, on the very brink of safety there was the greatest danger. It was a *bar* harbour—the sloping bank of yellow sand stretched itself, a shifting, dangerous mass, right across the entrance. It needs but a short residence on the eastern coast to understand the full danger of such an obstacle to safe ingress; a tribute to the difficulty of passing it is paid by the unconcealed aversion old sailors always display to taking “women and children” outside the “bar.”

So here on the soft, fair surface of the cause of full many a mourning home Bertie Bray sat and sighed for the time when she should once more see Maurice Power.

The pretty, sad-looking girl in the cavalier hat, who, sad as she usually looked, always had a quick, bright answering smile and word if any one addressed her, soon got well known to the coastguard men and other *habités* of the beach. The former would bring her the spy-glass from the watchhouse up on the cliffs, and point out imperceptible vessels in the offing, and tell her about the different rigs, and otherwise bore her dreadfully in all respectful and admiring kindness. Naval seamen are always chivalrously subservient to ladies, especially if they chance to be young and pretty; and as there is always a breath of the bold, wild sea they have served upon about them, it is easy enough to accept this chivalrous subservience without fear of its ever breaking bounds and assuming the familiar tone that it surely would from common landmen. So Bertie took

the information about ships in the offing, and their rigs, and the loan of the spy-glass, and listened to the supposition that the "I. C." would be along to-night, so the lieutenant had told them, &c., with gracious smiles, which rendered her an object of adoration to the rough old salts who were popularly supposed to be guarding the coast.

One of the men, a fine, stalwart young man-of-war's man, often had his children down on the beach with him and his wife. And with the former Bertie got into the habit of playing, for they were pretty, with a bright brown, bold beauty that was un-English and remarkable; they resembled little Murillos broken loose from the canvas; and with the wife she got into the habit of talking. From her Bertie heard what did not interest her very much at the time, but what she had cause to remember and feel interested about afterwards, namely, that the coastguard was not kept up now as formerly for the prevention of smuggling, but as a naval reserve; and that the principal duty required of the men when they were at their stations was to keep a look-out for all ships in distress, and either aid in getting them over the bar, or in saving the lives of the crews, should the barks break up outside.

"There's plenty of danger in the service, then," Bertie said. "You must lead an anxious life when your husband has to go out in that way in an open boat?"

"No," the woman told her; "the danger wasn't great when they could get the boat out, for they knew the bar well, and their boat would live in a very heavy sea."

"Well, I own to being a coward where water is concerned," Bertie said; "and if any one I cared about was a sailor, I should be wretched."

So after a little time, being found to be amenable to conversation and remark, Bertie ceased to find the solitude she had coveted at first on her bank of yellow sand. But she could not regret it; intercourse with these people who knew nothing of her story, and to whom she was palpably a very bright and fate-favoured being, was good for her, and she felt it to be so, though sometimes she would much rather they had recognized the misery she concealed, and avoided her. Unwilling as she had been to leave her home, it was with almost a feeling of pleasure that she heard of Mrs. Annesley's intention of remaining some weeks longer; at any rate, this place, where she was not known, and so not open to pitying, inquiring regard and curiosity, was better than Fincham. "The winter will come soon enough," she thought, "and then I must go back to it all again. I'll stay here while I may."

So she stayed on with her friend, and felt the breeze gaining an additional strength and chill day by day, as she sat on the bank of yellow sand, and yearned for one more sight of Maurice Power.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

MRS. MAURICE POWER was waiting, already arrayed in her habit, for her horse to be brought to the door. She was rather impatient to get out into the fresh air, and try the effect of a smart gallop on her ruffled feelings; for Maurice had been out of temper this morning, in consequence of the pressure of a small financial difficulty, and the two red spots on Constance's face attested to her having been a little out of temper also.

They had been home a week, and all hitherto had been sunny between them; but this morning Maurice had taken (after the receipt of some letters at breakfast) to the unwise course of abusing Mr. Pashleigh for those monetary restrictions which have been alluded to before.

"You must manage to get two thousand pounds at once, Constance," he said, "and arrange so that a strict account of where it goes won't have to be handed over to your father."

"Oh, but, Maurice, I *can't*," Constance replied. "Papa would think directly you were in debt, and there would be a fuss, and I hate that above all things."

"There'll be a fuss if you don't do it. As to being in debt, that's no affair of your father's. He made me promise, on my word of honour, not to have any further dealings with the Jews, and that being the case, I must get the money I want from somewhere. It is deuced hard," Maurice continued, working himself up into a rage, "that when a fellow's wife has forty thousand pounds for her fortune he should be planted for want of two."

"Papa would never know if you got the money from the Jews now, and it would be easier to get it—I mean for *me* to get it—in a little time, and then you could repay them, and it would be all right."

Constance thought she had made a brilliant suggestion. She had been used herself to give conditional promises to her papa, and to break them, and keep her conscience easy the while through mental reservations.

"Didn't I tell you," her husband answered, savagely, "that I had given my word of honour to him? That's so like a woman," he continued, bitterly; "you don't care a bit what you do so long as you're not found out. You don't care how you lie, and trick, and deceive, if nobody knows it;" and then he paused, for the two red spots had mounted to Constance's face, and the sight of his bride in a fury was a new thing to him.

"How *dare* you speak to me in that way, Maurice? What have I ever done that you should insult me in that way?"

He was thoroughly ashamed of himself the moment after he had said the words, and he pleaded most winningly for her forgiveness.

"But you don't know how any sentiments of the sort grate on a fellow, darling," he said, when he had humbled himself sufficiently. "Whatever a man may do or think himself, he likes to feel that his wife only does and thinks what is right and good. But you did not mean what you said, darling; neither did I, when I rapped out in that stupid way."

"Then what shall you do about the money?"

"Try to get it of old Blayne, if my wife won't ask her father for it."

"Your wife would much rather not, thank you!" rejoined Constance, making a grimace. "Papa in a passion so soon wouldn't be pleasant. Shall we go for a ride this morning, Maurice?"

"I don't think I can, dear—indeed, I know I can't; I've an appointment at my club. There's no one in town, so you had better stay in this morning; the Row will be empty and dull," he rejoined, for he hated the idea of his lovely young wife going there by herself, and perchance falling in with some of those terrible "old friends," who, since his marriage, had seemed to multiply, for she was always meeting them.

"If the Row is empty, 'Morning Star' will be able to have a good bucketing," she replied; "and she must want it, too, after being idle so long."

"I *wish* you wouldn't use stable slang, Constance. Where on earth did you pick up that phrase? From your groom, I should think. Well, I don't choose you to go and give your mare a 'bucketing' when I can't go with you; and as I can't this morning, you must do as I asked you at first—stay at home."

"You never asked me to stay at home, Maurice."

"Well, I meant to do so."

"What you mean and what you say don't always agree, as Miss Bertie Bray can attest."

"By heaven, I won't stand that, Constance! You have no shadow of right to insult me so. The memory of the blackguard part I acted shouldn't be thrown in my face by *you*, at least."

And then Captain Power had withdrawn from the conjugal encounter by going out and slamming the door.

"After *that* I'm sure I sha'n't attend to his nonsense. I shall go for a ride whether he likes it or not. What on earth does he think I'm going to do, that I mustn't be trusted to go by myself, all of a sudden?"

So she arrayed herself in her hat and habit, and, from the circumstance of the two red spots being remarkably vivid, she could not help feeling that she was looking rather better than usual; and when "Morning Star" came round she took that estimable animal into the Park.

Poor Constance! she had been a great coquette, and she now had to pay the penalty that virtuously disposed people, who have never had the chance of indulging in the reprehensible delights of flirtation, like to believe is inevitably paid by all coquettes. A dancing acquaintance of some thre

or four years' standing, who had always been permitted to pay her devoted attention when Maurice was not by, met her just as she was about to return home, and stopped to speak to her for five minutes. There was no dangerous recurrence to old times; no sentimental looks, or words, or thoughts, probably; but, as will be seen, Constance had to pay the penalty of having been a coquette.

"I didn't know you were home," Mr. Lister said to her. "Why does your husband let you ride that beast of a chestnut when he isn't with you?"

It is so pleasant to censure the shortcomings of the one who carries Alice Grey off from all the rest, to Alice Grey herself.

"Oh, my husband isn't inclined to play Darby, I assure you. I wanted him to ride with me this morning, and he wouldn't. It's so dull, isn't it? in London now. I had nowhere to go, so I came out without him."

"I should hope Power doesn't neglect his wife," Mr. Lister thought, as he watched Constance's now pensive face. She *had* been a great coquette, and this man at one time had been in the habit of sighing his soul out at her feet. Mrs. Maurice Power was not at all averse to seeing him gaze at her with pitying admiration. She loved her husband dearly; but then he should not have been rude, and disagreeable, and ill-tempered, as he had been this morning.

"I suppose I may not ride home with you?" Mr. Lister asked.

"Oh *no*!" Constance said; "Maurice might not like it."

"He's jealous in addition, is he?" thought Mr. Lister, as he bowed and rode on. "He'll lead her a precious life, poor little thing! for he never could keep common faith with a woman."

Which was a speech that Mr. Lister had no manner of right to make, even to himself; but he had heard that Maurice had jilted some one to marry Constance Pashleigh, and as he had been in love with Constance Pashleigh himself, he could not forgive him for it.

Constance had anticipated Maurice's being absent the whole day; she was therefore disagreeably surprised, when she reached home, to find that he was there already.

"You can go, Wilson," he said to her maid, as he followed his wife into her dressing-room, "and your mistress will ring when she wants you. —Constance, why was this?" he continued. "Why did you insist on going out for a ride when I asked you not to do so?"

"Why shouldn't I, Maurice? There was no reason that I know of for my not going. I had nothing to do. You left me alone."

"No reason? There was this reason,—that I didn't wish you to go. I don't choose to have my wife riding out without me yet. It's all very well for fellows who don't care whether their wives are fast or not, but I *do* care. I shall have you wanting to drive a mail phaeton next, or to hunt in pink."

"Now, Maurice, that's absurd. Driving a mail phaeton and hunting in pink are very different from riding out on the mare I rode before I married attended properly by my own groom. If my husband chooses to have other occupations than accompanying his wife a week after his return home, that is not my fault ; besides, no one saw me."

"Are you sure you saw no one?"

"Well, only Mr. Lister."

"Confound it! the very man I had rather you had not seen. He was your cavalier, I suppose; probably careered up and down by your side. Now I won't have it, Constance. That fellow of all others is most objectionable to me, and to have him running by my wife like a tame dog is most offensive. I suppose it was to see him that you wanted to go this morning. I see now; that's what made you so pertinacious in disregarding my wishes."

"Really, Maurice, your suspicions are most insulting and ridiculous. How was I to know that Mr. Lister would be there? I only spoke to him for a minute, and he didn't ride with me at all; and——But I won't condescend to explain and defend myself, you are too unreasonably absurd. Mr. Lister *did* wonder, certainly, that you were not with me; he said so; but that wasn't my fault."

And Mrs. Maurice Power dashed her hat down, and began to do what a woman in a rage infallibly does when all other arms are of no avail—cry. She had tears at command, and they now came welling up and dripping over most lavishly. Maurice had not been married a year; consequently, he was not brute enough to disregard them, but was down on a pair of mental knees with promptitude.

"Don't cry, my own darling. What a brute I've been! But you know, Constance, when a man has placed his whole heart on a woman, as I have on you, he is apt to be a little unreasonable. I'm not jealous, dearest, but I can't stand your old friends telling you confidentially what they think of my not being with you, or anything of that sort. It would be all up with me if I didn't think your affection for me was as absorbing as mine for you."

"So it is, Maurice. Such *nonsense*, your talking in that way. What would you have me do or say? I can't put myself in a box and shut myself up close whenever your *club* appointments prevent your going out with me. I'm sure I shouldn't care if you rode every day with Miss Villars, for instance—you used to admire her enough,—or with any other woman in London. I pay you the compliment of trusting you, and I should never get jealous on nothing."

All of which was unsatisfactory in the highest degree to Captain Power, who was jealous, and who had not the slightest inclination to ride with Miss Villars. He wanted unlimited devotion and unquestioning obedience from his wife, and this his wife did not seem willing to accord him. He could not help remembering that Bertie Bray had been more in

love with him, and that she had never coquetted with another, and he felt sure that she would never have taken the "Morning Star," or any other heavenly body, into the Park for a bucketing, in opposition to his expressed wishes.

"Will you go now, Maurice, and let Wilson come and dress me?" Constance asked presently, with the air of a martyr. And her husband pettishly rejoined, "Yes! her toilette was evidently more to her than his conversation;" which, considering the unpleasant turn the latter had taken, was, perhaps, not so extraordinary after all.

Constance was very attractive. Her powers of charming were legion; but in addition to those she did possess, she had always assumed that she had possessed more. She had always had a habit of implying to one man that some other man was jealous of him; and even if she did not go so far as to imply it *to* him, she would to others, who in turn handed the information back to him, and set the ball of interest rolling around her. This had answered very well in her disengaged and unmarried days. Maurice himself had taken unto himself credit for being an irresistible Apollo, back in the days when he was betrothed to Bertie Bray, and Constance had hinted to him that Messrs. Lister and Co. "detested him," and were suffering pangs of anguished jealousy on account of her barely concealed preference for him. But there was a reverse to this shield. The side he was looking upon now was not golden by any means. There was no longer exultation in the thought of Lister being jealous of him; indeed, it was a hideously impertinent thing on Lister's part to dare to presume to let the possibility of his being supposed to be so appear. And it was the reverse of funny, feeling jealous of Lister. How dared he meet Constance, and talk to her, and condole with her on her husband having something else to do than attend on her when she elected to ride the "Morning Star" in opposition to his desires! If it wasn't an assignation, it was uncommonly like it. And she was so confoundedly cool and collected when he charged her with it, and reproached, and reprovved, and implored. It was clear she didn't care for him, and he *had* adored her so. Maurice felt very wrathful and unhappy, and enraged against Constance, who all the while was quite innocent of everything save *having been* a coquette. But she was paying the penalty. Their dinner-hour passed very slowly and unpleasantly, for Maurice had spoiled his appetite with ill-temper, and Constance was thinking that she might as well have indulged in a little harmless flirtation with Lister, since she had the credit of having done so. And after dinner she sat and sulkily read a book, and would not notice the pleading glances Maurice kept on stealthily directing at her. She was quite resolved that the first attempt at a reconciliation should not be made by *her*. And this piqued, proud reticence confirmed her husband in his opinion that she didn't love him so passionately as she had professed to love him not so very long ago, and did not care whether he were pained or pleased; and also that she had been flirting with

Lister, and so was indignant, in her conscious guilt, at anything being said about it.

Altogether, the evening passed slowly and unpleasantly, as I have said. They both wanted to talk, but were both speechless from ill-temper; and Mrs. Maurice Power began to think that if this was a specimen evening of undisturbed bliss with her husband, the fewer she had of them the better she should be pleased.

"Did you know the Blaynes were out of town?" he asked her at last, when they were getting sleepy, and the hour late.

"No!" she rejoined, shortly. She was feeling offended now with Maurice; therefore she was annoyed, or fancied that she was, with his sister for going out of town without apprising her of it;—"and I don't care very much either," she continued. "Lady Blayne and I are not too congenial."

"Bertie," he said, deprecatingly, "you needn't be so cross."

And then Mrs. Maurice Power got up, and said, "*that* was a little too much;" and I don't know whether she was not right. There can be few things more aggravating to a woman, let her be free from vanity as she may, than this—being called by the name of her rival. *How* he must have been thinking of that other one, even in her presence, to let his tongue slip so! A woman never makes these mistakes herself; the name of the old love never rises to her lips when she is addressing the new; therefore this offence is, perhaps, one of the most difficult things to forgive. Maurice was profoundly astonished at the tornado the lapse of memory brought upon his head. It was satisfactory to him in one way, though, for it proved that Constance, despite her magnificent offers of handing him over to the equestrian service of Miss Villars, could not brook the notion of his *thinking*, even, of another woman than herself.

When the storm had blown over a little he finished his communication.

"The Blaynes are out of town," he said, "and, as I have no one to get the money from, I must follow and get old Blayne to lend it to me. They're down somewhere on the coast. Will you be able to leave early to-morrow, darling? I could not go without you."

Constance being a little exhausted, through her rigorous rendering throughout the day of the part of the antagonistic wife, said, "Yes," as gently as possible; so peace was restored, and Maurice was taught that he mustn't call her "Bertie" again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

It must not be supposed that because I delineated the little sparring match—the game of cross-purposes—which took place between Captain Power and his wife, that I wish my hero to be considered in the light of one who had been a naughty boy, and who was now punished for the same, and rather repentant; I desire nothing of the sort: despite the evidence to the contrary given in a popular novel which appeared some time ago, I am far from believing that those “who break, pay.” People who are spotless, and who marry their first loves in default of coming across any one else, quarrel with them occasionally. It must be distinctly understood, also, that Maurice was not repentant as far as his marriage was concerned: he knew he had done an ill deed in jilting Bertie Bray, but no amount of remorse on that account could make him feel that he had done other than a good one in marrying Constance. In the abstract, he knew that Bertie was the nobler souled woman of the two; but we none of us fall in love with the abstract, or, I fear, with the noblest souled beings we meet.

So again, when the morning came, and the hour for them to start in order to catch the train that would take them down to their destination, it was no lack of affection for Maurice that made Mrs. Maurice suddenly unwilling to go; but only an invincible objection to accompanying him when he was going to ask a favour of Sir Michael Blayne. She detested Sir Michael, and as we always doubt the people we detest, she doubted his lending Maurice the money, or felt sure that if he did lend it, it would be in such an unpleasant way that her feelings would be ruffled.

“I know if he does you the favour it will be in such a way that you’ll be ready to bite your tongue out for having asked him,” she said to her husband; and he replied,—

“Then why don’t you get it from your father, as you ought to do? That would be the proper thing, and then there would be no favour asked of any one, for the money is our own.”

But that Constance said again she decidedly wouldn’t do yet; and then she added that she “didn’t feel quite well: it was very disappointing, but *would* dear Maurice mind leaving her at home, for she really felt quite ill?”

Maurice was all devotion, and anxiety, and unfeigned alarm in a moment; and when he offered to stay with her, give up his journey after the dross, and let what might come, her conscience reproached her for the *ruse* to which she was condescending, in order to avoid the nuisance of appearing in character of a solicitor before her husband’s family. “No,” she said, “he must go, she knew, and she would stay at home, if he liked, *all* the time he was away; and he must come back to-morrow;” “for though I quarrelled

with you yesterday, darling," she said, "I couldn't live long without you." And Maurice kissed his wife tenderly, and believed her, and then went off to catch the train, feeling rather anxious about her health, and very sorry to leave her even for so short a time, but with no foreboding of evil.

And she! Well, Maurice had *not* made her promise of "staying at home all the while he was away" binding by accepting it verbally. When her head got better, she found that it was dull work sitting at home without Maurice, and there was no reason why she should sit at home;—he would only think her foolish for running the risk of injuring her health by remaining in the house when she ought to take the air. Clearly it was her duty to get out as much as she could, and brace her nerves before the winter, which always affected her so, came on. A day indoors always upset her. Having reached this point in her argument against her husband's unacknowledged seclusion prejudices, Mrs. Maurice Power resolved upon fulfilling her duty without longer delay; so she ordered the carriage, and went out, and her duty taking her to Piesse and Lubin's, she was enlivened in the execution of it by Mr. Lister, who lodged in Old Bond Street, and who, happening to see her carriage at the door, came in and talked to her.

"Are you going to the Horticultural to-day?" he asked.

"No, why should I? what is the Horticultural doing at this time of year, that I should go there?"

"There's a show of bulbs, I believe—black hyacinths, and that sort of thing: do you remember my trying to get you some black hyacinths once?"

"Yes," Constance said, "she remembered;" then she asked herself, dubiously, "why she should not go?"

"Why do you hesitate about it?" he asked.

"Because Maurice is out of town—he was obliged to go—and he might not like my going to Kensington by myself: I know what I'll do, though; I'll send for my cousin Victor, and get him to escort me."

"Then I shall see you there, for I'm going?" Mr. Lister said, interrogatively, as he lifted his hat; and Constance blushed and smiled a little as she drove off, and answered, "Yes."

But Mr. Lister was disappointed: in vain he gave chase to various forms that "looked like hers," he thought, for Constance was not there. The message that came back from Victor's lodgings was to the effect that Mr. Rawley was gone into the country for a few days; so Mrs. Maurice Power spent the day of her husband's absence quietly perforce.

Captain Power reached the sea-side lodgings where the Blaynes were settled, with Victor Rawley for a guest, at about four in the afternoon.

"How strange of Constance not to come with you!" Lady Blayne said, when Maurice had given a sketchy answer to their inquiries as to what had brought him down there of all places. "I am very glad to see you, Maurice; but isn't it rather strange that Constance didn't come with you?"

"No," Maurice said, coldly, "not at all strange; she had wished to come, and he had wished her to come, and the non-fulfilment of their mutual wishes was due to that feminine cause, a headache." He was annoyed with his sister for remarking on his wife's absence. We always are annoyed if any one ventures to allude to the shortcomings towards ourselves of any one who is dear to us.

How clever women are in doing this thing generally! It is art, high art, the way in which they will, under the semblance of regard or affection, or anxiety for her "ultimate good," put another woman to the torture by bewailing slights that she has not felt, and that therefore, probably, have not existed save in the brain of the bewailer. How piteously they will deprecate anything like annoyance on her part at their interference, and continue all the while to interfere most aggravatingly! A good many loves are wrenched asunder by this process, and a good many homes rendered desolate. It is the managing mother, or aunt, or maiden friend who first pointed out to the now solitary *divorcée* when she was a happy wife, that her husband was a brute who could not appreciate such rare virtues as hers. It is so easy to talk a case up—to impute bad motives, and carelessness, and Don Juan-like propensities to the husband who has in an unguarded moment forgotten that what he says to his wife *alone*, and before her feminine coterie, are very different things. The harsh word, or the indifferent response to her gesture of affection, she would forget in a moment, if left to herself; but her friends, if they be present, take care that she shall not forget them; and, having no men attached to themselves to worry, revenge themselves as far as they can on masculine neglect by striving to blast another woman's happiness.

"Constance has taken to headaches that prevent her going out with her husband very soon, hasn't she?" Lady Blayne said to Victor Rawley, when her brother followed Sir Michael out of the room to make that request the thought of which had deterred his wife from coming with him.

"Oh, I don't know, and it's always best to avoid conjecturing things, I think: Constance always was capricious, and given to having headaches at the wrong time; don't annoy Maurice by any further dubious allusions. I could see he didn't like it just now."

Lady Blayne was a woman who disliked the mildest reproof, even from the man she loved; she determined now, in her cold, quiet way, to punish Victor for disagreeing with her, and for daring to suggest that anything she had chosen to do once she had better not do again. There were a good many ways, she knew, of giving him pain; she took the surest.

"I *wish* you had not come down here, Victor; Sir Michael is very much enraged about it; he says, in fact, that if he had not the greatest reliance on me he should speak to you about it, as you must have done it with the view of compromising *me*. I told him he was unjust."

"You told him he was unjust! By Heaven, Frances, you took it coolly

enough; what did you tell yourself that you were at the same time, when you could listen to such an aspersion? Didn't I come against my own better judgment?—at whose request?"

Victor Rawley spoke in a quick, low, pained manner that touched her a little.

"Well, at *mine*," she rejoined. "I acknowledge that I was injudicious enough to tell you that we were coming, and should be happy to see you here. I did not mean that you should come tearing down the day after us, and never leave my side or take your eyes off my face even in my husband's presence."

She paused suddenly, for his face had grown very white while she was speaking. And now he tried to hide it from her by leaning out of the window. When she paused, he turned and answered her.

"Thank you for reminding me that the love we have both professed has been on my side alone," he said. "I will bear it in mind, and not offend in future by tasting the *only joy* I have had in life for years past—a poor one enough, considering how dearly I loved you,—remaining by your side when I dared."

"Victor!" she exclaimed, hastily, "it is understood between us that—that——" She blushed and stammered.

"That what? Go on," he said, coldly.

"That this friendship, which has, alas! far passed the boundaries of mere friendship, owing to my too great toleration of your imprudence, shall merge into warmer and more enduring relations when Sir Michael dies, as he must by a law of nature before us."

He was saved the necessity of replying by the entrance of the husband whose death Lady Blayne had been providing for, and of Captain Power. The baronet looked puffy and important, and plethorically satisfied with himself: two pleasant things had just happened to him,—he had been asked for money, and he had refused to lend it. It was an opportunity for mortifying the "beast of a boy," who had once ventured to scoff at his age, that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to pass over. So he did not pass it over, but mortified Maurice by his manner of refusing it as much as he possibly could. People do, in fact, if they are the lucky possessors of that filthy lucre for which others are craving: they generally repay themselves with interest if they lend, by making the unhappy borrower not alone drink of, but lave and wallow in the waters of self-humiliation and futile indignation. They suggest impossible curtailments of expenditure, and supervise the organization of your establishment, and offer to your notice various economical *locales* which they have heard of in their unauthorized searches after "cheap residences" for you, and which are situated either in Kamtschatka, or half a mile from the Land's End, or in Jericho, or in Kentish Town, or some other equally pleasing and accessible spot; and they sternly repress anything like pleasure being experienced by you at any mortal thing, on the ground that, considering

all the circumstances, such things are "needless frivolities;" and they are altogether odious and disagreeable in a variety of ways too numerous to mention.

Before Sir Michael Blayne had definitely refused to do Maurice the favour that it almost blistered Maurice's tongue to ask, he had delivered a short essay on the enormity of extravagance in general, and Maurice's extravagance in particular. He had then lightly sketched out a plan of retrenchment, which was to involve Maurice depriving himself of every earthly thing that gave him pleasure; and then he wound up his exhortation by saying that it was a most disagreeable thing to be asked for money when you hadn't the slightest intention of lending it. He was sorry Maurice had laid himself open to the refusal of the loan; but he had made it a point through life never to lend money to a relation, and he shouldn't break it now.

There was one slight drawback to his felicity,—he had hoped that Maurice would look crest-fallen and unhappy; but to look crest-fallen and unhappy was not a speciality of Maurice's. He received the baronet's refusal in so extremely debonair a manner, that the baronet almost feared he had been simply tested, and that Maurice hadn't wanted it so much as he had hoped.

"Don't let your fine feelings be wrung," Maurice said, coolly, when Sir Michael had finished his oration; "it's no consequence, only I thought you might as well lend me the money as any one else. Fine evening for a sail? I wonder whether Frances would like to go?"

And then he followed Sir Michael back into his sister's presence, and Lady Blayne, not being on comfortable terms with Victor, decided that she would *not* like to go.

They all put their private griefs and annoyances away presently, for they sat down to dinner, and it behoved them, as members of polite society, to "banish care;" but none banished it so successfully as Maurice. Could he ever have known one, that bright, brilliant young fellow, so full of rich, vigorous health and glorious spirits? Victor Rawley had never so well understood before the charm this glittering nature had for those who came under its influence; but now, as Maurice talked and sparkled, and laughed with a light, careless, effervescent brilliancy that was unstrained and unforced, he, even a man, felt and acknowledged it. "It must be hard for a girl ever to forget such a fellow as that. Will that poor girl, I wonder?" he thought, as he looked at Maurice, and remarked how his half-imperious, half-tender beauty had renewed itself lately, apparently, and become rejuvenated. His sister, too, was struck afresh with it, accustomed as she was to his face; it seemed to her to have either gained or *regained* (she could not be quite sure which) a something it had lacked before, or lost from the days of boyhood. As he pushed back the bright hair from his forehead, and pulled aside the tawny moustache that concealed his laughing mouth, there was an expression on his face that brought

back the days of their childhood to her, and made her feel more affectionately disposed towards her brother than she had done for many a long day,—never, indeed, since she had more important things, such as befitting *toilettes*, to think of. It made her speak to him more tenderly than she had ever spoken before; she called him “Maurice dear,” and talked of how pleasant it would be for *her* always having Constance and himself in London when she was there, and sundry other things that were meaningless, but very kind. And Maurice spoke of his wife in rapturous terms—of her beauty, her grace, her matchless charm, his adoration for her, and prospect of a happy life with her, “far happier than he deserved,” he said. And they none of them (save Sir Michael) scoffed inwardly at the young man’s pa negyric on his bride, and Frances forbore to say anything more about her inopportune headache. And, altogether, they were very happy at that little dinner, to all outward seeming, and there were no clouds near.

Maurice was absolutely unconscious that fate had brought him down to the very spot where poor Bertie Bray had come to be cured of her heart-wound. He little thought that down on the beach he was looking at as he faced the open window, she who had first led him down to look at the sea, sat on a bank of yellow sand, and listened to the ceaseless roar, and sighed with an agonizing intensity of desire for the time when she should see him, Maurice Power, once more.

“Only once more—once more to touch his hand in friendship,” she said to herself, as her friends came up to her after their stroll, and suggested going home.

“How nice and fresh the breeze is!” she said as she rose; and Captain Barham replied, “Yes, it will be a rough night, I expect; the wind is getting up.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END OF IT ALL.

“My dear Bertie! be practical, and come and eat some prawns instead of looking out at the stars,” Mrs. Annesley said, as Captain Barham and herself seated themselves at the supper-table, and Bertie still leant against the window.

“I’m not looking at the stars, I’m looking at the sea. I never saw anything like the waves to-night; they’re breaking right over the ‘Point,’ as they call those sand-hills.”

Mrs. Annesley gave a little shudder.

“I’m glad it has not been my vocation to fall in love with a sailor, Frank,” she said, “I couldn’t endure these nights if I had. As it is, I like them; they’re so picturesque.”

"Oh, this is nothing," Captain Barham answered, carelessly, strolling to the window,—“nothing, at least, for anything to ride through that doesn't happen to want to come over that beastly bar.—Come, Bertie, it's no use; you may as well come and eat the prawns; there is no chance of your deciding to-night whether Byron or Marryat gives the most realistic description of a shipwreck.”

"I hope not," she replied, quickly, "I hope not. Don't joke about such things; my courage all evaporates near salt water. It's strange, considering I was almost born on the beach, but I have a terror of the sea."

She came away from the window then, and sat down and shelled her prawns, and looked at them, but could not eat.

"You're tired, Bertie; the air here is too strong for you: you had better go to bed early to-night. Come! I shall say good-night, and go away at once," Captain Barham said, kindly, as Bertie, after sitting for a time, growing palpably paler and more nervous every moment, rose abruptly and returned to the window.

"For Heaven's sake don't speak of going," she exclaimed, turning round.—“Mrs. Annesley, do ask him to stay longer. Let us sit up till the wind goes down, or the sea leaves off roaring. *I couldn't go to bed to-night.*”

"Your landlady will be up in arms if I stay after eleven, Bertie, but I'll stay till then."

He sat talking to Mrs. Annesley till the hour he had mentioned as the one at which he must leave struck, and then he rose and joined Bertie at her window.

"You'll let me go now—and you'll promise to go to bed, won't you, Bertie?" he asked; but before Bertie could answer, some excitement in the street below made him open the window and look out.

"By Jove! there go the coastguardsmen," he exclaimed. "I'll go down to the beach and hear what it is; and I'll come back and let you know presently."

"Some ship in distress, I fear," Mrs. Annesley said after he was gone, and she had joined her companion at the window. "I wonder if there's a life-boat here; I hope Frank won't be going off in it if there is. We shall hear guns fired presently, most likely."

They waited and listened for a time, and they heard nothing. It is very hard to bear this enforced passiveness when danger, and distress, and excitement are rife around; and women have to bear it very often. People were hurrying down to the beach constantly, but though they called to one or two and asked what it was, none could tell them; those who were hurrying down were in want of information. At last they could bear it no longer.

"Let us put on our hats and go down—we shall find Frank and hear what it is," Mrs. Annesley said; and her companion eagerly agreeing, they put on their hats and ran down tremulously, and were in the midst of

an excited group of pilots, fishermen, coastguardsmen, and their respective wives, before they well knew what they were about.

"Is it a ship? I don't see it," Mrs. Annesley said, as Captain Barham joined them. The clouds were chasing each other quickly and constantly over the moon, but still her rays were shed occasionally clearly and fully over the sea.

"No, only a boat," he replied; "she must be beaten back some distance now—they hope—for if she only keeps far enough out, she'll weather through; but a wave brought her right up and almost over the bar just now, and when the wave went back we didn't see her; she must have receded before it broke—we hope."

"Oh! Frank," Mrs. Annesley said, tremblingly—"oh! Frank, or been broken by it, don't you mean? *Can't* something be done?"

She looked eagerly round as she spoke, and Bertie Bray backed her appeal by a passionately eloquent interrogatory glance; there were plenty of men on the beach who heard that speech and saw that glance, men who did not shrink from any danger, men who daily risked their lives on that broad ocean whose rage they were now watching, but they only shook their heads.

"We'd go out in a minute, ma'am," the young coastguardsman who has been mentioned before said, coming up to them and touching his hat to Bertie; "we've the boat all ready to push off the moment she can be of any use."

There was a movement in the crowd, and a rush of tongues—the officer in command of the station had come down; rapidly as he passed through he had mastered all the details before he reached the spot where Mrs. Annesley and Bertie stood. "I am sorry to see you here, ladies," he said; "I trust that it is no unusual interest that has brought you down?"

"None," they told him, "only anxiety and excitement about some unknown fellow-creatures; but that was sufficiently strong to make them wildly impatient for something to be done."

"D—the clouds!" he exclaimed, impatiently, "they only let us see the white tops of the waves. Throw up a rocket, my lads," he shouted; "and if it shows us only a spar or a plank, we'll put off at once."

The rocket glanced through the air; Mrs. Annesley, as people frequently will, looked at it instead of its effect. Bertie Bray, gazing with sharpened vision on the line of light it threw over the water, saw a something.

"There's a man in the water out there—out there!" she shrieked; and another rocket was thrown, and by its light they saw more than one form, but of what they could not tell.

"Bear a hand with the boat," the officer shouted; and as the men commenced shoving her off, an old pilot cried,—

"She'll never live in this sea, sir; 'twill curl her up in a minute."

It was an awful sea, certainly, to launch a heavy eight-oared galley in; they paused a moment, and then the man who had spoken to Bertie said,—
“I’ll swim off to them, sir.”

“It’s the only thing for it,” the officer replied, mournfully; and the man was bared to his waist in a moment, and a rope was placed round him, and as he sprang into the water, the clouds mercifully broke, and the moon shone full upon the forms of those who were battling with the waves, and on the gallant fellow who was striving to save them.

He was beaten back once or twice—thrown with violence against the shingle—but he rose each time and sprang back into the sea without loss of a moment. Sometimes the strain on the rope was such, that those holding gave their comrade up for lost, as the chances of its standing the fearful test seemed to lessen and grow slighter in their hands. Women were wringing their hands and crowding round his wife, who stood crying quietly, and if prayer had power to strengthen the rope, then should that rope have defied any sea, for a prayer went up silently and spontaneously from every heart for the safety of the one who was risking his life with no hope of a “cross for valour,” to render the risk sweet.

A huge wave came rolling up, bearing along with it, they all saw, and sickened with hope and fear as they saw it, two human beings. There was a manful battling with the almost irresistible force of the receding wave, and then “Oh! God be praised!” broke from every tongue;—they were left prone and helpless, but *safe* on the beach.

“He is alive, I think; get him some brandy, for Heaven’s sake!” the younger of the men who had been cast up, and who had been supporting the other with his arm thrown round him, exclaimed as he partially recovered from his exhaustion. “I’ve kept his head above water all the while, I think;” then he fainted himself, and they closed in round him, so that Bertie Bray could not see his face, though she had fancied in a dim sort of way that she knew his voice.

“The old ’un has took no harm,” one of the men said, scornfully; “he’s only frightened, and sorry that the water has spoiled his wig; the young gentleman has nearly lost his own life in saving what wasn’t worth the trouble, I fancy.”

A few had gone up and clustered round the two who were saved; but the majority, and amongst them Mrs. Annesley, Bertie, and Captain Barham, remained down by the edge of the beach to watch the one who had gone off to save if possible. Presently there came a shout from the water, and they began to draw in the rope; they had to do it with skill and care, evenly and smoothly, for a jerk would have been destruction.

“By the weight, he’s got something,” one of the men said; “there was only four went out in the boat, for I saw her go, so we’ll hope three of the poor fellows are saved at any rate.”

As they drew the last coil of rope in, and the young sailor gained the beach, with some heavy burthen lying across his arm, the man who had

been washed ashore before, and who had fainted from his exertions, having recovered, came down and joined them. His eye fell on Bertie Bray at once, and with a smothered exclamation of horror he sprang to her side; but she neither saw him nor heard what he said; her eyes were fixed on the form of the man the young sailor had brought on shore. She wanted to go up, but she could not move quickly, her feet seemed rooted with a new horror, for all those who had gathered about him were very silent; she dreaded that this was more than a faint from exhaustion.

"Take this lady home! for God's sake get her away from here!" the stranger said, putting his hand on Captain Barham's shoulder; "get her away, get her away at once."

"Come home, this is no place for you," Captain Barham said, taking both Mrs. Annesley's and Bertie's hand in his. His touch roused Bertie, and she struggled herself free, and said impatiently,—

"No, I want to go there."

The stranger who had spoken to Captain Barham followed her, and flung his arm round her waist.

"Dear Miss Bray,—Bertie! *not* there, for Heaven's sake."

She looked up, and almost without surprise recognized Victor Rawley.

"Don't hold me, let me go," she said; and pleadingly, as she said it, she bent down and kissed his hand. Then he let her go, and in another moment, under the moon by the sea where she had known him first, on the bank of yellow sand, where she had prayed for a sight of him once more, Bertie Bray knelt down and looked on the dead face of Maurice Power.

There is little more to add. I have told the story of their lives between that sun that rose on them in their youth, when, careless of the danger and grief they would entail upon each other, and of the sorrow and death that would come to them on those cruel waves, they went down hand in hand to look at the sea,—between the bright glorious morning sun, when every day was a promise of joy, and the moon that shone sadly on the dead and the left. This is only a little story of the love, and bliss, and sorrow, and disappointment, *and getting over things*, that make up most life histories: a story that is not intended to show how poetical justice is awarded, and how Nemesis overtakes those who do not always act nobly, and disinterestedly, and honourably; for I have no faith in poetical justice and Nemesis. My hero with the flickering eyes and hyacinthine locks, and brilliant nature that had but one flaw, died when life seemed very bright for him, and was wept over, *not* by the wife he adored, but by the woman he had deserted. But the poor boatman who had accompanied him on this fatal pleasure trip was drowned likewise, and *he* had never been a fickle Apollo, or sunned himself in the smiles of woman to her destruction. And Sir Michael Blayne was saved, with no greater detriment to his withered old person than the spoiling of

his new and beautifully padded coat, and that brown wig. No! it was no Nemesis, but only that fatality which destroys the beautiful, the gifted, the young and happy very often, and sometimes allows the sorrowful, ugly old sinners to get off scathless.

Poor little Constance mourned most bitterly when the news reached her, as it did before the night was over, that the husband with whom she had parted but a few short hours before was a corpse. It gave her an extra pang, poor girl, too, to know that Bertie Bray had been the first to press with loving lips the cold brow of the one who had been so dear to them both. The ghastly joy was grudged by the wife, as was natural, and wildly did she rave out in her anguish against the cruel fate that had prevented *her* being there. But there will be balm in Gilead for her also, doubtless, at some future time; these bright, sunny natures do not sorrow lastingly.

There is a pretty, quiet little old-world churchyard on the slope of a hill in that eastern county. It is surrounded by grim, shady old plantations of larch and fir, and stunted oak and elm, and is studded with rhododendrons. Even if the roar of the ocean did not catch your ear, you could still tell surely that you were near the sea, for "Drowned in a storm," or "Lost at sea," meets your eye on many an humble headstone. They are simple gravestones, too; no impossible cherubs hold fat faces up to derision; no ungraceful arms disregard every line of beauty, and persist in obtruding themselves on the aggrieved eye at every turn. An anchor, or a cable, these are the sole ornaments which the stonemason of the neighbourhood is called upon to chisel. The majority of those tombstones that bear any epitaph belong to sailors' graves, and they are not made offensive by a list of virtues that were not, and good qualities that did not exist. It is the churchyard of the watering-place to which Bertie Bray accompanied Mrs. Annesley, in which my last scene is laid.

A year has passed since that night when the bar brought another curse upon itself, and the young coastguardsman added another to the long list of facts of unrecorded valour. It is autumn again, and evening; and again the cold, pure light of the moon streams down, and tinges the ripple of the waves with silver, and the white tombstones with a still more weird whiteness. It is a strange time for visitors from afar to come to such a place, but that they are from afar is evident by the heat of the horses who are pulled up at the gate, and the worn and weary look of the driver.

A gentleman and lady have come out of that carriage and into the churchyard, and they make their way rapidly to a grave at the further corner, where a plain slab, flat and unornamented, save by a little cross, bears the name of—

"MAURICE POWER."

Nothing else! no age, no date, nothing to mark 'how early,' or 'when' he was cut off;—all *that* lives in the hearts of his friends.

The lady knelt down by the side of that stone, and all the memories of the time she had known him first—of the time she had loved him first—of the time he had left her, up to the time she had lost him *for ever*—came thronging up into her mind. And as they came they conquered her, and she bent her head down on the cold turf, and sobbed for a few minutes convulsively. Then she rose and placed her hand on her companion's arm, and said,—

“You do not grudge my giving so much to the thought of the dear old love, do you, Victor?”

“No!” he said, “Bertie, poor child! we have both a buried love,—you for the dead brother, I for the living sister; they can never quite die out, dear. We should love each other less if we thought they could; but their loss will lose its sting in time, my wife.”

Here by the side of the living love, who could speak like this, we can leave her without a doubt of her finding that there was balm in Gilead, even though she still hangs lingeringly over the grave, and sobs over the memory of Maurice Power.

Y^E RATTLESNAKE.

(A MODERN ANTIQUE.)

THUS spake a Pilgrim Father who had crossèd y^e broad sea
To finde him peace and charity, if such mote be :

“Hither, boy, hither, come closer to my side,

“And, *Istmael*, my beagle, disport thee not so wide ;

“Oft when things seem fayrest, terrors are most neare,

“Then roam ye not so wide away ; but bide ye, bide ye here.”

Then came a fayre boy running, his haire all flying wilde,

Saying, “Father, dear father ! what wouldst thou of thy childe ?

“It was a painted butterfly I chafed to yonder tree,

“Whence fanning with her dainty winges she lookèd down on me.”

Then spake the Pilgrim once again : “This land, so fayre to view,

“Hath creatures that ye wot not of, *Bears*, *Wolves*, and *Serpents* too,

“And *Tyger Cattes* that rend and teare as from their sleep they wake ;

“And from his den accursed of men, y^e fangèd *Rattlesnake*.

"Lying in wait y^e livelong day he nestleth in his lair,
 "And woe betide the living thing that haply wanders there !
 "Like *sparkes of fire* his eyeballs glare, his scaly body heaves,
 "As rattle, rattle, rattle, whirr ! he quivers 'mongst y^e leaves :
 "A *wizard snake* I wot is he, with *witchery* in his eye,
 "For birds and beasts that meet his gaze tarry and pass not by,
 "But wavering halt ; when lo ! he darts his *venom*, and they die. }
 "And yet, my son, one merit hath y^e fangèd *Rattlesnake*,—
 "He strikes not ere his 'larum tail y^e forest stillness wake.
 "So heed thee well, my childe, whene'er thou hear'st a clattering whirr,
 "And deem it not y^e forest leaves or wither'd blades that stir."
 He bent his ear, y^e *Pilgrim Childe* ;—there came a fearsome sounde,
 A rattling as of *dead men's Bones* upturn'd upon y^e grounde.
 "I hear him, *father !*" whisper'd he, "I hear his gage of battle,
 "A hiss like coals in water quenched, then rattle, rattle, rattle !"
 "Forsooth, I heed it too, my childe, but it seemeth far away."
 So y^e *Pilgrim* bent his eyes to heaven, and fervently did pray.
 Short was his oraison, for soon a whine fell on y^e ear,
 Then look'd he down upon y^e fod, but *Ishmael* was not there ;
 Not there, but half an arrowe shot—as it mote be—away,
 Y^e faithfulle hounde upon y^e grounde abash'd and cowering lay.
 A crested head rose high aloft ; it waved from side to side,
 Fierce and defiant—grim as Death !—with fang'd jaws gaping wide ;
 A moment paused y^e gallant Boy, then y^e *Pilgrim's staffe* pluck'd he, }
 And speeding to y^e venom'd Snake, he smote right manfully.
 He smote ! but quicker than y^e stroke moved that fell Serpent's head
 Aside : then darted quivering ; and lo ! y^e Boy was dead !

Now wot ye well, all ye who read this sad and fearsome tale,
 That there below, where'er ye go, dangers must fain prevail.
 Bootless ye range from land to land, of happineffe in quest,
 For Death he hounds ye as ye roam,—his touch makes known the rest !
 And how that withering touch may come, what car'st thou or care I ?
 We live the days that God hath will'd, and hoping still we die !



THE DIPPLEBURY SCANDAL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RESPECTABLE SINNERS."

CHAPTER I.

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED.

LUCY VAUGHAN was nine years old when her father died: he was the rector of Dippleford, a country village about ten miles from the cathedral city of Dipplebury. For many years of his life Mr. Vaughan had nothing to depend on but that which Mother Church allotted him: £200 a year to live on, and a tolerably rain-tight parsonage to live in. But when he was past sixty, his elder brother, a retired Indian colonel, died, and left him all he had in the world to leave,—a pleasant small mansion, and property producing a yearly income of £1,200.

And then the Reverend Charles Vaughan had repaired, enlarged, and beautified the parsonage, and married the orphan daughter of a neighbouring curate—a pretty little pink and white doll, whom he had christened about nineteen years before.

Ten years after his marriage the rector died. He bequeathed his whole fortune to his widow for her life, even leaving their only child entirely dependent on her (beyond a provision of £100 a year), UNLESS she married again; in which case she forfeited all but that same unsatisfactory yearly income of £100; the fortune became his daughter's, passing into the hands of trustees should Lucy be under age, and the young girl into the care of a guardian.

Poor Mr. Vaughan thought he had found an adder on the threshold of his married life. The curate's pretty penniless little daughter had not

spared him the speedy discovery of her motives in becoming his wife. Without being very exacting or altogether unreasonable, he had certainly flattered himself that she regarded him with affection, and even some tenderness. It mortified him; it bitterly disappointed him, to find himself an object of indifference as soon as the candid innocent found herself securely installed as rectoress of Dippleford. I think he judged her too sternly, in the sorrowful bitterness of his heart. It was but a butterfly that he broke on the wheel of his resentment. I am certain if I were very young, and pretty, and an orphan, like little Letty Harding, I should hate to be a teacher with £20 a year and much snubbing, in the Miss Puckermouth's preparatory school for little girls and boys, Portico House, Dipplebury. And if, moreover, I were fond of pretty clothes and things, and not at all strong-minded, I dare say I should jump at marrying a good old gentleman, to be rectoress of Dippleford; jump clean out of that grey cocoon of governing, and expand my painted wings joyously in that blessed sunshiny new life of ease and dignity. And I think my silly head might be turned a little without there being much amiss with my heart:—for instance, if I found myself sitting in state behind my white ponies at the street door of Portico House, with Miss Puckermouth coming out respectfully, in her best cap, to speak to me; and my particular tyrant, Miss Matilda Puckermouth, standing beside her on the steps, smirking and obsequious, holding in her mittened claw, with the little finger stuck out, that basket of grapes I had been good enough to bring them from my hothouse.

Letty was not very wise, but she was really not in the least bad-hearted; and if Mr. Vaughan had courageously examined that deadly-looking ophidian I spoke of, he would have found it a harmless worm enough. But he was shocked and mortified at some egotistic chatter of the pretty child he had married, which, after all, was only thoughtless, and not unprincipled; and judged her too soon, at once, and for ever. Yet the rector was generous and amiable, and had moments of doubt of his own justice, in which he half persuaded himself he ought to be more lenient in his opinion of her, and that he had no right to be disappointed at the shallowness and absorbing vanity which he might have seen before he married her. Which was true;—but I have remarked that spectacles do not tend to assist the sight when brought to bear on love matters. It may be said for the rector of Dippleford, that he really intended to protect his weak-minded Letty against fortune-hunters, and herself, by that will, which certainly looked selfish and vindictive.

The new-made widow and her little girl went to live at Woodside, their future home, which was situated near the first milestone from Dipplebury, on the Dippleford Road. This pretty mansion and grounds had been let to a yearly tenant during the rector's life, and had recently become vacant.

Lucy being attacked by scarlatina almost directly after their installation,

a doctor was summoned from Dipplebury. Mrs. Vaughan sent for Mr. Barton, having heard his name casually mentioned by her late husband as the medical attendant of his brother, the old Indian colonel, and also having known him by repute during her former purgatorial existence at Portico House. She was surprised to find her summons obeyed by a handsome young man, of grave and gentlemanly appearance, and certainly not over twenty-six years of age. He explained that his father, who had been resident in Dipplebury for thirty years, was recently dead, and that he had succeeded to the paternal practice.

The widow was very much charmed indeed by the young doctor's agreeable person and manners. When little Lucy got well, her poor manma fell ill; and from that time her health became so sadly impaired as to necessitate constant medical supervision. The Dipplebury world—who were not acquainted with the particulars of the rector's will—presently prophesied that his pretty pink and white widow would marry "young Barton" as soon as she decently could. But time went on, and no wedding ensued, and at last the Dipplebury world severely remarked that she could not decently marry him *too* soon. Hard things were said, in short, of the rector of Dippleford's widow; and, finally, the respectable Dipplebury world cast her out of its bosom. But first the clergyman of her parish called on her purposely to preach her an excellent sermon, adapted to her case. He had been an acquaintance of her husband's, and had, no doubt, the best and most friendly intentions; but, unhappily, he was harsh-voiced and stern-spoken, and he knotted his good words into a scourge that made the poor pink and white widow shrink and cry very much. He produced no effect, however, but those tears, and it is to be supposed that the agreeable young doctor found means to dry them when he paid his diurnal visit to Woodside. He crossed the departing clergyman at the entrance gate, and held it open and bowed with much respect to that indignant divine.

Seven years had passed since Mr. Vaughan's death, and things had settled down into a sort of system at Woodside. Nobody visited the widow; that is, nobody of the least social consequence, and of course she visited no one. As she had become a confirmed invalid, this state of excommunication was not nearly so remarkable as it might have been; but it was not a desirable condition of things for a young girl to find in her home, as Lucy did when she came to live there at thirteen. Up to that time she had gone to a school at Clifton, conducted by a trio of sleek spinsters. From the first, wild little Lucy took school and schoolmistresses in horror, and never came home for the holidays without begging pathetically not to be sent back to Clifton, where she protested she was much too unhappy to learn anything. She promised to be "so good," and to "do her lessons all by herself," and to grow so wise and accomplished at home, with the help of Dipplebury masters, that her mother did not long hold out. Perhaps she secretly felt that she owed her girl a tenderer indulgence

than common ; perhaps it eased her conscience to give that, at least, to the child whose interest she had selfishly set aside in more important matters. At all events, Lucy at thirteen gained her point, in spite, this time, of that usually omnipotent influence which settled most points at issue in her home. And Mr. Barton's advice was really judicious, and the kindest for the young girl under the circumstances, when he urged her continuing at school as long as possible, and represented that one might be found less repugnant to her than that presided over by the abhorred Miss Leddenheads. But Lucy staid at home, Mr. Barton notwithstanding, and led, for two or three years, as savage a life as a young lady could well do on the very skirts of a highly decorous community. She kept her word, and "did her lessons" conscientiously ; and read almost incessantly while in the house ; and certainly led a very healthy physical life in the freedom of her solitary rambles and pony rides out of doors, careless of winter and rough weather. She surrounded herself in her isolation, like a young female Crusoe, with all manner of pets—except cats, whose moral character shocked her, and who reminded her, she declared, of the Miss Leddenheads. Her little study was a room over the square entrance hall, its window opening on the roof of the porch, to which you descended by a step. This porch had a sunken top, and she had made it into a miniature jungle of flowering shrubs and plants in pots. Her birds hung in the light and sun ; her books, and prints, and maps lined the walls ; her large dog looked as big as a lion in the small space left for him at her feet, as she sat at her littered table.

It had not yet occurred to Lucy to wonder at the seclusion in which they lived at Woodside : her mother's invalidism seemed cause enough ; and, unlike most young ladies residing in the vicinity of towns infested by the military, glorious visions of balls, blazing with scarlet and gold, had spared her mental sight. Still, she did sometimes feel a little dull, I confess ; and one September afternoon happened to stand at her window in rather a dreary mood, staring wistfully—as if for her coming fate—down the gravel sweep which wound, by only a turn or two, from the door to the entrance gate.

She could see no unhappiness in her present life, but she blindly felt that it was too solitary for so young a one. She began to wish that something like a pinch of soda could be stirred into the flat draught, to make it effervesce a little.

"O dear me !" said she, with half a sigh, "I wish—I wish"—and left the sentence for ever in that rudimental stage. For as she stood there, and stared wistfully out of her open window, she heard in the country stillness of the hot afternoon the entrance gate open and fall to ; and before the latch had quite clinked back into its socket, a young gentleman on horseback, wearing a black coat and a white neckcloth, appeared at the turn of the shadow-dappled gravel road. Lucy stood peeping at him over the top of her miniature jungle on the portico, wondering who it could be, and hail-

ing the rare distraction of a visitor, whoever it was. He walked his horse up the drive, casting his eyes, as he advanced, over the pretty trim villa, set in its shady pleasure-ground. A gleam of low sunshine shot through the belt of trees on his right, and dazzled his eyes, so that he was forced to pull his hat over them. Lucy could look at him all the more comfortably. "Who *can* it be?" said she to herself again, as he rang at the door bell. She waited five minutes, and then, smoothing her pretty rippled black braids with her two hands (there was no looking-glass in Lucy's den), she tripped down, full of curiosity.

Mrs. Vaughan was one of those numerous invalids who seem indigenous in Britain only, and who, having nothing particular the matter with them, but everything in general, reluctantly permit themselves to be kept alive to a good old age, by the sacrificial exertions of a whole household, and the professional assistance of an unintermitting doctor. Lucy found, when she entered the drawing-room this sunny September evening, their early tea-urn steaming on the table, and her mother conversing with the stranger from the depths of her pillowed chair, placed by a tolerable fire. Happily, the doctor prescribed open windows at a certain amount of thermometer.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Vaughan, seriously, "you would not have recognized Lucy, Mr. Fraser?"

"Nor Lucy me," said he, coming up to her, laughing; "but pray don't call me Mr. Fraser.—How like you are to your father!"

Lucy shook hands with him directly, and said, in a quick, pleased way, looking as frankly in his face as a schoolboy, "Oh! are you Philip Fraser?"

Lucy had certainly an abrupt manner for a young lady, but not at all rough; and her voice was notably sweet. She led such a desert island life, poor child, with her books and brutes; and really was very different from other young Misses of sixteen. The Reverend Philip Fraser thought her so, and could not help watching her curiously. After the first minute he thought her very pretty, having taste and feeling enough to appreciate the rare beauty of expressiveness in a face so young. Most strangers would only have seen in Lucy a childish little figure, thin to meagreness, and a small brown face, in which a pair of great dark gipsy eyes quite overpowered and extinguished the other features. Lucy had not inherited her mother's lilies and roses; she "took after" her father altogether, and the handsome old rector owed the fashion of his good looks to a Spanish mother. Philip found a quaint kind of grace and dignity about the young creature, and, though she did not speak much, a simplicity and force in the least word she uttered. He felt more and more attracted every moment,—partly, no doubt, by her unlikeness to anything he had yet met with. Whilst he was riding home he kept thinking of her as a dear little odd thing. When he went away Lucy had walked down the drive with him, he leading his horse, and her great dog walking by her. Without waiting to be invited, she had done him this little honour as naturally and cordially

as a man of his own age might. She shook hands with him at the gate, and leaned on it talking over it to him for a minute after he had got on his horse.

CHAPTER II.

“ FIGHTING FRASER.”

COLONEL FRASER was a gallant old officer, who, when he was a young one, had left an arm at Waterloo. Since then he had sold out, married, and had had a numerous progeny, not one of whom survived childhood except Philip, with whom you have just made acquaintance. When this youngest and last child was four years old, the colonel found himself a widower. And till this son was twelve or thirteen he had been a home-bred boy, his only taste of school being his daily attendance in Mr. Vaughan's study. Colonel Fraser was the rector's friendliest parishioner; though the liberal-minded parson did sometimes knock his head against the stone wall of his neighbour's religious and military prejudices—the strongest sorts of prejudice I know. Mr. Vaughan willingly consented that little Philip in his seventh year should become his pupil. “ Fighting Fraser,” as he had been called in the army, was now a sorrowful, bereaved man, grey, and stern of aspect; while the rector, older in years, was a hearty, handsome old bachelor, merrier than small Philip himself. The intelligent, sweet-tempered little lad, and the bright old gentleman, became fast friends; and the child's gayest hours were all spent at the parsonage. But in a year or so Mr. Vaughan married, and times at the rectory presently underwent a vague change for the worse, which Philip quickly felt. When the parsonage baby was four years old, and Philip about twelve, the colonel let Dippleford Lodge for a term of years, and went to live at Tours near an only sister, who had become an officer's widow, with a large family, and had settled in that French town for the better maintenance of a cheap gentility. Philip was sent to a tutor, who was expected to prepare him for Sandhurst; and went to France for his vacations.

You see the excellent colonel had an *idée fixe* respecting the vocation of a gentleman's son. To serve God, and his country, in the army, appeared to him to comprise the whole duty of a well-born young man. He was sincerely religious, with a darkish tinge of Presbyterianism; but an odder conjunction of piety and pugnacity has hardly been seen since the noble days of the Commonwealth. It is recorded of him that on one occasion, marching slowly through the pleasant fields that intervened between his house and the parson's, he came suddenly over a stile and a ditch on a baker's boy of the village, whose nose was bleeding, and who presented generally an aspect of dirt and gore strongly indicative of a recent passage at arms. This youth appeared in the highest degree alarmed and embarrassed at the unexpected apparition of the grim colonel. And sitting at the bottom

of the ditch, and dabbing his countenance with a pocket handkerchief, sopped in the thread of water that ran there, squatted another smaller boy, whose punished and amorphous features proved, on close inspection, to belong to Master Philip Fraser, then aged eleven years, and at that moment due in Mr. Vaughan's study.

"Please, sir, Master Philip was so precious aggravatin'," began the abashed baker's boy, apologetically, out of a pair of ridiculously swollen lips.

"Which beat?" demanded the iron-faced colonel, fumbling with his one hand in his waistcoat pocket.

"I was licked, papa," called up a small, mournful, honest voice out of the ditch.

"Catch," said the colonel to the baker's boy, and tossed half a crown to that astonished youth. "*You* would have had it, if you had licked him," he added, over his shoulder, to his vanquished son, as he marched off, stern and pitiless, on his way. And Philip also remembered getting, at about the same age, a severe caning from his father because he had uttered the name of God in conversation, and that with no intentional irreverence. "Ye'll not presume," said the colonel, admonishing and thwacking, "to mention the Supreme Being out of your prayers by any more familiar epithet than *The Above*."

All his five sons had been solemnly devoted to scarlet with the first blessing he had pronounced over their cradles: if there had been ten of them it would have been the same. Imagine, therefore, his dismay and mortification when the only one of his dedicated five whose shoulders ever waxed broad enough to wear the sacred colour respectfully declined to endure it. Philip, indeed, had somehow conceived a disgust at the idea of a military life, which he considerably forbore to outrage his father by expressing. I can partly account for this perversity by supposing he had been over-dosed by his father with military talk, military books, military views of life, and was fairly surfeited by the time he was old enough to choose his profession. There are unhappy persons, who have been driven into mad hatred of Shakespeare or the Bible by living entirely with actors or Methodists. He was certainly not effeminate, or a bookworm, but a fine young fellow, full of healthy vigour, both in mind and body, when he told his father he would rather be a parson than a soldier. He heartily loved and honoured his grey, grim parent, with the stern, thin face and spare figure, the empty sleeve, and the broad white seam across the temple. But the colonel was most heroic and touching in his son's eyes because of those deep scars which no man saw—the scars of those many heart-gashes which he had taken so bravely and so religiously. The colonel was too just a man to be a tyrannical father. He let his son have his own way in a matter so vital to himself. Their private means were not large, but amply sufficient now that those two were left alone in the world to share them. The colonel's wife had been an heiress in a very moderate

way, and he gave up to their son the full enjoyment of her five hundred a year from the time he was of age.

Colonel Fraser had returned to his house at Dippleford about a month before the day of Philip's first visit to Woodside. His sister at Tours was dead, and Philip had been ordained to the curacy of Dippleford. Father and son set up their rest in the old place, and made a home of Dippleford Lodge again.

Now the colonel had never approved of his reverend friend's undeniably rash marriage, and had never liked the silly, pretty doll he had taken to wife. He had felt kindly disposed towards little Lucy, his god-daughter, for her father's sake, but his interest in her had not been strong enough to overcome his repugnance to her mother. So that all intercourse had ceased between the Frasers and Vaughans since the rector's death. And now that the Dipplebury scandal had reached the colonel's ears since his return to the Lodge, he had been far too much shocked and disgusted to entertain the least idea of visiting the light woman who had brought disgrace on his old friend's name; for his strong prepossession against the poor silly body made him but too ready to be uncharitable, and to believe the worst that was said of her.

He was very much vexed when Philip, a day or two after he joined him at Dippleford, announced his intention of calling on "dear old Vaughan's widow," expressing some careless curiosity to see what manner of young woman that odd little brown baby had stretched into.

Of course the worthy colonel informed his son then and there of the shameful rumours so generally spread respecting Mrs. Vaughan; and added, with much impressive solemnity, that he hoped Philip was not going to "sanction immorality" by visiting that ill-conducted woman, after what he had just heard.

"But perhaps it isn't true," said Philip. "Have *you* visited her, sir?"

"No," returned the colonel, "of course not."

"Well, then," said Philip, "it really does not seem to me exactly fair to condemn the poor thing on mere hearsay and country town gossip. Why not give her a chance of acquittal by drawing our own conclusions from our own impressions?"

"*Poor thing!*" repeated the colonel, with grim indignation. "She deserves no pity, and gets none from me. I *have* drawn my own conclusions from my own impressions of the woman. My opinion of her is seventeen years old. I knew the creature's vanity and want of principle; I knew what would be the end of her, left to herself. And she has probably ruined her own child too, for here and hereafter,—certainly sacrificed all her earthly prospects. For what respectable man in his senses would marry the daughter of such a mother, and so reared?"

"But perhaps it isn't true," persisted Philip. And that was his sole rejoinder to the worthy colonel's virtuous diatribe.

And then he had gone out riding, and had paid that visit to Mrs. and Miss Vaughan you already know of. And the poor colonel was doomed to great vexation from that day forth for some months, on this sore subject of Woodside; for Philip's rides began to be painfully frequent to that tabooed residence.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. VAUGHAN FORGETS TO NURSE HER COLD.

ON Christmas eve, Philip Fraser came into the drawing-room at Woodside half an hour before dinner, which for once was late, there.

Poor Mrs. Vaughan was a little out of spirits, and out of sorts.

She had a bad cold, and had been much distressed by her appearance in the glass when she dressed. She was aware that her nose was red, and could not help fretting about it. It is really painful to see a pretty woman, of a certain age, with a bad cold. There is a most dangerous instability and delicacy about the lines of the face, when she reaches the *mezzo del carmine*, which the slightest accidents of health, particularly catarrh, will disturb. The drawing of the eyes is quite changed; a slight depression of the brows claps ten years on. Now, to have her face dragged on one side, her eyes put out, her skin chafed, her nose thickened, is hard enough to bear; but a red nose in addition to such misfortunes is worse than the executioner hanging on to the legs of his victim! It is the very cap and crown of despondency to a sensitive beauty *sur le retour*.

Mr. Barton was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, and seemed rather out of spirits too. But young Lucy looked happy and healthy as ever. Her wild, gipsy eyes sparkled, and her little brown face looked its prettiest, as she shook hands with Philip.

There came another ring at the door-bell before Mrs. Vaughan had done describing the peculiarities of her cold.

"There is my brother," said Mr. Barton, as if it were an expected visit; which it was.

Mr. Wendel Barton was not at all like his brother. He was several years younger, but not nearly so good-looking. He was, in fact, an ugly little man, who appeared simply insignificant at a first glance. But at a second you were sure to be struck by a pair of gentle eyes, of a red-brown, as beautiful and expressive as those of a water-spaniel. These fine plaintive eyes shone with a kind of soft splendour out of an irregular dark face, and took away its reproach.

This was his first appearance at Woodside; indeed, until about a month ago he had never even been heard of there. Then he was briefly mentioned as "my brother, coming invalided from India," where he had been an army surgeon. Mr. Barton the elder was, as you will have inferred, a remarkably secretive personage.

His cautiousness had been developed by circumstances into something like the preternatural wiliness and wariness of an Indian savage. He was always on the watch, and seldom allowed himself to speak a sentence without a preliminary pause, during which he took out his words and looked at them. He was at present observing Philip Fraser with a very attentive scrutiny.

Mr. Barton was now a handsome man of thirty-three or four; quiet, polite, and gentlemanlike—although, mind you, I don't say Mr. Barton was a gentleman. Philip Fraser was a tall, broad-shouldered, rather carelessly dressed young gentleman; good-looking, fair, with an unsmiling, pondering, noble sort of face. There you found the difference between the two men. Mr. Barton looked ignoble, standing cheek by jowl with Philip on the hearth-rug. Mr. Barton, well-dressed, fresh, *soigné*, with handsome dark whiskers, and correctly parted hair, had a fatally spruce look beside the young clergyman.

All this Christmas eve the Reverend Philip Fraser was closely watched by Mr. Barton,—whom it will sometimes be convenient to call “the doctor,” after the Dipplebury manner, although he did not write M.D. after his name.

Now the Reverend Philip himself seemed to be chiefly occupied in watching Lucy Vaughan, when he was not engaged in conversation with her, which, however, was as often as he could manage it. And these particulars of his behaviour were, you may be sure, not unmarked by the doctor. Nor, apparently, did either young man or maid in the least care whether he watched them or no.

But notwithstanding this especial and most agreeable employment of his evening, Philip Fraser himself was quietly taking notes of Mr. Barton.

Philip had from the first visited Woodside with the settled purpose of coming at the truth or falsehood of the Dipplebury scandal, touching Mrs. Vaughan's relations with the doctor. In the beginning he had none but a manly and charitable motive in this bit of knight-errantry; none more personal than the wish to clear the fame of a foolish, helpless woman, whom he believed to be odiously calumniated, and who had especial claims on his protection and service as the widow of his dear old friend. But he very soon began to have a far different and profounder interest in the matter, an interest of which you have already guessed the nature. He deeply desired now to re-establish the good name, not only of the rector's widow, but of LUCY'S MOTHER.

As yet he had had small opportunity to make observations and draw conclusions, for the doctor had been a good deal away during the past autumn, but he had certainly seen nothing to inspire him with the least suspicion of levity in the widow; on the contrary, he had become confirmed in his belief that she was hardly more silly than modest, and incapable of the immorality imputed to her.

Towards the end of the evening it was discovered that Mr. Wendel

Barton could sing. I rather think he managed this discovery himself. At all events, the result was that Lucy went to the piano, and played the accompaniment of a charming old-fashioned English love-song, and Mr. Wendel Barton sang it. He had a low, yearning voice, exquisitely sweet and pathetic, that thrilled women's hearts, and mostly set them crying. The tones were all: he might have sung Coptic to them, and they would have been just as deeply affected, I fancy. Philip Fraser was as much above a mean envy as any man could be, but he was certainly smitten with the pangs of jealousy, as he sat apart and heard Lucy ask her new acquaintance for song after song; saw the young eyes he loved glisten, as she accompanied that touching voice, and now and then glanced up at the singer. Now, in reality, Mr. Wendel Barton and his own fine eyes went for nothing in the effect he produced on Lucy. She was moved, delighted, fascinated, by a voice. It was the first unprofessional singing beyond mediocrity she had ever heard, and she was not in the least thinking of the man who did it, any more than if he had been a barrel organ. Philip could sing too, in tune, and in a cheery, manly, inartistic way, after the usual English drawing-room fashion—not at all like Mr. Wendel Barton's, he knew very well, not very musical, and not in the least melancholy.

All this time the doctor was sitting by Mrs. Vaughan, who was talking to him in an under tone and eager manner,—about her bad cold, it might have been supposed. The doctor was watching Philip out of the corner of his eye all the time, while the latter appeared to be in a brown study, as he sat sunken in an easy chair on the other side of the fire. But though he was really listening far more to the uncomfortable whisperings of jealousy than to the music, or, still less, to the conversation of his neighbours, he gradually became conscious that Mrs. Vaughan was not complaining of her physical sensations, but of some misdemeanour of which the doctor had been guilty. She was, as I have mentioned, a little cross that evening, and spoke more sharply than usual; though the poor, faded, middle-aged baby was really as soft as she was silly, and incapable of worse ill-humour than a momentary petulance. Mr. Barton seemed to have committed some gross error of judgment and memory respecting a head-dress he had brought her from London, and a gentle maundering scolding appeared to be the just punishment inflicted. He must have known she never wore that horrid shade of red; it was all very well for coarse skins, but it was downright murder to fair and delicate complexions. What *could* he have been thinking of? Oh dear, it was really *very* vexatious, &c., &c. Philip Fraser at last began vaguely to catch the import of this little discontented, chiding babble, and certainly thought it had a curiously domestic sound—unlike the usual dialogue between doctor and patient.

He had hardly taken note of this, however, when Mr. Barton perceived that he had; and, the clock in the chimney-piece happening to strike eleven, called out to his brother that it was time to go. So

Mr. Wendel Barton left off singing, and Lucy got up from the music-stool suddenly as if a charm had been broken, and the whole party drew together round the fire. The doctor had been paying a distant visit, and had come in his dog-cart; so the bell was rung, and Mr. Barton's carriage and Mr. Fraser's horse were ordered round.

In ten minutes Philip stood in the entrance hall, putting on his overcoat, while Mr. Barton's carriage wheels were grinding down the gravel to the gate. Philip had purposely stayed an instant after the brothers left the room: he hardly knew why, except that he might feel as if Lucy were his own Lucy again, as she had seemed for half those pleasant, undisturbed months since that first September afternoon.

As he was buttoning his coat there came a loud call or scream through the frosty air without—then a distinct though distant crash, and then a noise of rapid galloping hoofs, dying away down the hard high-road, mixed with the excited plunging of Philip's horse held outside. The servant who was standing in the hall flung the door open. The night was brilliantly clear, and the moon nearly full. Some one came running, and staggering as he ran, towards the porch.

It was Mr. Wendel Barton. His hat was gone, his coat in tatters; and as he caught hold of the servant, trembling and shuddering like a terrified woman, they saw by the bright light in the hall that his face and hands were bloody; and he gasped out, pointing back, something about his "brother," and "dead—dead!" But Philip was already halfway down the drive. When he came to the gate the accident that had occurred was visible and comprehensible enough. The horse might have shied, or perhaps have been struck by the gate. It was a wooden one, and smashed; fragments of the dog-cart were scattered about; and under the laurels, just within the grounds, lay Mr. Barton, perfectly motionless, perhaps dead.

Philip had scarcely descried him, however, when Mrs. Vaughan came flying, screaming down the drive; darted past him, and threw herself down by the senseless form, clasping it in her arms. Philip was horror-struck, and forcibly lifting her up, almost roughly desired her for Lucy's sake to recollect herself. He will be pardoned, I hope, for thinking first of the one who was first and dearest in his heart.

The poor frightened woman had lost all self-control, and struggled, and beat his detaining arms, frantically crying that "her Paul was dead—her dearest, dearest Paul!" Luckily, this lasted but a minute; she sank on the ground, breathless and exhausted, just as men and maids came flocking from the house. Lucy ran in advance, with a large shawl for her mother, whom she had seen darting bareheaded out of doors.

By this time the doctor had opened his eyes, and changed his posture a little; probably recalled to life by the affectionate shrieks of the poor lady.

He was presently able to sit up and speak; at once declared that he had only been stunned, and had suffered no material injury whatever; and asked if his brother was safe.

In five minutes he was able to walk to the house. Meanwhile, Philip carefully told Lucy—who, with the maids, was helping to convey her mother home—that Mrs. Vaughan had been very much startled and overcome, which in her invalid state was only natural. Innocent Lucy agreed that it was very natural indeed, and that it was a great risk for poor mamma, who ought to be nursing her cold—and kissed the drooping face tenderly, as they bore her half fainting along.

When Mrs. Vaughan recovered her senses, she found herself lying on her sofa, in the warm drawing-room from whence she had rushed a quarter of an hour before, and Philip beside her. He had sent away Lucy and the servants on some pretext the moment he saw she was reviving. She started up with a half-uttered scream, partly recollecting what had happened, and with the doctor's Christian name and a tender epithet on her lips, but was struck dumb by Philip's warning gesture. He spoke shortly, and not a little sternly:—

“Mr. Barton is nearly well again: he was only stunned: there is nothing the matter with him. Now, Mrs. Vaughan, you had better go to bed and rest yourself.”

She gazed at him half-scared, then fell back, covering her face with her hands, and began to sob. He went out of the room, and sent in her maid and Lucy, recommending the former to get her to bed. Mr. Barton was, in fact, perfectly recovered in half an hour. He had been flung out of the carriage, and lay stunned, luckily out of the reach of further danger. The horse had reared, plunged, kicked, and finally bolted, smashing the gate which Wendel Barton had got out to open, and which he had opened so awkwardly as to strike the animal and cause this catastrophe.

Wendel himself, however, had suffered rather more severely than his brother: one of his arms was bruised and sprained, and his head and hands were slightly cut, in trying either to restrain the horse, or to get out of the way of the gate, the horse, and the dog-cart. The frightened beast, with the carriage wreck at his heels, had most likely been met and cared for by some one on the road long ago; and people were probably engaged by this time in searching for the doctor's mangled body along the highway.

Wendel Barton was still as hysterical as a girl, and his brother was administering something to quiet his nerves, when the Woodside pony-carriage and a Woodside servant came round, according to the doctor's request, to convey them both to Dipplebury.

Philip Fraser saw them off, and then, wishing Lucy good-bye, a little coldly she fancied, got on his horse, and rode home in the contrary direction.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COLONEL AND HIS SON SHAKE HANDS.

NOT that he felt coldly towards her. But Philip was struck with dismay at the sudden and most unwelcome termination of all possible doubt respecting Mrs. Vaughan's moral character. Alas! the Dipplebury scandal was only a libel in proportion to its truth. Lucy's mother probably deserved the worst that was said of her. He was so confounded, and so deeply pained, that his manner to poor Lucy might well chill her by its strangeness. But he had never loved her so dearly, or felt so conscious of his love. For he felt that its fair weather was over, and that storms and dark days were coming for it.

Philip and the colonel lived together as friends, and the son had not contracted this intimacy at Woodside, which he knew to be so vexatious to his father, without doing his best to assuage the good old man's irritation at it. He had frankly declared his purpose and hope to prove the falsity of the Dipplebury scandal. Now that he himself thoroughly perceived how much dearer an interest had crept about his hope, and was blossoming over its ruin, he resolved with the same filial loyalty to avow his love for Lucy to his father; also his intention to win her if he could, and to bring her at once out of that unfitting and dishonoured home.

He made this announcement follow that of his discovery respecting the widow's no longer doubtful relations with the doctor; while he and his father sat over the fire, on the evening of the day after Christmas day.

Colonel Fraser had a noble old heart, only a little cramped by a professional and religious harness buckled all over with illiberal prejudices.

On this Christmas night, when his son took him into his confidence, the aged gentleman flew into a violent rage. Very plainly and roughly he told Philip he would never receive that harlot's daughter as his, nor sanction such a marriage by leaving a sixpence of his money to his son, should he persist in disgracing his name by giving it to a girl picked out of a ditch of infamy. . . . Much more, and worse than that, he said. Philip sat still, and spoke never a word. His pulses throbbed hard, but a good word or two, deep in his heart, helped him to keep silent when silence was the best and softest of answers.

Besides, his father was scolding in broad Scotch—a plain sign he was in a passion. Philip trusted to the reaction of the good old man's better nature, and waited. His patience and filial faith were not thrown away, nor had he long to wait. The colonel had begun to rail at about twenty minutes to ten. He had risen up, his old eyes gleaming, his thin old face scarlet, all but the white seam across the temple; his one hand, that gallant lean old right hand, brought heavily on the table; his worn old voice high and hoarse. . . . The clock outside in the hall struck ten: the colonel mechanically stretched out his hand, and rang the bell.

And then he suddenly remembered what he had rung for ; that it was to summon his little household to family prayer. At once the reaction began : the old man started, then sat down very quietly, his chin on his breast. In a few seconds he held out his one hand to his son. " My boy," said he, " I was wrong ; let us be friends."

And as the door handle was turned by the prim old housekeeper, the colonel and his son loosened a loving grip.

After prayers Philip and his father sat late, and talked together in a good spirit of mutual forbearance. And then, for the first time, Philip heard of that ill-judged will of the rector's, and its fatal conditions. Hitherto, although Philip had been perfectly willing and anxious to speak of the Vaughans, his father had pointedly avoided and discouraged all conversation respecting them. But now, in that eager penitence of a just and generous nature, he spoke freely of matters so near his son's heart, and told him of the terms of that will which he had always sincerely deplored. He was naturally fully cognizant of it, being the guardian of Lucy, appointed by her father in the event of her mother's re-marriage. Of course he referred the immoral life of the widow to the hard conditions and forfeitures of that unfortunate will, when Philip (in his ignorance of these) had naturally expressed surprise that Mr. Barton had not long ago willingly married a well-off, well-looking widow, only a few years older than himself. At first, this mystery seemed to Philip, also, quite cleared up, and the solution of this riddle as simple as it appeared to his father. But as he sat silently thinking it all over, a strange idea occurred to him, and he hastily uttered it.

" Look here, sir ! Suppose, after all, she *is* married all this time, and that fellow won't let her own it ?"

The colonel stared at him, startled, but instantly comprehended.

" You are right," said he, at once. " It is quite possible."

" It's even probable," said Philip, eagerly. " That poor woman is not vicious ; she's only a fool. The apothecary may have been scoundrel enough to cajole her into concealing their marriage for his advantage."

" What sort of fellow is he ?" said the colonel.

" Good-looking, well-mannered, sly-eyed. He must be as mean as he is rascally if he has disgraced his own wife for her money's sake."

" For *Lucy's* money's sake," cried the colonel. " They have both been robbing that poor child all this time."

" Ah !" said Philip, remembering involuntarily how his father had included Lucy in their shame, " that's the least injury they have done her. My poor little innocent Lucy !"

And he felt as if he must go straightway and tear her out in his arms from that evil house, that disloyal mother, and that debased step-father.

" I'll tell you what," cried he,— " I'll get to the bottom of this in twenty-four hours. And, sir, will you let me bring Lucy here to you,

away from them, at once? You are her guardian, you know, if her mother is re-married."

"Bring her!" said the colonel, as warmly as his son. "If her mother's married, Lucy is my ward; if she's not, Woodside is no home for a good girl—that's to be your wife."

And upon that the father and son parted for the night.

CHAPTER V.

"WAS THE DOOR SHUT?"

BUT Philip "proposed" in vain, for Mr. Barton had "disposed" events at Woodside, and so effectually against Philip's purpose, that for a week he saw nothing of Mrs. Vaughan or Lucy. Mrs. Vaughan's cold was very much worse; inflammation of the lungs was hinted at by the doctor, who, planted on the drawing-room hearth-rug, received Philip the day after his conference with his father, and politely and professionally accounted for his patient's non-appearance. Now the colonel and Philip had settled that the latter should first speak in private to Lucy's mother. They thought it the fairest and kindest way; besides that, not being at present in possession of any proofs on which they could act decisively, their best hope lay in reaching the mother's conscience and the mother's heart. Certainly, Mrs. Vaughan's cold could hardly have been cured by her imprudent bare-headed run in the garden that frosty Christmas eve, and Philip could only express civil regret, and a sincere hope for the speedy amendment of her health. Mr. Barton then spoke cursorily of "that little accident which might have been a very serious one;" and gave Philip the gratifying assurance that he himself really felt no ill effects whatever; but that his brother, who had returned from India rather out of condition, had been a good deal shaken;—no important damage, however, thank God! And then slid smoothly off that subject to some other.

Philip had nothing to do but to go; but he first ascertained from the servant who let him out, that Miss Vaughan was with her mother, and could not leave her.

One evening, at the end of a week, Philip was riding home from Dipplebury, through the grey wintry twilight, between four and five o'clock. He walked his horse slowly past the plantation that edged the little Woodside territory, and then, between the black bars of the fir branches, he saw the drawing-room windows shining brightly out, a bow-shot off. He could not resist the strong yearning to ride up to the house on the chance of seeing Lucy's face again, although he had once more called at Woodside in vain, about two hours before. He was off his horse, and had entered the house almost as soon as the servant opened the door, and hastily crossed the hall, turning a deaf ear to a sort of respectful attempt at opposition the man seemed making.

How could he be expected to hear anything but those wedded sounds of Lucy's piano and the deep tender singing of Mr. Wendel Barton, which smote his jealous heart as they poured out, muffled by the well-screened door of the drawing-room?

Within, he beheld indeed the *parti-carré*, looking but too complete and content. There was the mistress of the house, on her accustomed sofa by the fire, appearing much as usual; and there was the doctor in *his* accustomed place opposite, looking very much like the master of the house,—and of its mistress.

And—what Philip saw first—there was Lucy, the crimson rose of pleasure on her cheek fanned by Mr. Wendel Barton's honeyed breath. He leaned beside her, pale and interesting, with plaintive eyes, and his arm in a sling. No one had heard Philip's arrival, through the music, and he could perceive that his appearance was not welcome—except to Lucy, whose frank little face he hoped he had read aright, and whose innocent, pleased eyes seemed, as she came up to him, looking for the pleasure in his own. He thought all the others glanced consciously at each other like guilty conspirators. He soon found that he had no chance of making a step of way in his projects this evening. The early tea came in, and the doctor and his brother were evidently fixtures. Philip knew he should gain nothing by lingering, and should moreover keep the poor old colonel waiting in an agony of punctuality for his dinner. He rose to go, and in shaking hands with Mrs. Vaughan, said to her quite openly, since a private communication was impossible,—

“I am the more glad to see you looking yourself again, that I have to ask you a favour. Let me speak to you on a matter of importance to-morrow, at any hour most convenient to yourself.”

Mrs. Vaughan coloured violently: after a pause she stammered out a reply, which she seemed to have got by rote in expectation of such a request: “Certainly—at three o'clock. I shall be quite disengaged.”

Philip noticed that the doctor had twice been troubled by a short cough before she could get out this matter-of-course answer to his matter-of-fact question. However, he civilly took leave of them all, clasping Lucy's little hand with a tenderness he had no wish to repress or conceal, and went away.

Next day he kept his engagement very exactly, and found, as he had fully expected, the inevitable doctor at his post by his patient. But Mr. Barton instantly, with much courtesy, got up and left the room; hazarding, however, a singular parting glance at the lady on the sofa, which Philip saw, and which the doctor saw that he saw.

Mrs. Vaughan looked exceedingly frightened and unhappy when she found herself alone with Philip. But the latter spoke at once, and to the point, having had ample time to arrange the mode of his attack on the poor feeble, foolish woman.

He instantly avowed his love for her daughter, and his intention of

asking her to be his wife. In a very straightforward way he stated his means and prospects; then added, without more than a momentary pause, "And now I feel that I have the right to speak freely and plainly on a subject I should hardly have ventured to discuss with you under any other circumstances——"

He stopped for an instant, looking down, with a pity that was in his kindly nature, on the visibly alarmed and trembling woman.

"Mr. Vaughan was a dear and good friend of mine," he resumed, in an earnest voice, "whose memory I love and honour very much. I ask, I beg you to respect his name, and not continue to lend it to a disgrace and a cheat;—I entreat you for your own sake, for your child's sake, who must suffer for your fault. You know she must—you know she already suffers. Her mother's shame is her's; the scorn that you must bear, your innocent daughter must bear too. Have you the heart?—no, I think you have not, nor the bad courage to persist in this evil-doing. Oh, for your soul's sake, do not!"

Philip's energy, without harshness, was very persuasive: the poor weak woman had expected to be scourged with good words again, as she had been by her parish priest some years before; in which case she would have sat crying, and not minding so very much. But she had to struggle hard against the influence of Philip's gentleness; faltering piteously,—

"I—I don't know what you mean. How can you speak so to me? I don't know what you mean."—

"Ah, but," said Philip, "you do." Then he added, quickly, "You well know what I mean—*Mrs. Barton!*" She uttered a frightened cry, then stammered,—

"It's not—it's not—it's——How dare you? how dare you? Go—go away, Mr. Fraser."

But he drew a chair near her, sat down, and said gently,—

"I am not judging you; I do believe you have been drawn into this evil-doing by an influence in itself quite natural and blameless. I am not even judging another whose influence has been so misused. His temptation may have been greater than I can appreciate. I only conjure you to repent of this sin, and to prove you do. There is still time to repair the wrong. And, after all, what obstacle can there be? What do you fear? Cannot you trust your own loving child? Oh, trust her, trust us all; above all, trust in God. You will never suffer for a return to truth and right."

The poor woman looked at him, weeping and wistfully. He spoke with such merciful kindness, and pleaded with such loyal earnestness for the right! She wiped her eyes, and perhaps was trying to answer him as he deserved, when the folding-doors opened, and her evil genius appeared.

"What is the matter?" said the doctor, hurrying up to the couch with well-simulated professional alarm. "Pardon me, Mr. Fraser; I knocked, but you did not hear me. I must put in my veto here. Mrs. Vaughan

is in a sadly weak state. This agitation may cost her a very severe attack. I feel responsible for my patient." I wonder if he had been on the other side of those closed folding-doors all the time, and if they really were quite closed! So did Philip.

He got up. "I will leave *Mrs. Barton* in her husband's skilful hands," said he, very distinctly, with irrepressible contempt, and looking him full in the eyes.

Mr. Barton, being probably prepared for this blow, did not flinch. He assumed an air of utter astonishment, so natural that Philip might have been staggered by it; and had not his suspicions received strength almost to confirmation from the very artless dissimulation of Lucy's mother, he might have gone away much doubting their sagacity.

As it was, however, he stopped short, waiting to see if the doctor would follow up the admirable *coup* by some expression of amazement in words.

Mr. Barton saw what he was waiting for, and did not shrink from the tug of war.

"Mr. Fraser," said he, with dignity, "your language and manner are so extraordinary, that I must demand an explanation of them. I trust you are prepared to render it."

"Certainly," said Philip, "I am quite ready to do so."

"But," added the doctor, "my patient here requires my first care, and it is quite impossible that any exciting conversation should be carried on in her presence."

"We can go into the next room," said Philip; "or, as possibly conversation in one room is audible in the other, we can say what we have to say in the garden."

"Just what I was about to propose," said the doctor, politely, but with a tinge of red coming into his face. "I will join you in the shrubbery in a quarter of an hour, if you can wait so long. I must immediately prepare a soothing draught for Mrs. Vaughan, if she will allow me to ring for her medicine-chest."

A SUMMER MORNING IN JULY.

ON a sunny morning of a bright July,
 When a hazy heat-mist veils the clear blue sky,
 Pleasant 'tis to wander far from trim-cut lawn,
 Up the narrow pathway through the standing corn.

Where the glossy fringes of the light oats shiver,
 In the cool east breezes that have kiss'd the river,
 Making light and shadow o'er the rustling grain,
 As the bronzed wheat-ears bend and rise again.

There the crimson poppy nods her glowing crest ;
 There the notch'd corn-bottle suns her deep blue vest ;
 There the pinky bindweed creeps with streakèd bells,
 Almond perfume breathing from its waxen cells.

Butterflies are flitting by on marbled wings,
 Flirting with each other (careless, short-lived things),—
 On the purple clover's honey'd lip they dwell,—
 Golden potentilla,—scarlet pimpernel.

Scarce a spot of verdure on the sloping steep
 Of the turfy uplands, speck'd with browsing sheep ;
 Blinding white the ridges of the chalk glare through
 Burnt and brown grass patches, bushes scant and few.

Hot the feathery grasses yielding 'neath my feet ;
 Languid, drowsy, sultry : sight and sense are heat.

C. R.

A SUMMER EVENING IN JULY.

A CLOUDLESS evening in a bright July,
 The fading rose-tints of a western sky,
 The twilight darkening o'er the bending corn,
 The sleepy flowers that close their eyes till morn;
 The fine-drawn threads of cordage floating by,
 From some aërial spider sent, to try
 The airy current that will lightly waft
 The woven gossamer, his fairy craft;
 The gnats that wheel in most fantastic flight,
 The twinkling emerald of the glow-worm's light;
 The hills of pallid purple in the north,
 Above whose brows the faint small stars shine forth,
 But hide again, as from her hazy veil
 Óf eastern mists the yellow moon doth sail
 Into full clearness of the deep blue sky,
 Her gold to molten silver turn'd thereby;
 And as she rises solemnly and slow,
 The dusky woods mysterious shadows throw
 Upon our homeward path. Pause at the gate;
 There sails the noiseless bat—it is not late;
 The moon from yon black cloud's malignant spell
 Slips, like a lucid pearl from dark sea-shell
 Into a tranquil sea. Ah! Love, one kiss
 Is all too little on a night like this!

C. R.

AMONG THE HOPS.

THE traveller who happens to pass by night, during the month of August over the districts near Maidstone, Farnham, or Rochester, or, in fact, over many parts of Kent, will find his attention frequently drawn to a number of bright blazing fires, around which are encampments and groups of people evidently making themselves very comfortable in a gipsy fashion. Scarcely a mile can be passed without seeing at least two or three of these fires. The traveller by either road or rail might imagine that he had suddenly entered a manufacturing district, and that the fires were thus scattered over the country. These bivouacs, however, are those of the hoppers, and very picturesque they look, when seen either from a distance or near.

It may easily be imagined, when such scenes as the above abound in the country, that the "hopping" is a memorable period in the epoch of a rustic's life. Much joviality exists during the harvest, many strange acquaintances are made, and the encampment yields a fine study for either the artist or collector of tales, for the majority of these encampments have been formed by strangers, visitors from all parts, Whitechapel and Seven Dials supplying a fair sprinkling.

We lately visited the hop district of Kent, and were much interested with what we saw and heard. By night the scene was wild in the extreme, but by day it was most picturesque. Whole families were employed in picking, and we were reminded of the importance of this business by finding almost all the family events referred to it, or to that of the previous year.

"A fine boy that of yours," we remarked to a blooming country dame; "how old is he?"

"He was born, sir, two months before last hopping."

"And how old are you my little girl?"

"Seven last hopping."

These and several other similar remarks showed us how important was the season of hop-picking to the rural population of the district in which hops are grown. This most probably arises from the fact, that whilst tolerably skilled labour is required for mowing, haymaking, and other portions of the harvest, the veriest child with a pair of hands can do something in the way of hop-picking.

We must own to having a certain partiality to the flavour of malt and hops, and we therefore regarded with a kindly eye the hop on its native ground; but we were actually shocked when we found how ignorant we were upon many particulars connected with the growth, culture, and preparation of the article before it added its flavour to our beer. The language, too, in which matters connected with hops is discussed is one that we will venture to assert is unintelligible to ninety per cent. of the readers

of this periodical, and we therefore venture to give the result of our experience connected with hops. First, however, for a specimen of hop language.

“*Your hops are looking very well.*”

“Some of ’em be, sur,—only some. Them under the loo there be good; them’s Goldings; but the Grapes yonder isn’t as good. They won’t be in condition for a week yet, but they be better than they war. When I see’d the burr I feared we shouldn’t have no hops at all, but I think I shall get nigh by eleven ’undred now. You see, I four poles ’em. There’s plenty of haulm there, sir.”

This speech probably to many of our readers may not be intelligible, but it is quite so to every picker of hops, and we will endeavour to clear up its mysteries at a future page. We will now describe the early history of the hop.

The hop is supposed to be a plant indigenous to England, but about the year 1525 it was brought from Flanders, where it had been then largely cultivated. It is now grown in abundance in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and in less quantities in Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Essex, and other counties. In Bavaria, Belgium, America, and Australia, it is also grown.

It is generally supposed that the hop is very exhaustive to the soil, and it is therefore only grown on the best soil. In the neighbourhood of Farnham in Kent the hops are particularly good; the coprolites or phosphoric nodules being there found in abundance, and these are well known in the manure market. The richest manure is also used to dress the land, this being generally considered essential. There are, however, some cultivators who do not agree with this opinion: they affirm that an excess of rich manure does not increase the quantity of hop, but merely that of the *bine*; and that plenty of air, sun, and showers, are the essentials to produce good and plentiful hops.

The hop is grown from settings which are cut from an old plant. These are placed in the ground which has been previously prepared for them. During the first year the “*bine*” does not usually bear any hops; it is, however, tied up to small poles, this labour being performed by women about the month of May.

In the month of November the hops are planted in “*hills*,” about six or seven feet apart, and in rows, so that when trained up on to the poles they form regular lines. During the second year the settings sometimes produce a few hops, but it is not until the third year that they are “*full-poled*” and bear a full crop.

There are several important matters to be attended to in preparing the ground, and in planting out the settings. It is essential that the ground should be thoroughly drained, for without this a good crop of hops is almost impossible. A certain number of male plants ought also to be planted with the others, as this proceeding is found to give the hops an extra

weight and a superior quality, and to bring them earlier to maturity. Then there is the tying of the bine in May, and in June they are earthed up, or "hilled."

According to the kind of hop, so the poles are long or short. Some hops require poles fifteen or sixteen feet long, whilst others will be sufficiently poled with those ten or twelve feet in length. Poling the hops is one of the many expenses connected with the cultivation of this plant, for the poles do not last long, but some become rotten, about one-third new poles being required each year. This outlay might be considerably reduced if the farmer took the precaution of soaking his poles in pyroligneous acid, which is an excellent anti-dry-rot. The acid can be obtained almost at a nominal rate from any charcoal maker, and by its aid poles might be made to last much longer than at present.

The hop most commonly grown in Kent is the "Grape." The "Goldings" and "Jones" are also largely cultivated. Each of these varieties is suited to peculiar soils and localities; in some instances the Grape flourishes where Goldings will not succeed.

Should the season prove favourable, hop-picking commences about September. The hop should then be in "condition;" that is, upon examining the interior of the flower or calyx of the hop, a small kind of yellow powder is found adhering to the petals; according to the amount of this powder, so is the hop said to be in good condition or otherwise. The yellow powder is the valuable part of the hop, and weighs about one-eighth of the hop. A volatile, colourless oil is obtained from the powder when it is distilled in water to the amount of about two per cent. About fifty-two per cent. of the powder is a sort of resin, soluble in alcohol, and the watery solution from which the resin has been separated is a peculiarly bitter compound termed lupuline. This lupuline when purified yields about ten per cent., and supplies the bitter flavour of the hop.

The success of the hop depends so much upon the weather, that the farmer who speculates in hops watches with great interest every change. Hops are even more sensitive than wheat or fruit, and thus four or five days of unsuitable weather may entirely spoil the whole crop. It is almost impossible to tell from the early appearance of the plant whether there will be a good crop, for a sudden change may be produced by even a few days' wind or rain. The "burr," however, is anxiously watched during July and August, the burr being the flower in its undeveloped state. If the burr be fine, the hop ought also to be, provided all other things prove favourable. Owing to the long-continued drought during the present year, there was a general impression that the hop crop would be a failure; but the sudden change that occurred about the middle of April entirely altered the state of affairs, and there is now quite an average crop, if not one rather above the average.

Hops have many enemies besides the teetotaller; these are termed the fly, lice, &c. The little ladybird is, however, a great friend to the hop, as

she feeds on the insect which is bent upon destroying the hop. The great enemy of the hop is the *Aphis humuli*, an abundance of which will destroy entirely the crops, and render them unfit, or not worth picking.

When the hops are found to be in condition, and therefore fit to pick, the "hoppers" assemble in great numbers. In some districts, where hops are not grown in very large quantities, there is sufficient local labour to accomplish the work, but in other places the demand exceeds far the supply; and when this is the case, visitors from all parts come to work. These visitors cannot afford lodgings even were there lodgings for them; they therefore camp out in a rough and ready manner, and migrate with the hop harvest. All hop-picking is done by piecework, and each pair of hands can clear from one shilling to eighteenpence or two shillings a day. When, then, a whole family work—and the employment is not a laborious one—a money harvest may be made during the gathering.

To enable the pickers to gather the hops, the bine is cut off at about a foot above the ground, the poll is pulled up and laid down near the pickers, who gather the hops and throw them into a basket. Any visitor to a hop-picking is expected to allow his feet to be wiped, and to pay his "footing," a trifling tax which the visit is well worth, for there are few more picturesque sights than a hop-picking. The hops themselves arranged in rows, some of the poles leaning one way, others in an opposite direction; the bine hanging gracefully downwards, and the rich yellow flowers growing in clusters, afford a very pretty sight; but when in addition a number of quaintly-attired rustic females, from the ancient grandma' to the last toddler, are grouped together as a foreground, the whole scene is one to be remembered with pleasure.

When the hops have been picked, the *haulm* is stripped from the poles, and is sometimes used for bedding; it not unusually, however, serves to boil the kettle of the visitor to hopping, for when it has been exposed for a few days to the heat of the sun it makes very good fuel.

We before remarked that the hop crop is a very uncertain one; sometimes the hop is not worth picking. The crop may yield about eight hundred pounds weight per acre, or as much as fifteen hundredweight may be obtained. Several instances have occurred where the yield is above a ton per acre.

It will be evident that, in consequence of the uncertainty in the amount of the crop, hop-growing is a sort of speculation. The cost of farming ground for hops, including the rent, is about £50 or £60 per acre. The price of hops in the market varies from about £5 to £8 per hundredweight; taking £6 10s. as the mean price, it would therefore be necessary to grow over nine hundredweight per acre in order to insure a profit. When, however, a ton per acre is obtained, the gain is very considerable; for the expense in cultivation is no greater than when the crop is small, and the trifling additional sum paid for picking is not worth considering. Taking the same prices as before, a ton per acre would give a profit of about £130

per acre—a gain not easily obtainable by any other description of crop. Hence hop-growing is something like gambling, or at the least is uncertain in its results. The most cautious farmers do not cultivate more than a small portion of their ground for hops: it ought not be their main chance, but a kind of crop which, if it fail, is of no very great consequence; but if it prove successful, will bring in a very acceptable addition;—in fact, it should be used as a walking-stick, not as a crutch.

As soon as the hops are picked they are taken to the *oast*-house to be dried. We will visit the *oast*-house, and examine the process of drying.

On the ground-floor is the kiln, a circular mass of brickwork in which are four flues, the fuel being a composition of Welsh coal and wood. A man, who is reported to us as “clever at keeping the fires burning,” superintends these fires, and does not seem more oppressed with the heat than the attendant at a Turkish bath. From estimation we should place the heat around this kiln at about 120° Fahrenheit.

Upon ascending a ladder we see a mass of hops lying on the floor of a loft; these have just been dried, and amount to a “pocket,”—this being one of the quantities in which hops are sold; a “pocket” consisting of a hundredweight and a quarter, whilst a “bag” is two hundredweight and a half.

A small door in the side of the building is then opened to show us another pocket of hops, which are being dried. The hops are spread loosely over the kiln on a large bag or matting of hair; they are about one foot deep, and are surmounted by a wavy glimmer of heat. A strong bitter flavour comes from them, which, as the owner sniffs, he assures us indicates “prime condition.”

Upon inquiry we find that the hop is allowed to remain about twelve hours over the kiln, when it is usually sufficiently dried; but it is known when the drying has proceeded far enough by an examination of the stem, for if this stem appears at all “gouty,” it requires more drying, this “gouty” look being an indication to softness and swelling in the stem of the flower. When fit for packing, the stem is hard, dry, and very brittle, breaking with the slightest pressure of the nail.

After the drying is finished the hops are spread out on the floor until they begin slightly to heat; they are then “bagged,” an operation which must be most carefully accomplished. The hops are thrown into a bag in successive layers, which are carefully pressed down, in order to exclude the air. After this pressure, which is usually accomplished by a man who stands in the bag, a press is used to pack them more closely. They are then ready for sale, and the farmer must either look out for a purchaser, or, as is usually the case, he has a factor with whom he regularly deals.

In this, as in almost all the trades, there are many go-betweens between the producer and the consumer. The farmer can or does rarely deal with the brewer for his hops, but between them there is a factor who makes his profits out of the transaction.

Formerly the duty on hops was twopence per pound and five per cent. additional, but this has now been abolished. It was then very easy to know how many pounds of hops were grown, and how many acres of ground were under cultivation; now no statistics will give these items accurately. In order, however, to show the variability in the crops of hops, we have but to refer to official records, and we there find that in 1851 there were under cultivation for hops 43,244 acres, and the pounds produced were 27,042,919, or a little over 620 pounds per acre—a *bonâ fide* case for the farmer to grumble upon. In the previous year, however (1850), there were only 43,125 acres under cultivation, and no less than 48,537,669 pounds of hops were produced, giving an average of over 1,100 pounds per acre. The year 1852 was equally as good, the average per acre being slightly higher.

According to the fancy of the farmer or the success which has attended his labours, so a large or small portion of ground is allotted to hops; from 1848 to 1853 the average was about 45,000 acres, but in 1837 there were about 56,000 acres cultivated; at the present time the average is probably far greater.

During late years foreign hops have been largely used by brewers, but it is believed that they do not possess so fine a flavour as the English; the principal defect is said to be in the drying and packing, so that when more competent hands are employed at this work they will probably be found most serious rivals to those of English growth. It is found also that a mixture of hops can be made without damaging the liquor resulting therefrom, one kind of hop giving the bitter, whilst a certain flavour is afforded by the other.

In the Indian, Pale, or Burton ale, hops are largely used, these descriptions requiring more than double the quantity allowed for the average kind, as much as twenty pounds of hops being employed per quarter of malt.

We have seen vineyards in various parts of the world, and were disappointed with the sight; corn-fields ripe and golden are certainly pleasant to the eyes of the observer, as well as to those of the farmer; but certainly the most graceful of agricultural products is the hop; and as we listened to the at first mysterious terms of *bine* and *haulm*, *burr*, *condition*, *gouty*, *grape*, and *golding*, we unhesitatingly declared (and at the same time puzzled, our agricultural guide), that we greatly admired in its various states the female catkin of the *Humulus lupulus* of the Linnæan order *Diœcia Pentandria*.

A. W. DRAYSON, R.A.

JOHN CLARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING its generally soft undulating landscape, ancient mansions, and historical associations, Northamptonshire has been singularly barren of poets—John Dryden and John Clare being its only names of note, unless we include those of William Lisle Bowles, of King's Sutton, and one or two other minor votaries of the muse. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the productions of Dryden and Clare, a contrast so marked and vivid as to leave few points of resemblance between the two poets. Dryden was vigorous, authoritative, yet formal withal; Clare was timid, delicate, and natural, even to a fault. Although living at different epochs, each represented two phases of our poetical literature,—Dryden belonging to the school in which verse was made the vehicle for inculcating strong religious or political doctrines, while Clare inclined to that of which Wordsworth may be regarded as the true leader—a school in which the charms of nature are sung in simple and unpretending verse. But who was John Clare? The ignorance of the present generation respecting the once popular poet is perfectly natural and excusable, considering how long he had been as one dead to the world, taking no pains or unable to inform his admirers that he still lingered amongst them—living yet dead, dead yet living!

Some forty years since, the readers of the *Quarterly Review* were startled by the appearance of a long and laudatory article, in which the poetical productions of a young, poor, and self-taught rustic were extolled to the skies as prodigies of genius. Coming as this eulogium did so speedily after the severe criticisms passed by the same publication on the poetical efforts of poor Keats, it naturally awakened the interest and curiosity of the literary world. At that time the tribe of Lydia Whites and Leo Hunters were more numerous than at present, and “patronizing” was a fashion which had not fallen out of vogue. The advent of John Clare was a complete God-send to these people, who, like Byron, wanted a hero, and the consequence was, that the young labourer was brought up to the metropolis, paraded through the drawing-rooms and *salons* of St. James's, and bepraised, lionized, and *fêted*, until his name and history were in every one's mouth. Nor was the story of his life devoid of interest. Born in 1793, at Helpstone, near Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, John Clare had, from his earliest infancy, tasted of the bitterness and sorrow which so frequently fall to the share of the lower class of agricultural labourers. Parker and Ann Clare, the parents of John, like most others of their order, were extremely poor, and the addition of the future poet to their household certainly did not add to their stock of worldly wealth. They had to labour hard for the means of subsistence, and the infant days of Clare were passed amid scenes of misery, and even destitution, which were never effaced from his memory. Clare's parents were, however, for their

station in life, very respectable people ; his mother, many of whose characteristics he appears to have inherited, being a woman of much natural ability and modest deportment. To the influence exercised by her on the character of Clare may be attributed much of the healthy sentiment so conspicuous in his verses. The affection entertained by him towards her has more than once afforded a subject for the exercise of his poetical powers, of which the subjoined may be taken as a fair specimen :—

“ With filial duty I address thee, mother,
 Thou dearest tie which this world’s wealth possesses ;
 Endearing name, no language owns another
 That half the tenderness and love expresses.
 The very word itself breathes the affection
 Which heaves the bosom of a luckless child,
 To thank thee for that care and that protection
 Which once, where fortune frowns, so sweetly smiled.
 Ah ! oft fond memory leaves its pillow’d anguish,
 To think, when in thy arms, my sleep was sound ;
 And now my startled tear oft views thee languish,
 And fain would drop its honey in the wound ;
 But I am doom’d the sad reverse to see,
 Where the worst pain I feel is loss of helping thee.”

Considering the poverty of Clare’s parents, and the absence of those educational facilities now, happily, so frequent in the agricultural districts, it seems strange that Clare should have managed to acquire even the commonest rudiments of learning ; nevertheless, he did so. After being a “ bird-scarer ” in the fields, he was raised to the high rank and dignity of plough-boy, his duty being to lead the foremost horse of the team, although his little hands could scarcely reach the animal’s head. When he was a little older, his father made a small flail for him, and by dint of much over-work—none the less laborious that his constitution was extremely weak and delicate—he managed to save a few pence, with which he procured a little desultory education. This, however, to one of Clare’s stamp, was enough. When he had once placed his foot on the ladder, he would not take it off again. As in the case of many other self-educated men, the very difficulties which stood in his way only redoubled his eagerness to overcome them. And he *did* conquer them ; but the struggle was a long, painful, and weary one. More than once he felt his spirit giving way, and seemed inclined to relinquish the contest ; but nature triumphed, for Clare could no more help singing than could the birds whose music enlivened his daily toil. “ Robinson Crusoe ” was one of the first books that fell in his way, until—when about thirteen years of age—one of his companions showed him an old tattered copy of Thomson’s “ Seasons,” the perusal of which so worked upon his imagination that he desired to procure a copy for his own use. Accordingly he managed to save a shilling, and such was his eagerness to possess the work, that he rose at daybreak and walked to Stamford, some six or seven miles distant, arriving there long before any

of the shops were opened. This proved the commencement of his poetical career; for as he passed homewards through the magnificent scenery of Burghley Park, his thoughts shaped themselves into verse, and occasioned his first production, the "Morning Walk." This was followed by the "Evening Walk," and subsequently by others. In the composition of these pieces he received not the slightest assistance from any one, while very few books were within his reach, so that these poems may justly be regarded as the natural productions of a really gifted mind struggling with the fetters which encumbered it. But Clare had many home-troubles to contend with. His father became a helpless cripple, and had to submit to the degradation against which he had so long bravely but fruitlessly fought—the acceptance of pauper relief. How deeply this circumstance was felt by John may be inferred from the lines, in which he says,—

" Oh, may I die before I'm doom'd to seek
That last resource of hope, but ill-supplied,
To claim the humble pittance once a week,
Which justice forces from disdainful pride."

On the youthful poet fell the duty of earning the family income—no easy thing, considering the delicacy of his frame and the severity of the labour required of him; but there was no alternative, the poor cannot be choosers, and so Clare had to undergo daily a terrible amount of bodily torture for wages which scarcely enabled the luckless family to keep body and soul together. He was one of the very last persons whom a superficial observer would have selected as possessing the requisites of a true poet. Uncouth in language and demeanour, and miserably clothed, this poor and lowly tiller of the soil seemed to differ in nowise from the thousands who plodded on in a similar grade; nevertheless, he uncomplainingly persevered, and with lofty but unconscious heroism, managed to keep the wolf of poverty from the door of his parents. Many of his earlier poems were composed on the spur of the moment, while in the open air; and as his memory was somewhat treacherous, he sometimes committed them to paper, his hat forming a desk. But his orthography and penmanship being none of the best, he frequently found it somewhat difficult to decipher the pieces thus written. Even then the dangers of his productions were not at an end. Those which escaped this fate were placed in a hole in the cottage wall, where they soon found that they had been preserved from Charybdis only to perish on Scylla; for whenever Clare's mother required a piece of paper with which to light the fire, the hole in the wall furnished an inexhaustible supply. This will explain the reason why so few of the poet's earlier pieces have been preserved.

In 1817, Clare entered the service of a lime-burner at Great Casterton, in Rutlandshire, where he became acquainted with his future wife—"Patty of the Vale"—for whom he learned to cherish a pure and undivided affection, which existed to his death. While in this employmen

he became seized with a fit of poetic ambition, which has been related by him with a charming simplicity. He determined to publish—poor, friendless, and unknown as he was—a volume of poems. In his enthusiastic ardour, he under-estimated the difficulties which would beset his path, and indulged in bright visions of a time when the world would discover in him something more than a mere lime-burner or farm-labourer. By dint of long and repeated efforts, he managed to save a sovereign, a wonderful sum in his eyes, with which he had a prospectus printed. All seemed plain sailing now, but Clare found that the calm was worse than the storm, for after distributing his prospectuses he found that he had only obtained *seven* subscribers. Taking compassion on his disappointment, Mr. Henson, a bookseller of Market Deeping, kindly offered to bring out the volume for fifteen pounds, subsequently lowering his offer to ten pounds; but Clare did not possess a single penny, much less ten pounds. One of Clare's prospectuses, however, fell into the hands of a bookseller at Stamford, who forwarded it to Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, publishers, of Fleet Street, who were then issuing many of the principal poetical works of the day. This proved the turning-point in Clare's life. The publishers gave him twenty pounds for the copyright of the volume, which was speedily issued from the press, and almost immediately attracted the attention of the *Quarterly Review*, *New Monthly Magazine*, and other influential organs of public opinion. As if conscious of the mistake made in the case of Keats, the *Quarterly Review* took up the productions of Clare, and warmly recommended them to the attention of the literary world. "Here," said the *Reviewer*, "are no tawdry and feeble paraphrases of former poets; no attempts at describing what the author *might* have become acquainted with in his limited reading: the woods, the vales, the brooks,—

‘The crimson spots
I’ the bottom of the cowslip,’—

or the loftier phenomena of the heavens, contemplated through the alternations of hope and despondency, are the principal sources whence the youth, whose adverse circumstances, and resignation under them, extort our sympathy, drew the faithful pictures before us. Examples of minds highly gifted by nature, struggling with and breaking through the bondage of adversity, are not rare in this country; but privation is not destitution; and the instance before us is perhaps one of the most striking, of patient and persevering talent existing and enduring in the most forlorn and seemingly hopeless condition that literature has at any time exhibited."

Such language as this naturally occasioned a demand for the poems, which had a large sale, and amply repaid the publishers for the boldness of their venture. But it did more than this. It awakened public sympathy on Clare's behalf, and led to many friends and patrons coming forward for the purpose of raising a fund to enable the poet to quit the

more arduous routine of his daily labour, and devote a little more time to his literary efforts. The local gentry invited Clare to their mansions and residences, and vied with each other in testifying their appreciation of his literary merits. While at Burghley House, the Marquis of Exeter told him that as he—the poet—appeared, by working every day, to earn about thirty pounds per annum, he would allow him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life, so that he might be enabled, without injury to his income, to devote half of his time to literary composition. Earl Fitzwilliam also aided the fortunate votary of song, by sending one hundred pounds to Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, to be used for the benefit of Clare. To the sum thus sent, the publishers added another of like amount, which became the nucleus of a fund to which liberal contributions were made by Prince Leopold, Earl Spencer, and many of the principal local nobility and gentry, the sum thus raised being ultimately sufficient to procure Clare an income of forty-five pounds per annum. Meanwhile the poems were passing through a fourth edition; one of the songs in which, having been set to an air by Rossini, became popular through the whole country. It was as follows :—

“ Here we meet too soon to part,
 Here to leave will raise a smart,
 Here I'll press thee to my heart,
 Where none have place above thee.

“ Here I vow to love thee well,
 And, could words unseal the spell,
 Had but language strength to tell,
 I'd say how much I love thee.

“ Here the rose that decks the door,
 Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,
 Here the willow on the moor,
 The birds at rest above thee.

“ By the night-sky's purple ether,
 And by even's sweetest weather,
 That oft has bless'd us both together—
 The moon that shines above thee,

“ And shows thy beauteous cheek so blooming,
 And by pale age's winter coming,
 The charms and casualties of woman,
 I will for ever love thee.”

The minor organs of the literary world took up the cue from the *Quarterly Review* and *New Monthly Magazine*, and rang the praises of the poet almost threadbare; the result being that, as before stated, he was invited to the metropolis for the purpose of being courted and *fêted* by his admirers. The labourer's coarse fustian jacket and heavy boots were exchanged for the dress-coat and drawing-room pumps; while, instead of

wielding the spade or flail, his fingers became familiar with the snuff-box and the toothpick : but all the attempts of his patrons to polish the rustic and uncouth demeanour of Clare utterly failed. He remained a rough diamond to the last. The late Rev. Thomas James, in his article on Northamptonshire, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, stated that Clare “felt ill at ease in his unnatural position ; talked but little, and when dinner was over, and he wished to change the scene—to the utter discomfiture of his host, and of the ladies waiting in delightful expectation in the drawing-room above,—he would rise without ceremony, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, say, ‘Well, I’ll goo;’ and ‘goo’ he did accordingly.” The fashionables of the day, however, professed to discover merely the “eccentricities of genius” in the rustic uncouthness and unintelligible provincialisms of the poet. They continued to run after him, and no drawing-room was considered to be complete unless he was included amongst the literary “lions” present. Another volume of Clare’s appeared about this time, and the editors of “Annals” and “Keepsakes” were not slow in soliciting contributions from the newly risen star. Altogether, the prospects of the poet seemed to be unusually brilliant. It was then he began to think of changing his condition ! Through the kindness of his friends, the position of Clare’s parents had been much ameliorated, and his cares on their account decreased. No wonder that he thought of marrying, or that he carried his wishes into effect. The object of his choice—“Patty of the Vale,” and “The Rosebud in Humble Life”—was Martha Turner, the daughter of a cottager residing at Walkherd Lodge ; and after the marriage, the poet and his wife dwelt for a short time with old Mr. and Mrs. Clare at Helpstone, after which they removed to Northborough. The circumstances connected with this removal have never been made fully public, but it is certain that Clare left with a heavy heart his native village of Helpstone, and in his last published volume—“The Rural Muse”—he thus bewailed the change :—

“I’ve left my own old home of homes,
 Green fields and every pleasant place ;
 The summer like a stranger comes,
 I pause, and hardly know her face.

“I miss the hazel’s happy green,
 The bluebell’s quiet hanging blooms,
 Where envy’s eye is never seen,
 Where tongue of malice never comes.

* * * *

“Alone ! and in a stranger scene,
 Far, far from spots my heart esteems—
 The closes with their ancient green,
 Heaths, woods, and pastures, running streams.

“The hawthorns here are hung with May,
 But still they look of duller green;
 The sun e'en seems to lose its way,
 Nor knows the quarter it is in.”

The “Poems of Rural Life,” which had introduced Clare to the public, were followed in 1821 by the “Village Minstrel, and other Poems;” “The Shepherd’s Calendar,” 1827; and the “Rural Muse,” 1835. The “Village Minstrel” was a poetical embodiment of Clare’s own history, and became very popular; but the Muse is a jealous mistress, one who claims an undivided allegiance on the part of her disciples. Clare soon found that he must either give up poetry, or he would find the possession of his small farm avail him but little. He became moody and despondent, lingering in the fields or roaming through the woods, when he should have been looking after the cultivation of the few acres rented by him; yet none dreamed of the terrible calamity which was impending. One source of disquietude to Clare was the growing indifference of the public respecting his poems; they were praised as usual, but the sales became less in number with each issue. Perhaps this was due to the fact—highly creditable to the poet—that with improved fortunes came increased taste and polish on his part, which occasioned his later poems to lose much of that *naïve* expression so conspicuous in his earlier efforts. The result is soon told; Clare became insane! He was placed in a lunatic asylum at Peckham or Epping, where he remained for several months, after which he made his escape, and passing through a series of strange adventures, managed to reach, in a helpless and weary state, the old cottage at Northborough. The story of Clare’s escape was soon made known, and measures were taken for reconveying him to the asylum; but such was his dread of the place, that his wife refused her consent to his being taken back, and declared her intention of keeping him at home. For three years the heroic woman managed to fulfil her self-imposed task, but at the end of that time, poor Clare’s malady developed itself with redoubled intensity, and it was found necessary to remove him to the Northamptonshire County Lunatic Asylum, where he remained until the period of his decease, which occurred a few weeks since.

The insanity of Clare was peculiar; indeed, some have doubted that he was really insane. “It is not to be supposed,” says one of his biographers, “that the mind has really tottered from its throne; the fact appears to be, that the body is too weak for the mind.” Miss Mitford, in her “Recollections of a Literary Life,” has given some account of the poet and his hallucinations, which seem to have been of a harmless character. N. P. Willis, and other literary characters, have also described their visits to him. “It was one of his pleasant delusions,” observes a writer, in a footnote, in one of the local papers, “to tell us that Lord Byron reviewed him in the *Quarterly Review*, devoting no less than five-and-twenty pages to praises of his poetry. The fancy had its origin,” adds the writer,

"doubtless in a vague remembrance of Byron's influence with Gifford, the editor of the *Review*." He professed to be acquainted with Shakspeare, Milton, and other luminaries of literature, and to have held converse with them. Such was the marvellous power of his imagination, especially with respect to what is termed "local colouring," that an air of truth and reality seemed to pervade the whole of his narratives. He formed from books his ideas of departed geniuses, and then believed his knowledge to have been gained, not by reading, but from personal acquaintance with them. Amid all his delusions, he, however, retained to the last the strong and all-powerful love of nature which is so evident in his earlier efforts. We know of few, if any, parallel instances of such an intense passion for the green fields, murmuring brooks, solemn woods, and other accessories of rural scenery, unless, indeed, we except the case of Burns, between whose genius and that of Clare there exists a remarkable degree of affinity.

Some few months since, we visited the asylum, where we found him in a large and comfortable-looking apartment. He was seated at a window, intently perusing a volume from the library. The window looked out into the garden, and as the sunlight streamed on the poet's features, we could not help noticing how kindly time had dealt with him. His fine, fresh-coloured, and well-formed countenance impressed us much in his favour, an impression which was not decreased by the intimation that he was one of the most harmless and docile patients in the establishment; but it was in vain that we strove to arrest his attention; he merely looked at us with a vacant gaze for a moment, and then went on reading his book. In his lucid moments he showed that he had not lost the power of composition; indeed, many of his most pleasing and touching little poems have been composed whilst in the asylum. In one he says,—

"I found the poems in the fields,
And only wrote them down,"—

while in another he tells us of the nightingale, and after describing its haunts, says,—

"I love the poet of the woods,
And love to hear her sing,
That, with the cuckoo, brings the love
And music of the spring.

"Man goes by art to foreign lands,
With shipwreck and decay;
Birds go with nature for their guide,
And God directs their way."

But a time came when the pen was to be utterly cast aside, and when it was too evident that the physical powers of the poet were slowly wearing out. "For several years previous to 1860," says a local paper, "he had not written a line; he would say, 'I have forgotten how to write,' and 'I'll write no more.'" In the spring of 1860, however, he was per-

sualed to take to his pen again. The first production was a sheet full of grotesque heads, no two alike. He then, after many protestations that he had forgotten how to write, produced the "Daisy" and the "Address to John Clare." The former of these was published a year or two back, in *Once a Week*, the other we subjoin,—

"TO JOHN CLARE.

"WELL, honest John, how fare you now at home?
 The spring is come, and birds are building nests;
 The old cock-robin to the sty is come,
 With olive feathers and ruddy breasts.
 And the old cock, with wattles and red comb,
 Struts with the hens, and seems to like some best,
 Then crows, and looks about for little crumbs
 Swept out by little folks an hour ago.
 The pigs sleep in the sty: the book-man comes—
 The little boy lets home-close nesting go,
 And pockets tops and taws, where daisies bloom,
 To look at the new number just laid down,
 With lots of pictures, and good stones too,
 And 'Jack the Giant-Killer's' high renown."

In May, the same year, he produced the following sonnet, recently published in the *Northampton Herald*:—

"ON A LANE IN SPRING.

"A LITTLE lane, the brook runs close beside,
 And spangles in the sunshine, while the fish glide sweetly by;
 And hedges leafing with the green spring tide:
 From out their greenery the old birds fly,
 And chirp and whistle in the morning sun:
 The pilewort glitters 'neath the pale blue sky,
 The little robin has its nest begun,
 And grass-green linnets round the bushes fly.
 How mild the spring comes in! The daisy buds
 Lift up their golden blossoms to the sky.
 How lovely are the pingles and the woods!
 Here a beetle runs, and there a fly
 Rests on the arum leaf in bottle green,
 And all the spring in this green lane is seen."

Considering that when Clare penned these pieces he had been for eighteen years an inmate of the lunatic asylum, the almost childish love of nature and truth of description is remarkable; but Clare's powers were fast waning, and he again refused to resume his pen. About six months ago, however, he penned a few lines in the old manner; but the attempt only showed the rapid decay of his physical energies. He became too feeble to walk, and a wheel-chair was prepared for him, in which he was taken about the grounds attached to the asylum, the last time he visited

the garden being on Good Friday in this year. Until within three days of his death he might frequently be found at the window where we first beheld him, and where he would sit for hours silently gazing on the grassy lawn and richly foliaged trees. On the 18th of last May, Clare found himself unable, by reason of a paralytic seizure, to leave his bed. The end of the drama was rapidly approaching. For three days he lingered on, and then died without a struggle, as if merely going to sleep,—thus, at the age of seventy-four, terminating a life in which the glimpses of sunshine were few and far between. After Clare's death, preparations were made for the interment of his body in Helpstone churchyard, in pursuance of the desire repeatedly expressed by him when alive. Intelligence of his death was also forwarded to Mrs. Clare, who resided at Northborough; but by some mischance the letter was not received by her until the morning of the day appointed for the funeral. She, however, with a son and daughter, managed to be at the sad ceremony; but it was evident that the sudden shock had completely unnerved her. She thought of the happy days, "long, long, ago," when poor Clare made her the theme of his simple and unpretending strains, and sang her praise in softly flowing verse. Poor creature! she had long expected the blow, but when the time came, she found it was hard to bear. She knew nothing but what was good of her husband, whose domestic virtues afforded the truest test of his guileless and worthy nature. A handsome sepulchral monument is to be erected in Helpstone Church, to the memory of the deceased poet; but we trust that, in honouring the dead, the living will not be forgotten, for the widow of Clare has a claim on our sympathy which deserves attention. The cottage at Northborough, in which she resides, still presents the same appearance that it did twenty-two years since, when Clare amused himself with the violin, which yet hangs on the wall, or read the books which are even now placed as he himself placed them before his reason had become clouded with the darkness of insanity. To those who admire an earnest love of nature, expressed in simple yet appropriate language, breathing a pure and reverent spirit, touching from its utter simplicity, the poems of John Clare will always be welcome; and should they be published in a collected shape, there will be few bookshelves on which their presence will be unknown.

JOHN PLUMMER.

MRS. ADMIRAL WESTROPP.

It was sixteen years since, in the bright spring weather of 1848, that I became vicar of Kingsford. The living was in the gift of my college—Hogginarmour Hall, Oxford,—and the senior fellows had rejected the benefice with some scorn. There were better things belonging to the Hall, which must in time fall vacant, such as Weighbury-cum-Sockhurst, or Market Hatchford—"nine hundred pounders," so styled, with good rectorial houses; and until Market Hatchford or Weighbury-cum-Sockhurst should be ready for a new incumbent, Dr. Beeswing, Mr. Cumberland, and the other ancients, preferred their common room. In my case it was different. I had Carry's happiness to think of as well as my own. Poor dear Carry had waited long enough, surely, since it was in my second year as an undergraduate that I had had the bliss of slipping the "engaged" ring on her little rosy finger. Then I had got my scholarship, and my degree, and so forth, and had been a fellow for some eighteen months when Kingsford living fell in.

So I accepted Kingsford, and resigned my fellowship by marrying Carry, and was looked on by the reverend seniors of the Hall as something like an idiot for my pains. In truth, the little benefice into which I was duly inducted on the presentation of the warden and fellows of Hogginarmour Hall was by no means one of the prizes of the church. Kingsford was on the sea-coast, a half fishing village, half watering-place, and much peopled by half-pay officers, who had resorted there on account of the cheapness and out-of-the-way situation. It was forty miles from a railroad, and nineteen miles from any large town. The parish was poor, and the vicar's stipend, eked out by pew rents, was never likely to reach the modest high-water mark of £200 per annum. A parsonage-house there was—a good one originally,—with a famous walled garden and shrubberies, but in a sad state of disrepair and neglect. It had been inhabited by a succession of bachelor curates, none of whom could spare much out of the £50 with which Archdeacon Bindley, the pluralist and non-resident vicar, paid their services, to keep the old dwelling from rotting to ruin. I scarcely wondered that Dr. Beeswing should have told me, with a compassionate shrug, that "he would sooner have waited till doomsday" than have taken Kingsford, but that he "supposed every man knew what suited him."

I thought so, at any rate. But when we came down to settle at Kingsford, we found the parsonage really unfit for habitation till it should have undergone some needful repair; and as there were no tolerably good lodgings just then vacant in the place, Carry and I had to establish ourselves provisionally at the little town of Westermouth, six miles off, and I drove over to do duty at my own church. It was a glad day for us

when the carpenters and plasterers gave us up possession of the parsonage, and we could settle at last.

All the neighbours came, civilly enough, to call on Mrs. Bates and myself, and we were very well received. One of the last to pay a visit to the parsonage was a family that lived in a great old house, quite at the other end of the village, shut in among tall trees and dense hedges of laurel and holly in such a manner that it was only from the front that a partial view of the mansion could be obtained. The name of this family was Westropp. It was on a Saturday afternoon that they called. I was busy with my sermon, and Carry—who was still a bride, you will remember, and who loved to associate herself with her husband's occupations—was sitting in my little study as still as a mouse, and quite delighted to jump from her chair and ransack the shelves when I asked for some book of reference. A sermon in those days cost me a great deal of forethought and anxiety, and the text I had chosen on this occasion was one which it required care to elucidate.

“Dear me! who can be coming so late? A carriage, too!” exclaimed Carry, peeping timidly over the wire blind, as a great swinging chariot, painted yellow, and with a pair of raw-boned greys to draw it, came scrooping and grinding over the trim gravel of the little drive in front of the house. Our neighbours generally came on foot to visit us; indeed, none of the worthy retired captains and majors, who, with their wives and daughters, made up the staple of the society, kept any sort of vehicle, and, except on an excessively wet Sunday, they were chary of hiring a fly. However, here was a carriage, and a large one of its kind, nearly on a level with our first-floor windows. The iron-grey horses were reined up with a great deal of stamping and spurning of their broad hoofs, to the detriment of a flower-bed, and the footman rang a sharp peal on the door-bell. I think Sarah must have been looking out of the window, attracted by the noisy arrival of this gorgeous equipage, for she opened the door with unprecedented quickness.

Very soon Sarah brought in a card, on which were inscribed the words,—

“Mrs. Admiral WESTROPP,
The Misses WESTROPP,
The Grove.”

I remembered to have heard some one say that the large old house among the trees, at the opposite end of Kingsford, was thus called, and to have seen the name of Westropp conspicuously inscribed upon one of the best pews in church.

A short discussion now ensued, for I had generally helped my wife to entertain visitors, and Carry was rather nervous and shy, as some brides, country-bred ones in particular, are apt to be. Whether the Westropp carriage had impressed her simple little mind, or whether the sight of three tall and dignified ladies, in portentous bonnets and rustling silks, who

descended successively the groaning steps of the chariot, was the real cause of her discomposure I cannot tell; but I had never in my brief married life seen my little wife so fluttered or so reluctant to repair to the drawing-room to welcome a new acquaintance.

"Oh, Charles, *do* come!—please, do!"

But I was obdurate. Indeed, the very sight of the nodding bonnets, artificial flowers, India shawls, and aquiline features of the three tall ladies, all of whom, mother and daughters, were excessively alike, as is often the case among pompous people, had put to flight some of my best ideas. I knew full well that twenty minutes of such conversation as might be expected on the part of the wearers of those bonnets would effectually serve to bemuddle my understanding, and in that case my sermon was spoiled. So I was hard-hearted enough to let poor Carry, half crying, go by herself to greet her imposing guests.

When my wife came back to the study, after the distinguished visitors had driven off, with great clashing of steps, banging of doors, and trampling of horses' feet, she tried to give me some idea of the character and discourse of her new friends.

"A very superior sort of person, Mrs. Admiral Westropp. She seems so clever and experienced, and knows everybody, only she took my breath away, she asked so many questions. Do you know, Charles, it was very silly of me, but I really felt like a child in the schoolroom again, and as if she were hearing me my lessons."

With all Carry's good-will, she could not contrive to give me more than a very vague *réchauffé* of Mrs. Westropp's conversation. It had, however, alternated between questions as to the parentage and antecedents of us both, hospitable offers of any attention or service within the power of the Grove family, and talk about connections and grand company which Mrs. Admiral Westropp had kept in bygone times.

"I'm sure she meant it all in kindness," said poor Carry, wistfully, "but it was too much for my poor foolish head to follow. Everybody seemed to be cousin to somebody, and married to titled relations of everybody else; and quite half of them were lords and ladies at least; and I didn't understand it. But I grew quite ashamed of not knowing any one of them, especially as Mrs. Admiral Westropp kept asking me if I hadn't met them somewhere."

I laughed at all this. In my eyes Mrs. Westropp was merely a pretentious, worldly woman, giving herself airs with a girl like Caroline, who was the dearest and best of little wives, but as unused to fine ladies and their way of talking as I was myself. And when Carry said, simply, that Mrs. Admiral was much more proud and stately than Lady Fanny and Lady Flora, old Lord Daintry's daughters, whom she had been used to meet at the squire's house in her native village, and who were quite frank and plain of speech, I laughed again.

"Dutch metal wants gilding, my dear," said I; "gold does not. I

can't say I feel pleased with your account of our neighbours. Why does the woman put 'Mrs. Admiral' on her cards in that absurd way, like a personage in a novel? You would see the folly of the thing, my love, if worthy Mrs. Blake, next door, were to call herself Mrs. Lieutenant, because her husband was in the marines."

However, Carry, dear girl, was not to be talked out of a certain admiration, not unmixed with dread, which she had begun to entertain for the majestic lady of the Grove. She began to take thought as to the state of her wardrobe, and to fear that the white bonnet was getting shabby; that her silks were old-fashioned, and so forth. In fact, she was uneasy as to the apparel in which she was to return the call of Mrs. Admiral Westropp. Left to herself, no clergyman's wife in England could dress in better taste than Carry; but she was now filled with fresh cares and tremors, and held endless consultations with the Kingsford milliner, Mrs. Gusset. There was a sort of fatal fascination about the talkative mistress of the Grove which my wife could not resist, and she ran some risk of neglecting our other neighbours while preparing to return the visit of the yellow chariot.

It so fell out, however, that dear Carry was not to return the visit at all. One of her married sisters—her favourite sister out of all the family—was taken dangerously ill, and cried out for Carry to come and nurse her. Her husband wrote so urgent an appeal to my wife to come at once to the sufferer, that harder hearts than ours could scarcely have rejected the petition. It was a long journey, and it was our first separation, but it was out of the question that I should leave my parish just then. Not only did the whole duty in church devolve on me, but there was to be an important meeting of the school trustees, and another of the vestry, and the vicar must be at his post on both occasions. So poor Mrs. Bates had to set out for Lincolnshire alone, and almost her last words to me were an injunction to "be sure and call to explain things" to Mrs. Admiral Westropp, whose very name I had by this time learnt to detest.

When Carry was gone I found the parsonage but a cheerless abode. I still sat down on Saturdays to pen my sermons, but there was no bright-eyed little scribe ready to make notes or fair copies of my most blotted scrawls, and to seek any book I might need, folio or octavo. So I threw myself vigorously into outdoor work, made myself acquainted with my poorer parishioners, and devoted a good deal of time to the schools, which had been sadly neglected. In these duties I had nearly forgotten Mrs. Admiral and my pledge to Carry, when one day I found myself actually at the gate of the Grove. I rang the great clanging bell.

"Madam's not at home!"

It was no regular footman who made the above irregular reply to my inquiry. It was a little dwarfish negro, with a quaint, wrinkled face and grey woolly hair, preposterously dressed in a sort of red marine's jacket and white ducks. This singular servitor had been the one to open the

door to me ; but I do not think it was his proper office, partly because I saw a housemaid peeping from behind a door in the background, and partly because the black carried a currycomb in his left hand, as if fresh from the stables. A moment before, I had devoutly hoped that Mrs. Westropp might be from home, but when I remembered the messages with which Carry had charged me, I regretted that I should not have the chance of delivering them. I had not a card of my wife's to leave, and as to pencilling Carry's name on one of mine, that appeared to my unsophisticated fancy in the light of a tacit falsehood.

"Madam out in carriage; Missy Kate, Missy Julia, dey out too. Nobody to answer bell but Cæsar, dat top at home to groom Miss Julia's pony and take care of Admiral."

It was the first time that I had heard any mention of Mrs. Westropp's husband. And he was evidently an invalid, poor man, since the black stayed to "take care" of him. Still, perhaps I could better deliver Carry's regrets to him than to Cæsar. But when I suggested this to the negro, the latter rolled his saucer-like eyes and shook his head several times, as he emphatically said, "No, no; no, sar! Dis not one of Admiral's *good* days. Dis one of Admiral's *bad* days. Nebber do, nebberr."

Gout, of course, and very irritable, poor veteran, thought I, much touched by the manifest fidelity and affection of the sable attendant. The latter was as garrulous as those of his colour commonly are when well treated, and told me with much pantomime how he was "taken out of slaver when one picaninny no higher dan dat"—pointing to my walking-stick; how he was made a sort of pet by the sailors, being lively and imitative; how he became the Admiral's boy—"him cap'en den, sar, ob H.M.S. *Thunderer*;" and so on until the present time, when he was gardener, groom, and factotum, as far as I could make out from his rather vague description. Before our colloquy finished I thought I heard a hoarse voice calling, and as Cæsar plainly heard it too, and grew uneasy, I pleaded that I was in a hurry, and should hear the rest of the black's autobiography at another opportunity, and went home, not omitting of course to leave a brief message to explain Carry's apparent remissness, as well as my own card, not forgetting one for the invalid Admiral.

The very next evening, as I was sitting in my lonely room beside the open window over which the sweet-briar, long untrimmed, struggled in slovenly luxuriance, and just as I was thinking of ringing for candles, as it was too dark to read any longer, there came a peal at the door-bell.

"It's a gentleman, sir, asking if you're at home," said Sarah, whisking into the room, and evidently surprised at the lateness of the visit.

"A gentleman! Captain Martin, or Mr. Travis, I dare say. Show him up, Sarah."

And Sarah complied by ushering in a tall personage who walked with a limping gait, and supported his steps with a stout cane, the ferrule of which went thump, thump, on the floor as he advanced.

“Allow me, sir, to introduce myself. I am Admiral Westropp, and I have come to return your very kind visit of yesterday.”

There was nothing remarkable in these words, but the voice was a very peculiar one,—hoarse, deep, and with a hollow ring in its tones that affected me disagreeably in spite of myself. It was not till the Admiral had been installed in the easiest arm-chair, and the candles had been brought in, that I could see more than a very dim outline of my visitor. What I saw then was a tall, meagre gentleman, tightly attired in a blue coat, with shining naval buttons, and with a stiff stock, a shirt-frill with a diamond brooch set in it, a brown wig, with gold-rimmed spectacles. From the queer bell-crowned hat that stood on the carpet beside him, to the silk stocking and nicely fitting shoe on the right foot, every article of the veteran's costume indicated a naval dandy of the old school. The left foot, I noticed, was swathed in flannel and thrust into a roomy list slipper.

“It is very kind of you, Admiral, to come so far to see me. Did you walk?” said I, more puzzled by my guest's appearance than I could have explained to my own satisfaction. There was a sense of something incongruous about the Admiral's aspect and bearing, that I felt but could not define.

“Yes, I walked. Even an old hulk like myself, Mr. Bates, can make some little way in the cool of the evening, over dry ground. You'd hardly think, though, to look at me, that I won a foot-race at Ascension, carrying off the prize from eight-and-thirty reefers, as I was then. Collingwood backed me, but Nelson bet his money on young Hardy—Sir Charles, you know.”

In this style the old gentleman rattled on, not unamusingly, for some time. His conversation mostly consisted of anecdote, but in its woof was woven, here and there, some recollection of the great ocean warriors of an earlier day,—Howe, and Nelson, and Jervis,—names that struck on my ear like an echo from the long past. There was a strange interest in hearing little personal traits of those whose very tombs in Westminster Abbey were growing old and mouldering beneath the tooth of time, but whose memory was still fresh in the Admiral's mind. The narrator was himself a singular character, such as I had never met till now. Loquacious veterans I had certainly seen before, but never one who so steadily waved aside the present in favour of the past. He spoke of no event more recent, at the latest, than Navarino, and most of his stories began with, “I think it was in '93, when I was an oldster on board the *Magicienne*—we had taken her from the French the year before, by cutting her out in boats as she lay,” &c.; or, “I remember that in 1807, opposite Copenhagen, we beat to quarters,” and so on.

His talk was like a cluster of extracts from Mr. James's “History of the Navy.” It was not till the Admiral, mumbling something about the flight of time, rose to take a ceremonious leave of me, that I contrived to

slip in a word about Mrs. Admiral Westropp, and the visit which my wife, now at her sister's bedside, hundreds of miles off, ought to have paid at the Grove. But the subject was not favourably received. Indeed, Mrs. Westropp's name seemed to produce a discomposing effect upon her gallant consort. The Admiral winced visibly, looked around him in a scared way, growled out a gruff—

“Good night, my dear sir; not a step further! not a step!” and shuffled off with surprising agility. Of course I insisted on seeing him safe out of the door, and I would willingly have escorted him farther, but this the aged man obstinately refused to permit, saying that he had “no need of convoy,” and making some allusion, incomprehensible to me, to “cutting a feather” homewards. We therefore parted, but on the stairs Sarah met me, with a snuff-box, a curious tortoise shell affair, mounted in silver, which the old gentleman had left on the table. I ran after him to restore this pocket companion, never doubting that I should rapidly overtake the hobbling gait of the gouty commander. To my amazement, as I gazed down the long white road, flooded with moonlight, I could see no trace of the Admiral. My eye could range a long distance, almost up to the Baths, but no human figure was visible. If the old gentleman had dropped through a trap-door, or unfolded a pair of wings and flown away, he could not have vanished more utterly.

The next day I was to dine with Sir John Brockman at Claydon Friars. Sir John had called very recently, and had left his card and an invitation, along with a civil message to the effect that Lady Brockman had heard Mrs. Bates was away, but trusted to make her acquaintance when she returned. Claydon Friars was the greatest house in the neighbourhood, and the baronet was a popular man, and one of the trustees of my school. In the morning, I despatched one of the maids to the Grove with my compliments, and the forgotten snuff-box, and thought no more about the matter. I was very busy all day, and had to hurry my dressing while the fly was at the door. It was an eight-mile drive, and I had promised Dr. Gorham, the Kingsford medical man, who was one of the guests, a lift to the Friars. I had not quite attired myself for the party when Sarah came up and tapped at my dressing-room door.

“Oh, please, sir, Dr. Gorham's come, and he's afraid you'll be late, for the hill's a hard one for horses; and please, that lady with the yellow char'ot, Mrs. Admiral—”

“I know,” said I, impatiently; “what of her?”

“Called again this afternoon, sir, and wished to see you. Most particular she wanted to see you, but she wouldn't leave no message, only she looked proper black, like thunder itself, when I couldn't tell her when you'd be at home, and—”

“Oh, very well,” said I, closing the door, and I settled my cravat and coat, and was soon in the fly, with the doctor, crawling up the hill. I thought little of Mrs. Westropp and her wish to see me. What could

there be in common between us? Most likely the fussy, tiresome woman wanted to explain that she had taken no umbrage at Carry's non-appearance, or to thank me for sending back the snuff-box, or something equally important. But I was puzzled as I remembered my odd visitor of last evening. *What* was it that had struck me as incongruous in the Admiral? His stories, his garb and manners, matched exactly, but there was something about him that jarred with my taste somehow. I could not solve the doubt, and was soon obliged to lend my ears to the doctor's flow of words, for my companion was a chatterbox.

At Claydon Friars I found a large party, a cordial welcome, and a capital dinner, but nothing noteworthy occurred until, at dessert, somebody brought forward the topic of the difference between manners past and present.

"Look at the navy, now," said he, smiling; "where would you find a Commodore Trunnion, ay, or a Benbow, among the polished seamen of our day? The true pigtailed old 'tarpaulin' is extinct, like the Saurian reptiles." I could not help telling the speaker that I had myself, only the evening before, confabulated with a veteran who, save for a little varnish of politeness, might have been Benbow's twin brother. Admiral Westropp, I remarked, was quite a relic of the past century. There was a pause. The company exchanged glances blankly with one another. The doctor's eyes twinkled, and he put up his claret glass to hide a smile.

"Who did you say your visitor was, Mr. Bates?" asked Lady Brockman.

"Admiral Westropp. He lives at the Grove, a large old house."

A half-suppressed scream broke from the lips of more than one lady present. Then Lady Brockman, who had turned pale, flushed angry red, and bit her lips as if to keep back some retort that might have been too severe towards a guest. She was a kind, good woman, but evidently I had given her much displeasure in my ignorance; for as she bowed her head slightly towards old Mrs. Topham, and the ladies rose and swept rustling away to the drawing-room, she averted her eyes from me, puzzled and penitent as I looked. The male members of the company resumed their seats.

"Is Admiral Westropp," I began, but Sir John broke in, with rather a forced laugh,—

"There, there, Bates, a joke is a joke, but you must not wear it threadbare. I'll make your peace with Lady Brockman presently; but hang it! you should be more careful. Poor Mrs. Bissett, the lady in blue, has weak nerves, and I wonder you didn't frighten her into fits. Pass the wine and say no more about it."

I was fairly dazed by this, but I gulped down a glass of sherry, and boldly begged to be told in what my offence—for which I was truly sorry—lay. Of course, if the Admiral were an unsuitable acquaintance—

"Do you still maintain, Mr. Bates, the truth of that ridiculous story?" asked the baronet, rather irritably for him.

"Most certainly," was my answer.

"And Admiral Westropp called on you yesterday evening?" demanded an old gentleman, an archdeacon, I believe, who sat opposite.

"Undoubtedly," said I, nettled in my turn. "I talked to him for half an hour or more. I saw him as plainly as I see you. There can be no doubt about it."

There was a pitying look in Sir John's good-humoured face as he nodded to the others, whispered to the doctor, and gently remarked that I must have over-excited myself by hard work, and wanted rest and tonics, he was sure. But when I persisted, asking wrathfully whether I was the object of a practical jest, and why it should be assumed that I had not really seen Admiral Westropp, the archdeacon spoke.

"For a very sufficient reason, sir. My old friend Admiral Westropp, to my certain knowledge, died twenty-two years ago. I saw him in his coffin. You stare, but it is true; and it was my melancholy task to read the funeral service over—"

The archdeacon's voice only reached me now as an inarticulate, humming sound. Then I was down on the floor, faint and choking, and the doctor was loosening my cravat, while Sir John hurried for restoratives. Presently I was in the fly, going home, still with Dr. Gorham beside me, and next I was in bed in my own room, Sarah sobbing in the doorway, and the doctor feeling my pulse. I was very ill; I had had a fit, I suppose, and lay nerveless and weak as an infant. But through all my feebleness and suffering pierced the nameless horror of memory, the dread thought that I had been the sport or the victim of a dweller in the unseen world. I could not wonder now at the anger and incredulity of the company at Claydon Friars. The visit of which I spoke had been paid by one long dead; the hand that had clasped mine had long since crumbled to dust.

Then Carry was beside me, and her love and her nursing did me more good than all the doctor's art. I recovered, after a long and lingering illness; nor was it till long afterwards, when I was all but well, that Carry ventured to disperse the doubt that clung, ghastly and dim, to my mind.

"My poor dear Charles! I may tell you now, now that Mrs. Admiral and the doctor have confessed all, and she is sorry; but I hate the sight of her, and never, never mean to cross her threshold."

And then Carry told me that it was true that the husband of Mrs. Westropp had died twenty-two years ago, but that mine was a flesh-and-blood visitor, after all. The Admiral had an insane son, once a lieutenant in the navy, who lost his reason from a sunstroke on the coast of Africa. This son, whom Mrs. Westropp, his strong-minded, vain mother, had chosen to keep in confinement in her own house, rather than at an asylum, had been long reported dead. The servants were under strict

orders not to reveal his existence, which none knew of in Kingsford, out of the house, save Dr. Gorham. And Mrs. Admiral's domestics feared their mistress enough to keep her counsel. The reason of this mystery was the fear that a suspicion of insanity in the family might spoil the matrimonial chances of the young ladies. The crazy son, who had been his father's constant companion, had an insane fancy for wearing the garments, practising the habits, and telling the familiar stories of his dead father, and indeed he was nicknamed "the Admiral" by Cæsar and others of the old servants. The black had carried him my card unthinkingly, and the idea of personating his father had presented itself as an irresistible temptation to the young man's wild fancy. With a madman's cunning, he had waited for the dusk of evening to escape from Cæsar's custody, pass through the dark street, and call at my house. He had returned at full speed across the fields, fearing to be noticed, and hence his abrupt disappearance. But to this day I shudder when I hear of a lady who calls herself "Mrs. Admiral," though the Grove has long passed into other hands.

RECORDS OF AN OLD POLICE COURT

BY W. H. WATTS.

No. III.

CONTINUING our researches, we come upon an entry which may excuse a hearty laugh.

1797.—His Majesty's share of a *pig* seized and condemned, it having been kept and fed at the backside of an inhabited dwelling-house—

The entry throws no light on the particular portions of pork which found their way to the larder of King George III., but from the subsequent item it would appear that the royal purse, rather than the royal table, was benefited by the transaction to this extent:—

Produce of pig seized and sold by order of the magistrate—his Majesty's share of the price	-	-	-	-	£0	4	0
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The next entry, though short, contains matter for a three-volume novel.

April, 1795.—Paid expenses for apprehending Elizabeth Marshall, Arthur Weale, and James Marsh, charged with robbing the Marquis De l'Orme, an emigrant, of 5,500 Louis d'ors	-	£9	5	0
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The particulars of this case, as extracted from contemporary Old Bailey records, are, that the Marquis formed a *liaison* with the woman, the mistress of a notorious character, Arthur Weale, and that Marshall and Weale, in conjunction with the valet of the Marquis, James Marsh, planned and carried out the robbery amongst them. They had obtained information that the Marquis kept a large amount of gold in a strong box placed in his dressing-room. The Marquis, while asleep in bed, was seized by the confederates, gagged, and robbed of his keys and strong box. The booty was large, and the reward for its recovery sufficiently ample to induce some of the more experienced officers to take the job in hand. They succeeded in apprehending the trio at Harwich on board the mail packet just as the vessel was about to sail for Holland. The strong box was recovered, but 2,000 Louis d'ors were missing,—the prisoners stoutly maintaining that the whole sum claimed by the Marquis was still in the box when taken from them, the officers as stoutly declaring that no more than 3,500 Louis d'ors came into their hands.

We have already referred to proceedings against gaming-houses of a high class; but the attention of justice was by no means confined to superior offenders. The summary powers exercised by the justices of that day equalled, if they did not exceed, the powers lodged in the hands of the police in our time.

Jan. 6, 1797.—Forcibly entering No. 6, Panton Square, a common gaming-house, frequented by desperate characters, and apprehending nineteen persons found therein; expenses of officers and extra constables - - - - - £15 9 0

Forging bank notes and coining appear to have been two of the most prevalent offences of the day. These capital offences furnished more victims to the gallows than all the other hanging offences put together. Seldom a session passed without ten or a dozen cases appearing in the calendar for trial at the Old Bailey. Juries were easily convinced, judges were invariably severe, and a culprit charged with either of those offences had but slender chance of establishing his innocence, and of escaping the last penalty of the law. This may partly be accounted for from the fact that on conviction a bounty of £40 was paid to the principal witness, by whose evidence conviction was attained. The Bank of England and the Mint always retained more than one experienced officer to look specially after cases of forgery and coining. Foy and Plank were understood to be the "Bank" officers, and for many years they had their hands constantly full. These officers, selected for their steady character and long experience, doubtless discharged their painful duties fairly and honestly. But there is deep reason to fear the same could not be truly said of others of their colleagues. The large reward was a temptation beyond their strength. In course of time it came out that cases were "got up," and victims entrapped, specially to secure the "blood-money." On one occasion, when six prisoners were condemned to death in a batch, Mr. Recorder Knowles—"Black Jack," as he was commonly called—refused to allow the full amount of the rewards. Whispers got about that three of those cast for death—two were unsophisticated Irishmen, who had been induced by a small bribe from a blood-money hunter to go to a place pointed out near Fleet ditch, where forged notes had been previously "secreted," and get possession of the parcel; whereupon certain officers who had been "planted" *perdu* in the vicinity, and who had "put up" the wicked business, rushed forward and took them with the notes in their possession—were mere victims of informers, whose lives were to be sacrificed in order to secure the blood-money. An investigation ensued, which resulted in a reprieve of four of the six prisoners, and, what was even better, a death-blow was given to a system which led judges and juries into the innocent perpetration of legalised murder. The following entry relates to coiners on an extensive scale:—

Oct., 1796.—For tracing out at Sheffield, Newcastle, and London, Mon. de Quonquery, Henry Pratt, and Michael Grover, charged with coining spurious guineas and half-guineas - - - £32 10 0

These coiners were no mean offenders. They seem to have carried on their manufacture of base coin in quite a wholesale fashion, to have defied the "Bow Street runners" for a long period, and to have at last been

captured by the superior address of the officers connected with this (the Marlborough Street) police court. The Frenchman—a scientific machinist—was at the head of the manufacturing firm, having establishments—fitted up with the requisite machinery, which could have only been provided by the help of very considerable capital—in London, in Sheffield, and Newcastle. The other two were “utterers,” retailing the coin to the “passers,” after having supplied themselves from the Quonquerry wholesale depôts. The apprehension and conviction of the offenders, who were all hanged, seem to have cost the country a large sum of money.

Another entry is to the following effect :—

Jan., 1798.—Paid expenses for apprehending Jonathan Field, a
notorious receiver - - - - - £10 12 0

From what can be recovered from the traditions of the past it would seem that Field was quite as renowned in his vocation as Jonathan Wild of past days, and Ikey Solomons of present. Barbican was his headquarters, and he had branch establishments in Wentworth Street, White-chapel, and Maze Pond, Bermondsey. The evidence at the trial went to show that at Barbican only gold and silver goods were received; that melting pots were kept ready by lighted furnaces night and day; that Field or his wife were to be found at any hour prepared to receive through a small wicket, which prevented either thief or receiver from seeing each other, property of all descriptions, whether gold lace, spoons, watches, flacons, sword-hilts, or any other kind of precious metal article suitable for sale or the melting pot. This conviction and transportation for life appears to have been quite a jubilee among the officers, from the quantity of booty found and the largeness of the rewards they became entitled to.

For the present we have done with extracts from the “disbursement” book, and the reflections to which those extracts are calculated to give rise. An equal amount of interest may be derived from a dip into some of those old deposition books, in which the particulars of offenders and offences that once made a noise in England, and formed the leading topic of the hour, are recorded. Not as affording an example of the liveliest “sensation” cases, but as having reference to a name great in the naval annals of England, and as disclosing a circumstance new to many, which, in the hands of some future Macaulay-minded historian, may furnish a striking chapter, and possibly a clue to some of the exploits of a hero whose courage was believed by a few to border on rashness—an idea in which the admirers of this hero will not concur for a moment—has the following case been selected. It will astonish and startle a good many to learn that England’s greatest naval hero, Horatio Nelson, was at one time *mad*; we have it from his own lips, and the fact may be found in the printed records of the Old Bailey. Here is a condensed account of the case in which Nelson was the principal witness. At the sessions of July, 1787, before Lord Mayor Burnell and Chief Baron Perry, *James Carse*,

seaman, was indicted, for "that he, not having the fear of the Lord, but being seduced by the instigation of the devil, did, on the 3rd of September, 1787, feloniously make an assault on Sarah Hayes, single woman, with a clasp knife, of the value of 2d., which he in his right hand then and there had, and held her, the said Sarah Hayes, and in and upon the neck and throat then and there wilfully and maliciously did strike and thrust, giving her one mortal wound of the length of 8 inches, and of the depth of 2 inches, of which she instantly died."

Such was the crabbed, technical form of an indictment for murder in those times—a form which, we believe, modern lights have not very materially modified.

The particulars of the murder as collected from the evidence of the different witnesses, are these:—The sailor lodged at the "Ship in Distress," in Wapping. He met with a young woman there, and took her to call on Sarah Hayes, who kept a low lodging-house somewhere in the neighbourhood. Here, in addition to what he had been previously drinking, he was proved to have partaken of the greater portion of two pots of brandy-hot. Suddenly his mind gave way; he called to Sarah Hayes, having previously opened his clasp-knife, and screaming, "I must, I will do it!" drew her head backwards, and cut her throat from ear to ear.

The murder was clearly proved, and for the defence, Horatio Nelson, then Captain Nelson, was called. As his evidence is curious and characteristic, we give it in full.

EVIDENCE.

Capt. Horatio Nelson, examined by Mr. Garrow: "I was the commander of H.M.S. *Boreas*, and the prisoner sailed under my command about four years, and was paid off in November. He received about forty guineas in the previous August, and ten or eleven more in November, when the ship was paid off."

Mr. Garrow: "Had you any opportunity of knowing the character of this man, as far as humanity and good-nature were concerned?"

Capt. Nelson: "Perfectly. It seldom happens that any man can serve four years without being guilty of some sort of offence. With reference to the prisoner, I have made some remarks that he appeared melancholy, but at the same time the quietest and soberest man I ever saw in my life. He appeared to me to have seen better days. At times he became melancholy. When I heard of this affair I said, 'If it's true, he must be insane; for I should as soon have suspected myself, and, indeed, sooner, because I know I am hasty.' The prisoner was so quiet a man that I was the more satisfied of my opinion, he never having committed a fault during the time I knew him. Seamen, I well know, when they come home will be furnished by landlords with raw liquors. I saw myself thirty or forty seamen from my ship that were made as mad as if they were at Bedlam, and did not know what they were about. I know that when seamen are furnished with British spirits it turns their brain. The prisoner was not a drunkard, and of course liquor would have the greater effect on him."

By the Court: "Can you say that this man, under the pressure of a good deal of liquor, did appear to you to be insane?"

Capt. Nelson: "He was a cooper on board my ship. At the Island of An-

tigua it was, I think, that he was struck with the sun, after which he appeared melancholy."

Cross-examined: "Does sunstroke produce madness?"

Capt. Nelson: "Yes, it does. I have myself been affected by it. *I have been out of my senses.* Sunstroke affects the brain."

By the Court: Do you think the prisoner, while on board your ship, and so melancholy, and so much beside himself, would have been punished by you, had he committed a fault?"

Capt. Nelson: "If he had been guilty of a fault I should have punished him undoubtedly. I repeat, I have myself been struck in the brain, *so that I was out of my senses.*"

By the Court: "Have you known that a person with the brain disordered has been led to do desperate actions?"

Capt. Nelson: "It has happened to such a person."

This evidence is worth a little study. Had some of the apparently "desperate actions" from which Nelson became famous no more exalted source than a West India sunstroke? Was the "desperate action" of destroying the Copenhagen fleet, or that of placing his glass to his blind eye, that he might find an excuse for disobeying his chief's order for recall, the result of brain disturbance? Or are we to continue to believe that all the glorious deeds for which his memory lives, and will ever live in the recollection of his countrymen, were the promptings of a nature no more mad than a hero ought to be? We leave the reply to the intelligent reader.

Such straightforward, decisive evidence as that given by the gallant Nelson would have had weight both with judge and jury in these times; but we are sorry to be obliged to add it had none whatever with the judge or jury who tried the case. The jury brought in a verdict of Guilty, and the judge sentenced the prisoner to suffer death.

Our extracts are summarily brought to a close. Those great principles of "economy and retrenchment," which the present ministry inscribed on their political banner when bidding for "office," and which they have so consistently carried out during their tenure of Treasury appointments, received a practical illustration the other day. The *fiat* of the Home Office was issued for the removal of all the old deposition books to the custody of the Government stationer, for the purpose of being broken up and the materials reconverted into new books. Many a melancholy story of crime, that has never yet reached the public ear, is thus irretrievably lost; many a mystery, of which the past public were only permitted to have a glimpse, remains for ever enshrouded.

I have already stated that the old court has disappeared, and an entirely new court risen in its place. The Marlborough Street entrance has also been reformed, and is now as fine as a new pin. It is stuccoed, stone fronted, pillared, and porticoed, and may now fitly serve as the adytum to the hall of justice.

The old cells have gone the way of all unsuitable erections, and are replaced by well-ventilated, clean, and modern-looking places of security. These new cells are situated so as to be commanded by the gaoler's eye. A prisoner must have a double portion of daring, cunning, and good luck

to escape when once caged. In this respect the new cells have a striking advantage over the old. Two or three escapes from the old cells occurred under circumstances that are worthy of mention.

A burglary was planned to take place at a mansion—I think it was Lady Temple's, in Park Lane. This was in 1810. Plank, then the chief officer, received full particulars from a “nose”—nearly every officer kept in his pay a spy—not only of the mode in which entrance was to be effected, but the names of the burglars. One of them, who went by the nickname of “Curly Bill” (his real name was William Bishop), was the most noted and desperate of the gang. His fame as a gaol-breaker rivalled that of the renowned Jerry Abershaw. A *posse* of officers was very soon at the house to be robbed, and by nightfall all their arrangements were completed. The burglars had decided to break in at the back of the house in this fashion:—By the help of a ladder they were to reach one of the first-floor windows, which gave light to what was called the still-room; to remove the fastening, and then to make their way one by one into the house. The officers, armed with cutlass and pistols, were planted in this room waiting for the burglars, five in number, and especially anxious for the capture of “Curly Bill,” for whose apprehension, on more than one capital charge, large rewards were offered. By midnight everything fell out as the “nose” had stated. The burglars got into the “curtilage” of the dwelling-house, and raised their ladder against the still-room window. One of the five, as scout, went up, and after satisfying himself that all was quiet in the house, “prised” open the window and got into the room. Before he could utter a sound, a blanket was thrown over his head, and his nose and windpipe was firmly compressed. The handcuffs were snapped on his wrists, and he was dragged to another part of the house where any struggle or noise he might make would be quite out of the hearing of his confederates. A second burglar was successfully secured in the same way, but the third, who followed closely, having heard a suspicious noise, made a clear jump to the bottom of the ladder, and giving the alarm to his comrades, ran off. Plank and another officer followed, and after a smart chase one of the fugitive burglars was brought to bay. A desperate fight ensued; the officers, armed with cutlasses, and with even a more potent weapon in the eye of the wrong-doers—the authority of the law,—finding that resistance was being made, cut and slashed at the fellow without much ceremony. The burglar was armed with an iron crow-bar, which he wielded with such dexterity as to shatter the cutlass of one of the officers, and to lay the wielder senseless by another blow which smashed the stout hat worn by police officers. Plank, seeing the condition of his colleague, contented himself with holding the ruffian at bay until sufficient assistance arrived to make capture a certainty. Four of the burglars were taken, but the fifth escaped for the time. This was “Curly Bill.” But his defiance of justice was but brief. The attack was too daring, the party whose house was assailed was too high in position, and the particulars furnished to Plank were too full and minute, to permit of delay or doubt on the part of the officers. Curly Bill was captured in a day or

two, and after being examined at this court was placed in the strong cell double-handcuffed, until the prison van called in its rounds to take the prisoners to Tothill Fields prison. It may not be generally known that the quadrangle made by Marlborough Street, Argyll Street, Oxford Street, and Blenheim Mews enclosed a large open space, the greater portion of which belonged to the residence of the Earl of Aberdeen, Argyll House. This open space was covered with noble trees, which formed a regular avenue across the lawn; and altogether, when summer had come, and a visitor looked out of the back windows of the court, he would be very much astonished to notice, in what he had hitherto considered to be the very heart of West End London, that a rural landscape existed in such perfection. The strong cell was at the bottom of the garden, at the back of the court, and it was built against the wall of the Earl of Aberdeen's grounds.

The burglar was placed in this cell, and it was from this cell he contrived to escape. The tradition is that one of his friends contrived to insert a watch-spring saw and a steel wedge in a loaf of bread, which he was allowed to have sent into the cell. By the help of this saw, which must have been used with the teeth, he soon contrived to rid himself of his double handcuffs, and then half an hour's resolute work sufficed to make a hole through the wall of the cell into the Earl of Aberdeen's grounds. A branch of one of the lofty trees enabled him to get upon the roof of the stables in Blenheim Mews, and once there all trace was lost of him.

A more modern "flit" was not quite so easily explained; it was that of the notorious Hackett, burglar and thief. He was brought from the House of Detention, lodged in the cell set apart for capital offenders, and when called about an hour afterwards, was missing. No one could give the least account of his mode of escape. He must have passed through a body of officers and constables without being recognized. The last thing heard of him was that he was killed in New York by one of the wardens of the public prison. A third, only an ingenious attempt, was baffled by the acuteness of Welsh the gaoler. The exploits of Mrs. Mary Gardner, familiarly known as "Poll Gardner," were as remarkable in their way as those of the far-famed "Jenny Diver," the queen of pickpockets, who, according to tradition, carried on her light-fingered profession by the aid of a pair of false arms, which were ostentatiously placed in her lap, while her real arms, concealed by cloak or muff, were nimbly and unsuspectingly employed in easing her right and left hand neighbours of their trinkets and purses, whether at opera, church, or Ranelagh. Mary Gardner was a married woman; her husband kept a beer-shop near the "Elephant and Castle," the head-quarters of the omnibus thieves. At the head of the gang was Mary Gardner. Her success was perfectly incredible; her ladylike appearance and expensive style of dress disarmed suspicion, and her *modus operandi* was the most perfect thing ever known. The scene of her triumphs was in the Waterloo omnibuses. Before she became too notorious, her plan was to mix among the passengers who had just alighted from the South-Western Railway trains, in the Waterloo Road. Any well-dressed tra-

veller, male or female, who hailed the omnibus to the West End, which always stopped for passengers at the terminus, was certain to be "waited upon" by Mary Gardner. The loss of watches and purses became so numerous, that the proprietors of the omnibuses placed a printed placard in a conspicuous part of their vehicles, warning the public to "take care of their pockets." On the last visit to the West End, Mrs. Gardner contrived to possess herself of a purse and a gold watch, but as she was now known, she was stopped by one of the detectives, who was lying in wait at the Circus, and taken into custody. She was put to the bar in all her finery—rich silk dress, elegant bonnet with lace fall, superb gold watch, and expensive rings on several fingers. Her reputation had gone before her, and she was remanded merely *pro formâ*, it being the intention of the magistrates to send her for trial. Now this was a determination peculiarly objectionable to the lady; she had been very recently before the Recorder, who gave her only a short imprisonment, but told her, if ever brought before him again, he would sentence her to transportation. There being only one cell for women at the court, Mary Gardner was placed in it with a host of the drunk, disorderly, and impure, who were nominally fined five shillings, but who were usually discharged in batches when the hour for closing the court arrived, which was five o'clock. Welsh the gaoler called all the "five shillings" to "come out," intending to set them at liberty. Only one remained in the cell, lying on the bench with her face to the wall, apparently weeping bitterly. The silk dress and bonnet evidently belonged to no one but Mary Gardner. Welsh, however, who never gave a chance away, said, "Is it all right there?" The weeper replied in a husky voice, very different from Mary Gardner's rather pleasant and ladylike mode of speaking. Welsh instantly required the speaker to come to the light that he might look at her. "Come on," said a miserable-looking creature in filthy rags; "come on, it's no go; he's tumbled to us." Welsh recognized the voice and speaker instantly. The fact was, Mary Gardner had exchanged clothes with a beggar woman, and had promised her £50 if she would take her place and go to prison on the charge of picking pockets, with a certainty of being discharged on trial. The bargain was struck, and would have been carried out but for the promptitude of the gaoler.

Mary Gardner was sent for trial; she was sentenced to transportation, and remitted to Horsemonger Lane until ready to be put on board the convict ship. Shamming illness, she ingratiated herself so completely with the authorities, that she was allowed to help in the infirmary. One of the nurses having gone to sleep in the sick ward, Mary Gardner dressed herself in her uniform, and actually passed through the gates and escaped, the gatekeeper having mistaken her for the woman whose clothes she wore. She was taken at Liverpool some months afterwards. She was brought to Southwark Police Court, remanded to the cells, and when the van came she was nowhere to be found. Nothing has been heard of her from that day to this.

ART IN AID OF BEAUTY.

DOCTOR JOHNSON once said that it is the desire of every woman to appear beautiful. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the great majority of ladies like to "make the most" of their charms, and feel gratified when rewarded, accordingly, with success. Of course, it would be ungallant to admit the possibility of any woman being positively ugly; but, as the French say, "there are degrees," and, fortunately, art comes to the rescue—the mind fights for victory—and very often we find ourselves attracted and captivated by a face and person whose elements would score very few of the "points" of positive beauty.

Of the fascination of eyes and the fascination of mind, we say nothing on the present occasion beyond admitting their omnipotence; our topic is art in aid of personal beauty, and its best expression by means of the colours so lavishly prepared by nature, apparently only for the purpose of adornment. By colours, however, we do not mean "paint" or "enamel;" the vain, bungling, and deleterious attempt to procure admiration under false pretences. We mean the "setting off," the enhancement of feminine beauty, by the appropriate selection of *the colours* in dresses, bonnets, &c.

English ladies do not enjoy a high reputation in the matter of taste in personal adornment. The French ladies make this a topic of pointed observation. We remember going to a glover's at Paris to purchase a pair of lady's gloves. The shopwoman exhibited the article. We were in doubt as to the colour to be selected, and asked the fair bourgeoisie to get us out of the difficulty by selecting a colour. "Is it for a *Française* or an *Anglaise*?" asked the shopwoman.

"What does that signify?" we rejoined.

"What does that signify?" she exclaimed; "why, sir, it signifies everything. *Tenez*—look here" (separating the gloves rapidly, according to the colours). "An *English* lady would like this, or that, or that" (all striking colours); "but you would frighten a *Française* into fits by presenting her with gloves of such colours."

There can be no doubt that there is room for improvement in the use of colours amongst our English ladies, and with the aid of a clever Frenchman, M. Chevreul, we shall endeavour to impart a few important hints on the interesting subject.

Up to a recent period, mankind had been content with the "general effect" of colours as scattered by nature throughout creation; or if a few favoured nations, such as the ancient Egyptians and the Greeks, managed, by instinct or cultivated taste, to evolve beauty from the proper use and contrast of colours, no principles were discovered nor rational rules enunciated. It remained for the gifted Frenchman before mentioned thoroughly to investigate this curious subject, to deduce the rules of the art of colouring, and to make, in his work on colours, innumerable suggestions, as

valuable as they are curious ; calculated, if acted upon, to benefit every department of art or design ; to enhance the elements of personal good looks and beauty, or to “tone down” ugliness in man and woman, and render more comfortable and convenient, not only our apartments, but even the dress with which we cover or decorate the person.

A mere glimpse at the theory of colours will be sufficient to show the importance of the subject. Harmony and contrast should be the object of attainment in the use of colours ; thus, to put a dark colour near a different but lighter colour, heightens the tone of the first, and lowers that of the second, independently of the modification resulting from the mixture of what are called the “complementaries,” or the colours wanting in each case to produce white. An important consequence of this principle is, that the first effect may neutralize the second, or even oppose it.

For example : a light blue, placed beside a yellow, tinges it orange, and consequently heightens its tone ; but there are some blues so relatively dark to the yellow, that they weaken it to such an extent, as not only to hide the orange tint, but even to cause sensitive eyes to feel that the yellow is rather green than orange—a very natural result, since the paler the yellow, the greener it appears.

This law of contrast in colours produces the most curious and striking results. At a certain calico printer’s establishment, a recipe for printing green had succeeded up to a certain period, when it began to give bad results. The manufacturer was lost in conjecture as to the cause of failure, when a lady who had become acquainted with Chevreul’s researches on contrast in colours, discovered that the green of which the manufacturer complained, being printed on a ground of *blue*, necessarily inclined to a yellow, through the influence of orange, the complementary to the ground colour. She therefore advised that the proportion of blue in the colouring composition should be increased, in order to correct the effect of contrast ; and the consequence was that the recipe, modified according to this suggestion, gave the beautiful green which had been previously obtained.

This law of contrast, therefore, requires that every recipe for the production of colours, to be applied on a ground of another colour, must be modified conformably to the effect which the *ground* will produce on the *colour*. The general effect of the design in fancy wool-work is often marred by ignorance of this principle, and it has led to curious results and disputes between drapers and manufacturers.

Certain drapers gave a calico printer some cloths of single colours—red, violet, and blue—upon which they wished black figures to be printed. The result was comical. When the cloths were returned, not one of them had the desired black figures, or, at all events, the mystified eye refused to recognize the colour. It seemed that the printer had put *green* figures upon the *violet* cloths, and *orange brown* or *copper*-coloured figures on the blue cloths, instead of the *black* which had been ordered. The printer, however, had faithfully used *black*, and yet black appeared not, if people

could believe their own eyes,—which, however, is far from being the fact on all occasions. The matter was referred to Chevreul, and he easily convinced the drapers that they had no ground for complaint, excepting the *ground* which they had selected for their black figures. He merely surrounded the patterns with *white* paper, so as to conceal the ground, and then the designs instantly appeared *black*. He then placed some cuttings of black cloth upon stuffs coloured like the grounds in question, red, violet, and blue, when the cuttings appeared precisely like the printed figures, that is, of the colour *complementary* to the *ground*; whereas the same cuttings, when placed upon a white ground, were of a beautiful black. Thus, in effect, according to the coloured ground on which it appears, black will seem as *dark green* upon red, *bluish black* on orange, *reddish grey* upon green, *orange grey* upon violet, and *black* only on white or yellow. All the other colours are in like manner more or less modified by the juxtaposition of others; but none suffer more, or are more enhanced, than the colours or tints of the human face by the colours of the drapery near or around it. The ladies of England would do well to study the laws of contrast in colour, to avoid very glaring mistakes in the colour of their bonnets, dresses, &c., which sometimes grieve the eye that luxuriates in the sight of beautiful forms enhanced by appropriate drapery.

Before entering upon the subject it may be advisable to remind the reader of a few elementary facts respecting colours. Startling as it may sound, colour is not an inherent property of things. The colour of objects is derived from the light by which they are seen. Without light there would be no colours; and we may positively declare that in the dark “we are all of one colour,” that is, of no colour at all, or black, which is the same thing;—for black is no colour, but the absence of colour; the only colours are those which we see in the rainbow, with their modifications in nature and art.

The fact is, that the light which we call white is a compound of several colours, as seen in the rainbow; in other words, it takes all those colours to make *white*; and it is the raindrops, in a particular position, which split, as it were, the white light into the different coloured rays of which it is composed.

A three-cornered piece of glass, called a prism, fixed in a hole in the shutter of a darkened room, will do the same as the drops of rain, and split the white light into its component coloured rays, which will fall upon the opposite side of the room in bands differing in width and perfectly distinct. Now, if you place a rose in any of these coloured bands, the rose will appear of the colour of the band, and not of its own colour; and you will see a blue rose, a violet rose, a green rose, &c.

The explanation is simply this. Light falling on objects is partly absorbed or taken into them, and partly reflected; that is, rays of some colours are absorbed, and a ray is reflected, which ray is what we call their *colour*. Consequently, the colour is in the light, and not in the

objects. When almost all the light is reflected the objects appear white,—in fact, white just in proportion to the extent of the reflection of all the coloured rays together; hence the different kinds or intensities of “white.”

Colour, therefore, is only a part of light, and *white* is a compound of all the colours. This you may prove to be the fact by pasting bands of the colours—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red—on a circular cardboard, and making it revolve, when the colours will disappear, and the cardboard will appear *white*, or at all events whitish, according to the completeness of the proportions of your paper bands, and their fidelity to the natural colours.

This being understood, we are prepared to verify another curious fact pertaining to the subject. It is obvious from what we have just seen, that if the whole of the coloured light which is *absorbed* by a coloured body were reunited with the whole of the light which it reflects, *white* light must be the result. Now it is this property of two variously coloured lights, taken in a certain proportion to reproduce white light, that we express by the words, “*coloured lights complementary to each other*,”—or simply, “*complementary colours*.” These colours will, when united to the colours absorbed, produce white—“*complementary*” meaning only that which *fills up a want*.

Thus, in the seven colours of the rainbow, which are really only shades of red, orange, green, and blue, we find that *red* is complementary to *green*, and *green* to *red*; *orange* to *blue*; *greenish yellow* to *violet*; *indigo blue* to *orange yellow*, and all of them *vice versâ*.

It must not be supposed that a red body, a yellow body, &c., can reflect, besides white light, only the red rays or yellow rays, &c. Each of these bodies reflects also every sort of coloured rays; but the rays which cause us to judge it to be red, or yellow, &c., being more numerous • than the others, produce more effect than the former; yet the latter have an undoubted influence in modifying the action of red and yellow rays upon the eye.

It is these modifications, caused by the complementary colours, that are the basis of the art which we are about to unfold to the fair reader.

Contiguous colours, or colours placed beside each other, modify and change each other. This fact may be easily verified.

Place wafers, or circular pieces of paper, about an inch and a half in diameter, coloured red, green, orange, blue, greenish yellow, violet, indigo blue, and orange yellow, each separately upon a sheet of white paper. Then tint the white paper around each circle with its complementary colour, gradually softening it off from the coloured circle, when you will find that the red circle tends to colour the surrounding space with its complementary green, the green with red, the orange with blue, the blue with orange, the greenish yellow with violet, the violet with greenish yellow, the indigo with orange yellow, and the orange yellow with indigo.

In connection with this subject we may warn our fair readers of an advantage taken by tradesmen of the effects produced by the juxtaposition of colours. It consists in exhibiting for sale lace and other goods, which should have a perfectly white colour, under a blue transparent glass; and we sometimes observe windows in show-rooms fitted with coloured glass for this object. Such goods are also wrapped in blue paper, which reflects the blue rays upon them, and causes them to appear of a much better colour than they really are; and, in fact, a yellow object may appear white under such circumstances. This practice may have extended itself thoughtlessly; but it cannot be too soon abandoned, as it is no whit the less dishonest to sell goods, the value of which depends upon their colour, by coloured lights which deceive the buyer, than to sell those of capacity by diminished measures, or those of weight by faulty scales. All goods, when their colour is an object, should be exposed to white light, and the glass through which the light passes should be colourless, so that no reflection from coloured surfaces shall interfere with their proper appreciation. The blue paper placed under lace and other such articles is liable to the same objection, and ladies should have the goods taken to the pure light of day for examination.

On the other hand, the ladies may take advantage of this scientific fact to produce the appearance of whiteness in their linen, and especially their stockings, which often attract unpleasant attention on account of their deficient whiteness. All they have to do is to require the laundress to add indigo, or "blue," as it is called, to the last rinsing of the stockings, as well as to the starch of the other articles.

Such are the effects of contrast in colours when placed beside each other; and we propose to advance certain indications whereby appropriate colours only shall be placed contiguous to the face of beauty, so as to enhance instead of marring its magical effects.

THE PLAY OF THE COLOURS ON THE COMPLEXION.

It is certain that rose red cannot be put in contrast with even the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Rose red, maroon, and light crimson, have the serious disadvantage of rendering the complexion more or less *green* !*

* And here we may pause for an instant to allude to the serious charge brought by Mr. Kinglake against the gallant Emperor of the French, namely, that he turned *green* in the face through fright, at the Battle of Solferino ! For our part, we do not hesitate to declare, that we consider that exalted personage one of the most courageous of men, considering what he has done and is prepared to do, at any moment, if necessary. The plain fact is, that the critical green of his face on that occasion was probably the effect of contrast, from some light crimson or maroon of his habiliments in close proximity to his face. The effect, however, is otherwise accounted for by his habit of smoking *cigarettes*, which unquestionably ruin the

On the contrary, delicate green—the favourite of the enthusiastic milkmaid of the fable—is favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which admit of more being imparted to them without disadvantage; but it is not favourable to complexions which are more *red* than *rosy*. Nor is it favourable to those which have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red which orange and brown lend to their red complexion will change the latter to that unpleasant hue which may be called brick-red. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

Yellow is less favourable than delicate green, because it imparts *violet* to a fair skin. To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy in a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralizing the yellow; it produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and thus it suits *brunettes*.

Violet is one of the least favourable colours to the skin unless it is sufficiently deep to whiten the skin by contrast of tone. It is the complementary of yellow, and produces contrary effects: thus it imparts some greenish yellow to fair complexions; it augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins; the little blue there may be in certain complexions it makes green violet.

Blue decidedly justifies its reputation with *blondes*, to most of whom it is suitable. It imparts orange, which combines with the white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour.

Strange it is that blue is frequently selected by *brunettes*, although it does not suit them at all, because they have already too much orange, which is enhanced by blue.

Orange is a beautiful and striking colour, but it is too brilliant to be elegant, and scarcely suits any complexion at all. It makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

Dead white—such as that of cambric muslin—assorts well with a fresh complexion, whose rose colour it relieves; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours by raising their tone; consequently it is not suited to those skins which either have this disagreeable tint or one that very nearly approaches it.

complexion. It is known that he smoked cigarettes incessantly on that occasion. We may add by the way, that people can't smoke when they are frightened; and we trust that we have thus settled an historical fact of the utmost importance, refuting a very foul aspersion. We owe it to our national dignity to believe, that the man who makes us spend so much money in fortifications, &c., and has more than once put us on the *qui vive*, is no coward.

The reason why dark complexions look fairer with black drapery is, because black lowers the tone of colours with which it is in juxtaposition, and so it whitens the skin.

In the matter of hair and head-dress similar observations may be made. The colours which are usually considered as assorting best with light or black hair are precisely those which produce great contrasts;—thus sky-blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the colour that approaches the nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions. Two colours, long esteemed to accord with black hair—yellow, and red more or less orange—contrast in the same manner with them.

Yellow and orange-red, contrasting by colour and brilliancy with black, and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair, are far from producing a bad result.

The colour of bonnets reflected on the face is not without influence on the complexion. A rose-coloured bonnet may give a little tint of rose about the temples, but the other parts of the face, feebly lighted by day, will appear lightly tinged with green. It is just the reverse with *green* bonnets: the direct reflection of green is very feeble, whereas the parts of the face feebly lighted will appear slightly rosy; but the effect of green in colouring it rose is greater than that of reflected rose in colouring it green.

The same parts, from a *yellow* bonnet, will appear very evidently *violet*.

A *violet* bonnet manifests a slightly yellow tinge.

A *sky-blue* bonnet produces a slightly orange tinge.

An *orange* bonnet gives rise to an aspect slightly blue.

From all his experiments, Chevreul recommends to the fair bonnets variously coloured, as follows;—but a few words on the shape of bonnets may be acceptable.

The tendency of all modern styles of bonnet has been to discover and display more and more of the fair face of woman; unless this exposes the dear faces too much to the injurious effects of the elements, nothing can be more gratifying—as we cannot see too much of a good thing. On the other hand, the inexorable fashion in bonnets tends to diminish the effect of beauty. Like the hat of a gentleman, a lady's bonnet should be shaped to suit the face, and show it off to the best advantage. In general, fashion damages many a fair face by burlesquing it in a bonnet totally unsuitable. It is impossible to say to what style of face the present “peaky” and towering bonnets are best adapted; it is rather a question as to which they are least unbecoming and “frightful.”

Hats, turbans, &c., are just the thing for a lively, pretty face; but nothing can be more dismal than such an attraction when adopted by a face which no amount of charity and gallantry can concede to be pretty. The sight of such an attraction in the distance makes us gravitate towards it with hurried step. Indeed, we rush forward in quest of *to kalon*—“the beautiful,”—when, lo and behold!—No, no; it is quite a mistake; 'tis

only a hat or a turban, which we might have seen in a shop window, and which is nothing without a pretty face in it.

COLOUR, ETC., OF BONNET FOR THE FAIR-HAIRED TYPE.

A black bonnet decorated with white feathers, with white or red roses, suits a fair complexion—such as that of the majority of England's beauties. To such, and those with rosy complexion, a dead white or lustreless white bonnet is not becoming; but bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace, are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnets should have flowers, either white, rose, or especially blue.

Nothing is more becoming than a *light blue* bonnet to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers, as is frequently seen.

A green bonnet should be trimmed with white or rose flowers, especially the latter, and it suits fair and rosy complexions.

A rose-coloured bonnet, for the reasons before stated, suits fair complexions, but it must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose colour may be increased by means of white, or green, which is better still. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect.

Excepting when there is too warm a tint in the complexion, light red or deep red bonnets should be avoided by the fair.

Yellow or orange-coloured and violet bonnets should be shunned by ladies of fair complexion.

COLOUR OF BONNET FOR THE BLACK-HAIRED TYPE.

Although a black bonnet is a sort of universal fitness and congruity, yet it must be admitted that it does not contrast so well with the general appearance of the black-haired type as with the other; but its effect may be good in certain cases, especially with the advantageous accessories of white, red, rose, orange, and yellow. Of all colours, perhaps, a black bonnet exacts the greatest suitableness in shape to the contour of the face and general character of the head. Tending naturally to give a heavy appearance, we should endeavour to give it vivacity by an appropriate shape, as well as the accessory decorations before mentioned.

A white bonnet is as doubtful with the dark-haired as with the blondes, and requires the same precautions as before mentioned as to the accessories; but in the case of brunettes it is better to give preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and yellow, rather than blue.

Bonnets of rose red or cherry colour are well adapted for brunettes, but care should be taken to make the hair disunite as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. The prevailing fashion of combing back the hair away from the face is not, in general, very graceful. It is contrary to Nature, otherwise she would have made it grow that way; a portion of

the hair near the face not only gives grace, but an air of *gentleness*, which is, perhaps, one of woman's keenest and most irresistible attractions. White feathers accord well with red bonnets; and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with rose.

A yellow bonnet suits a brunette precisely. It may have violet or blue flowers and trimmings, but the hair must always interpose between the complexion and the head-dress. An *orange*-coloured bonnet also suits brunettes, to which blue trimmings are eminently suitable.

Blue bonnets cannot be generally recommended to brunettes, nor such as have a tint of orange brown. When they do suit a brunette, they should have yellow or orange trimmings.

A violet bonnet, as before observed, is always unsuitable to every complexion, because there are none to which the addition of *yellow* will be favourable, which violet will impart to the complexion; but if we interpose between the violet and the skin, not only the hair, but also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this colour may become favourable.

Should the colour of a bonnet not produce the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the head-dress by large masses of hair, we must place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories, such as ribbons, wreaths, and detached flowers, &c., of a complementary colour to that of the bonnet; and the same colour must also be placed on the outside. The complementaries of the colours are as follow :—

Green	is complementary	to Red.
Red	„	to Green.
Blue	„	to Orange.
Orange	„	to Blue.
Violet	„	to Greenish Yellow.
Greenish Yellow	„	to Violet.
Orange Yellow	„	to Indigo.
Indigo	„	to Orange Yellow.

Any one may verify these complementary colours by a very easy experiment, as before detailed, with wafers upon a sheet of white paper.

When the complexion is too positive to admit the idea of lowering its tone or neutralizing it—as in the case of North American Indians, or West Indians, or Orientals,—then there is no alternative but heightening it to the utmost,—by white drapery, or blue strongly inclining to green, when the natural tint will become of a redder orange; and these colours are the predominating choice of the possessors of these exceptional physiognomies.

The blacks—we beg pardon, the ebon beauties of Africa, may use—as they, indeed, do luxuriate in—the most brilliant colours, as red, orange, and yellow, or white, the most forceful of contrasts. It may be likely that some “fair” ebon beauty, reading these pages, would like to know how to suit her complexion—for even in blackness “there are

degrees." It seems, then, that if the complexion is intense black, dark olive, or greenish black, *red* is preferable to every other colour; if the black is bluish, then orange is particularly suitable. Yellow best suits a violet-black complexion.

Experiments with coloured flames abundantly show the multitude of ideas we obtain from the compound nature of light. Had nature provided us with the means of appreciating one colour alone, the world would be shorn of half its beauty. The eye is so susceptible of an harmonious mixture of colours, that it instantly detects any defect in the combinations, and passes condign judgment at once, either upon the dress of a lady or the painting of an artist, when they collectively do not make up white light. The dress of a lady of taste, or the artist's painting, if rapidly revolved before the eye, should represent *white* light; and if any colour is predominant, the effect is inharmonious. It is upon this point that the French so far excel the English; for the Parisian will not hesitate to effect an harmonious combination with the gayest colours; whereas the English lady, from ignorance of the details of the principle, dares hardly venture upon colours which have any positive tints.

Unfortunately, the ladies of England adopt colours and styles merely because they are "the fashion," and to be scrutinized by other ladies, rather than to meet the requirements of accurate taste in the other sex.

Such are the hints which we have to offer to our fair readers on this important subject,—the first steps in an art which, we doubt not, their exquisite ingenuity will ultimately develop into a perfect success. In the absence of their bonnets, their wreaths and nets might be made to continue the charms of their promenade, at home or in the elysium of the ball-room. Many, we doubt not, will discover themselves possessed of beauty hitherto unsuspected; and the beautiful will render their charms incomparable. But, alas! an appalling fact stares us in the face. None of our apartments are papered or coloured in accordance with the rules of colour art; and almost all of them tend ruinously to vilify the face of beauty. Surrounded by the reflecting medium of light grey, beauty would be entrancing; but smothered, obscured, and the complexion crushed by frightful crimson and other abominations of colour, vain will be our efforts until public taste is enlightened into propriety. Meanwhile, however, let the ladies strive to decorate and enhance their beauty as veritable *artistes*, and not as *daubs*, with the vulgar, theatrical paint-pots. Of course we assume, on their part, a correct appreciation of colour. Indeed, it seems that although colour-blindness, or the inability to distinguish the colours, is much more common than is generally believed—at least one person in fifty being thus affected—it is more usual in the male sex, although the colours adopted by many of the latter whom we have observed could only be accounted for on the supposition of existing colour-blindness.

Unquestionably, portrait painters should direct their studious attention to this important subject of contrast in colours and the play of their

influences on the complexion. The sun, however, has become the portrait painter general, and this modern feature of universal photography and *cartes de visite* suggests a few observations.

If anything be most clamorously attributed to photography, it is the fidelity of its pictures to the original. Yet small consideration will suffice to convince any one that fidelity, in the true sense of the word, is the least of its merits. From the laws of optics on which it is based, it must distort the lineaments, and it must vilify, alter, and burlesque all the colours. The blues of drapery it changes into patchy white, the scarlets into black, gold into white—in short, it renders nothing but black and white as they are.

It is obvious, therefore, that, let a lady be dressed with the most exquisite artistic taste, as we have recommended, all her labour will be in vain the moment she exposes her radiant looks to the “Peeping Tom” of photography. He will not tell the truth. He can’t tell the truth; it isn’t in him. The nose will be too long or the mouth too large; or, if we get these, heaven have mercy on the fairest of all things here below—lady’s eyes! It can’t be helped. We must “focus” or get sharpness in the eyes, or the mouth, and either must suffer respectively in the rendering of the picture; and there is no remedy whatever for the absence of the effects of the accessories to the complexion, or the colours of drapery. Conventionally we accept these pictures as cheap treasures, but to the eye of taste they are always sad botches, and very much like a forlorn ghost of the hapless originals. Some people fancy that we shall ultimately be able to get pictures in all their natural colours; but this is a delusion; the very nature of colour and its production—into which we cannot enter on the present occasion—militates against the possibility of such an achievement.

We hear that Niepce de St. Victor has recently succeeded in rendering some of the colours in photographs; but it is admitted that they cannot be permanently fixed; if they could, the accepted theory of colours must be rejected or modified.

We therefore recommend the ladies, when they go to be “taken,” to take particular care to avoid the very colours which may enhance their beauty to admiring eyes, but which will infallibly be laughed at—at all events, *mocked*—by the comical imp of photography.

It is impossible to lay down rules for the dress suitable to all complexions and features to undergo the trying ordeal of photography; but, as a general rule, the darker hues suit best, yet not so dark as to appear dead in the rendering. The fewer the colours the better, especially about the face, and the neutral tints are preferable in all cases to white, which almost invariably renders itself patchy and flat. Do what they will, however, it is with regret that we are forced to declare to the ladies that we must always be compelled to accept these gifts of the sun merely for want of better, fondly supplying their shortcomings by the help of foreknowledge, experience, and imagination.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

PROFESSOR DRAPER of New York, in his recently published volume on the intellectual development of Europe, edifies us with the information that an animal is the form through which material substance is visibly passing and suffering transmutation into new products, that in that act of transmutation force is disengaged, and that what we call its life is the display of the manner in which the force thus disengaged is expended; adding, further, that the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation. Lamentable is the future which this sort of reasoning presents to the professor; enabling him to trace the progress of Europe through the ages of credulity, inquiry, faith, reason, until it finally halts, like China, at the age of decrepitude. This is the materialistic theory of life, embracing such reasoning as Lucretius would have appreciated and Buckle would have enjoyed, and promulgated by a man who lives and understands medicine better than metaphysics. The doctor, feeling the pulse of his patient, proclaims that he is growing old, and will soon become a confirmed and stupid invalid. A pleasant prospect this for those who have been accustomed, Prometheus-like, to snatch down divine fire and mingle it with the clay of our modern humanity. What, is all our boasted progress to come to nothing—to nothing, at least, but the lifeless stagnation of intellectual senility,—while some other body of human beings, at present at the credulous stage (the subjects of the King of Dahomey, for instance), take their turn of growing up to mental manhood and gradually declining into old age? Unfortunately, the fact that Professor Draper is an American makes us doubtful as to the sincerity of his argument. We know the common Yankee notion, that America is yet in her infancy, but that she, while Europe is sinking into obtuseness and inactivity, is gradually but surely growing up to her full stature. It must be very pleasant for the Yankees to find that one of their number is clever enough to shape this notion into philosophical form, and to prove by inference that the time when they will be able, figuratively speaking, to “lick creation,” must infallibly arrive. This Professor Draper does very cleverly, but not cleverly enough to convince those who dissected the generalizations of the philosopher whose scepticism culminated in so sad a darkness at Damascus. The worst of theories like that of the professor is, that they are positively valueless as guides to human conduct. Christianity says, “Believe, and you shall receive the reward of belief; repent, and your sins shall be forgiven you.” Draper says, “Do what you please,—remonstrate, reason, aspire,—you are nevertheless a helpless log, drifted swiftly on to a fixed destination. You are merely a form of material substance which will reach the stage of decrepitude and change; and it is your destiny to pass from childhood back to childhood.” If the Professor really believes that he is right, we

* “Dramatis Personæ,” by Robert Browning. London: Chapman and Hall.

can account for the stoical calm with which, even when the din of battle was ringing at his very door, he favoured the publisher with his fatalistic reveries.

Draperism, to use its own technology, is another display of the manner in which the substance of scepticism shows itself while passing into fresh products. Pure and simple scepticism, and that of the most valuable kind, has budded forth also in "Essays and Reviews"-ism, and Colensoism—manifestations upon which far too much false emphasis has been laid by English people. Luckily, there are people who turn their eyes upward, and have not forgotten what "the wise man" said:—

"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen;
Dein sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt!
Auf! bade, Schüler, unverdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth!"*

The soul listens to calls like this more willingly than to the whispers of the fatalist, and is conscious that it has the power of renewing itself by aspiration. Counteracting the influence of the materialistic teachers, English and American, is a class of minds which forms in reality one of the bulwarks of our national religion, and which, if it divided Europe into cycles as Draper has done, would certainly assign the latest and final place to the age of faith. To such men it is of infinitely less importance whether Oxford is right or Colenso wrong, than whether modern society is in danger of stagnation from the lack of original thinkers,—thinkers who are capable of communing with the spirit-world, and of renewing the Æson of upward-looking Hope by bathing him in the red of the morning. They look forward, not to the senility, but to the manhood of a world which is yet in its youth. Their reasoning is metaphysical in the highest sense of that much-banded-about word; they decline to believe that life is merely the fortuitous form that a substance assumes in the progress of transmutation, or that the soul is evaporative carbon. They accept scepticism as a means to faith, and they value positive science as a manifestation of the thirst for divine inquiry.

Modern scepticism has developed itself markedly in two distinct forms of thinkers; the positive reasoner, who accepts nothing but direct evidence, and the merely subjective poet, who searches inward for the light in which he wishes to believe. The region of the one is the earth, the microcosm; the latter, because he feels his own soul to be boundless, is content with nothing but the universe itself. On the whole, the positivist is the more useful of the two, but both have their uses, even though they arrive at somewhat lame conclusions; they keep thought awake, and they prove, at least, what will be a great comfort to readers of

* "The spirit-world is not yet closed: thy sense
Is shut, thy heart is dead. Up, scholar, up!
And bathe thy earthly breast in the crimson day."

"FAUST," *Scene I.*

Professor Draper, that the age of faith, whatsoever be its relative position in the cycle of intellectual progress, is as yet far distant.

These remarks have been partly called forth by a perusal of Mr. Browning's last volume of poetry, a book as remarkable for its immediate applications as for thoughts which will endure for all time, and which, if taken up after a perusal of Professor Draper's "History of Intellectual Development," must help much to disperse the fogs of materialistic theory. Mr. Browning's usual reticence as regards his own religious belief is dignified and manly; and the opinions he puts into the mouths of his characters must not be identified with his personal convictions. In one or two remarkable instances, however, he gives us a plain, straightforward statement, as in the last verses of the "Legend of Poruic:"—

"The candid incline to surmise, of late,
That the Christian faith may be false, I find;
For our "Essays and Reviews" debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight.

"I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin,—
'Tis the faith that launch'd point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart."

But whether Mr. Browning does or does not believe in Original Sin is a minor question! More than most men does he believe in the ever-present stimulation of divine agencies. Nor is he a mere torpid acceptor of the respectable, the orthodox; he has reasoned out the matter entirely to his own conviction.

This brings us to a point from which we wish to look at Browning's genius. Nothing, it seems to us, is more remarkable in his poetry than the steady determination shown by the writer to regard things from their best side, to look with lenience on human frailty and shortcoming, and to get as much good out of human character as possible. Browning is the "Man of Feeling" without his stupidity and effeminacy. He does justice to everybody, even the most vicious, and discovers that even Mr. Sludge, the medium, has his good points; he won't be too hard even upon sophistry, so he shows glimpses of the divine even through the portly waistcoat of Bishop Blougram. He is not an optimist, but he is always trying, unsuccessfully, to be one. He seems grieved beyond measure when brought face to face with wickedness and humbug, so close that he must perforce see and recognize them; but he immediately sets to work to take them to pieces, not with a view to detecting the weak points, but solely in order to find out the good ones; and if the search prove unsatisfactory, he has always the grand resource of discovering the divine agency, whose marvellous workmanship brings him to his knees. He could see more fine points in the character of the Devil than any man that ever wrote, and solely for

the reason he trusts so completely in the wisdom of the devil's master. In fact, he finds something to like everywhere, but he never likes without a reason; and his extraordinary sympathy with humanity in general makes him as much at his ease in Petticoat Lane as in Belgravia; as much at home at Stoke-in-Pogis, which is agitated by the squabbles of a vestry, as in Paris, which is softly stirred by the *on dits* of a *salon*. This is meant to be high praise, and it is praise which shows the distinction between Mr. Browning and the poets who, however exalted be their musings, are merely subjective. The merely subjective poet has very little sympathy with the world in general; he admires his own little circle, and he employs his faculties in inward contemplation. Intellectually speaking, he is as lonely as a St. Simeon Stylites. Like Wordsworth, he feels himself an exceptional creature in the world, or like Shelley, he endows all mankind with his own high-mindedness and generosity. It is pretty evident that such a man lacks the weapons to combat with materialistic reasoners; while he dreams, they work; they are not satisfied with his dreams, though they are facts to him; they ask proofs—he retreats in high dudgeon, and appeals to the invisible. But when the dramatist steps forward to do battle on the side of faith, the case is widely different; he is armed at all points, and is not to be laughed down. Like his opponents, he is content to confine his arguments to facts, and mighty are the facts that humanity affords him. He is content to allow the enemy to heap the Pelion of positive science upon the Ossa of scepticism, and to climb to the top, and to cry out that they can still behold no God, while he remains in the earth, and, entering into the psychology of motives, discovers the divine spark there. History aids him with her wondrous suggestions. While the other side has ascertained that the Pentateuch is a marvellous contradiction, the dramatist has held commune with the souls of Luther and St. Paul. If they cry "Fate!" he answers "Napoleon!" While they are raking the old red sandstone, he is standing at the death-bed of Voltaire.

And Mr. Browning is a dramatist of a very high, if not of the highest, order. He has not written a line which, however lyrical in form, is not essentially dramatic in expression. Even "Evelyn Hope," that most exquisite of English *morceaux*, is the last sweet scene of a beautiful drama. His long plays are not successful, simply because the form they wear leads us to expect something more familiar in their character; but if they were divided into separate poems, they would rank among the noblest dramatic studies. It is in miniature pictures—such as "My Last Duchess" and the "Epistle of Karsheck"—that Browning excels. Nothing could be nobler or truer than the description of Lazarus in the latter poem. The man lives before us—gentle, subdued, mysterious, after the spirit of Christ has passed over him:—

"The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,
Or whether it be little or be much.

Discourse to him of prodigious armaments
 Assembled to besiege his city now,
 And of the passing of a mule with gourds—
 'Tis one ! Then take it on the other side,
 Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
 With stupor at its very littleness
 (Far as I see),—as if in that indeed
 He caught prodigious import, whole results ;
 And so will turn to us the bystanders
 In ever the same stupor (note this point)
 That we, too, see not with his open'd eyes.

* * * * *

And oft the man's soul springs into his face,
 As if he saw again and heard again
 His sage that bade him " Rise," and he did rise.
 Something—a word, a tick of the blood within—
 Admonishes—then back he sinks at once
 To ashes, that was very fire before,
 In sedulous recurrence to his trade
 Whereby he earneth him the daily bread ;
 And studiously the humbler for that pride,
 Professedly the faultier that he knows
 God's secret, while he holds the thread of life.
 Indeed, the especial marking of the man
 Is prone submission to the heavenly will—
 Seeing it what is, and why it is.
 Sayeth, he will wait patient to the last
 For that same death which must restore his being
 To equilibrium, body loosening soul,
 Divorced even now by premature full growth."*

This is a mere outline of the drawing, but it shows the subtilty of Mr. Browning's psychology. The result produced in Lazarus by the visible presence of Christ is such as now appears frequently in men when the invisible Spirit actuates. Mr. Browning seems to have gone about his work in a pre-Raphaelite spirit, and starting from the assumption that men are radically the same in all ages, he may have drawn Lazarus from a living model. As Browning paints him, Lazarus must doubtless have appeared to the learned men of his time—such as the Leech who tells the story ; but the picture affords glimpses which are true to all time, and which will manifest themselves wherever there is great faith.

We have suggested that Mr. Browning's method is pre-Raphaelistic. Nothing could be more commonplace than this method, were it not raised above commonplace by the startling fidelity of its results. Like Millais, Mr. Browning throws in the background by a few broad dashes of the brush, leaving a great deal to the imagination, and adopting a boldness of colour which sometimes startles one, as nature often does. Like Hunt, he is laboriously elaborate in the execution of his figures. His poetry,

* "The Collected Works of Robert Browning." Chapman and Hall, 1864.

indeed, has the faults as well as the beauties of the pre-Raphaelites. These faults consist of a certain unpleasant look of the work at first sight, and a frequent smudginess of the tints on further examination; and they constitute what is known to a large portion of the public as Mr. Browning's *style*—a style so bold, rough-hewn, and withal so original, that it has never been imitated with any success. Those who call it careless don't know what they are talking about. It is the fine conscientious expression of clearly defined thought, startling one ever and again by unconscious effects; and if it be full of mannerisms, they are the mannerisms of a man who is so much in earnest that he has no time to fill his pictures with charmingly pretty bits of unnatural colour. And in more than one marked respect does Mr. Browning resemble the painters who preceded Raphael. He is so pre-eminently Christian that he sacrifices everything for the sake of truth, pure and simple. The central figure in his mind's eye is Christ, whose spirit breathes gently through all his poetry. We are inclined to think that those poems in which Mr. Browning deals with historical religious subjects are his masterpieces. The parsimony of their colouring results in one gentle and very lovely evenness of tone; for Christianity abhors tinsel.

There is nothing in the new volume better than the "Epistle of Kar-sheek," but there is one poem which is more immediately available for purposes of moral teaching. This is entitled "A Death in the Desert," and describes the last moments of the apostle John. Here the background is thrown quickly in by a few soft lines. Inside, the dark cool cave; further, a subdued glimpse of "noon and the burning blue;" and, half-way up the mouth of the cave, tending his goat, the wild Bactrian convert, who lives before us through the might of two strong lines,—

"The Bactrian was but a wild, childish man,
And could not read nor speak, but only loved."

Painfully interesting is the figure of the apostle, who, stretched dying on his camel's skin, delivers his last teaching to his companions in hiding. The words live and breathe, while John sinks fast; and already, afar away, people who wish to believe are beginning to doubt whether or not John has lived at all, and to doubt the promise of His coming. Anti-christ is already in the world. Men doubt the miracles, and ask for more; but the dying apostle has an answer, which should reach the souls of those who admire M. Ernest Renan:—

"I say that man was made to grow, not stop;
That help he needed once, and needs no more,
Having grown up but an inch by, is withdrawn:
For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view; the help whereby he mounts,
The ladder-rung his foot has left, may fall,
Since all things suffer change save God the Truth.

Man apprehends Him newly at each stage
 Whereat earth's ladder drops, its service done ;
 And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved.
 You stick a garden plot with order'd twigs
 To show inside the germs of herbs unborn,
 And check the careless step would spoil their birth ;
 But when herbs wave, the guardian twigs may go,
 Since should you doubt of virtues, questions kind,
 It is no longer for old twigs ye look,
 Which proved once underneath lay store of seed,
 But to the herb's self, by what light ye boast,
 For what fruit's signs are. This book's fruit is plain,
 Nor miracles need prove it any more.
 Doth the fruit show ? Then miracles bade 'ware
 At first of root and stem, saved both till now
 From trampling ox, rough boar and wanton goat.
 What ? *Was man made a wheelwork to wind up,*
And be discharged, and straight wound up anew ?
No !—grown, his growth lasts ; taught, he ne'er forgets :
May learn a thousand things, not twice the same.

“ This might be pagan teaching ; now hear mine.

“ I say, that as the babe, you feed awhile
 Becomes a boy, and fit to feed himself,
 So minds at first must be spoon-fed with truth :
 When they can eat, babes' nurture is withdrawn.
 I fed the babe whether it would or no :
 I bid the boy to feed himself or starve.
 I cried once, ‘ That ye may believe in Christ,
 Behold, this blind man shall receive his sight ! ’
 I cry now, ‘ Urgest thou, *for I am shrewd*
And smile at stories how John's word could cure—
Repeat that miracle and take my faith ?
 I say, that miracle was duly wrought
 When, save for it, no faith was possible.
 Whether a change were wrought i' the shows o' the world,
 Whether the change came from our minds which see
 Of the shows o' the world so much as and no more
 Than God wills for His purpose,—(what do I
 See now, suppose you, there where you see rock
 Round us ?)—I know not ; such was the effect,
 So faith grew, making void more miracles
 Because too much : they would compel, not help.
 I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ
 Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
 All questions in the earth and out of it,
 And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
 Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove the proved ?
 In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof,
 Leave knowledge and revert to how it sprung ?
 Thou hast it ; use it, and forthwith, or die !

“ *For I say, this is death, and the sole death,*
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,

*Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest."*

Further on, John adds forcibly,—

"Man knows partly, but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress, man's destructive march alone,
Not God's, and not the heart's : God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.
Such progress could no more attend his soul,
Were all it struggles after found at first
And guesses changed to knowledge absolute,
Than motion wait his body, were all else
Than it the solid earth on every side,
Where now through space he moves from rest to rest.
Man, therefore, thus condition'd, must expect
He could not, what he knows now, know at first ;
What he considers that he knows to-day,
Come but to-morrow, he will find misknown ;
Getting increase of knowledge, since he learns
Because he lives, which is to be a man,
Set to instruct himself by his past self :
*First, like the brute, obliged by facts to learn ;
Next, as man may, obliged by his own mind,
Bent, habit, nature, knowledge turned to law.
God's gift was that man should conceive of truth
And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake,
As midway help, till he reach fact indeed."*

Here we indeed hear the voice of John, the "well-beloved," phrasing into clear speech reflections which must have occurred to many thinking people. "More miracles!" cry the unbelievers. "Nay," answers John, "miracles are no longer necessary if man be made to grow, not stop." The good seed is sown—the sun and rain will nourish it until it peeps greenly through the earth. Mr. Browning has shown elsewhere, in former volumes, how useful scepticism is in promoting the good growth. Side by side with John's glorification of revealed religion is a companion poem, marvellously unlike the other, but fit to be placed side by side with it on account of that law of mental association which is called contrast. Whom have we here, sprawling in the mire, grumbling, muttering, gazing out from the island, but Caliban, that most unprototyped of extraordinary mundane monsters? Browning enters into the psychology of Shakspeare's creation with that marvellous sympathy which expressly distinguishes his method of character-painting, and which enables him to draw the very souls of his subjects. If Caliban could have been at all, his "natural theology" would have been precisely that described in the strange soliloquy put upon his lips by Mr. Browning. His Setebos is a tyrant god, much of Caliban's

own humour—jealous of the beautiful things he has made, but occasionally good-natured; loving what does him good; falling to making things, or to knocking things down again, just as a means of willing away the time; having a spite against Caliban, and an unaccountable liking for Prosper; probably doomed some day to be caught napping; to doze, doze, as good as die. A cold god, Setebos, but powerful to mar and make, with much such power over Caliban as has the monster in his turn over the crabs and creeping things that crawl, slimy, on the shore of the enchanted isle:—

“ Thinketh such shows nor right nor wrong in Him,
Nor kind, nor cruel : He is strong and Lord.
Am strong myself, compared to yonder crabs
That march now from the mountain to the sea.
Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty first,
Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
Say the first straggler that boasts purple spots,
Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off ;
Say this bruised fellow shall receive a worm,
And two worms he whose nippers end in red ;
As it likes me each time, I do : so He.

“ Well, then, supposeth He is good i’ the main,
Placable if His mind and ways were guess’d,
But rougher than His handiwork, be sure !
Oh, He hath made things worthier than Himself,
And envieth that, so help’d, such things do more
Than He who made them ! What consoles but this ?
That they, unless through Him, do nought at all,
And must submit : what other use in things ?
Hath cut a pipe of pithless elder joint
That, blown through, gives exact the scream o’ the jay,
When from her wing you twitch the feathers blue:
Sound this, and little birds that hate the jay
Flock within stone’s throw, glad their foe is hurt:
But case such pipe could prattle and boast forsooth,
‘ I catch the birds, I am the crafty thing,
I make the cry my maker cannot make
With his great round mouth ; he must blow through mine !’
Would not I smash it with my foot? So He.

“ But wherefore rough, why cold and ill at ease ?
Aha! that is a question. Ask, for that,
What knows,—the something over Setebos
That made Him, or He, may be, found and fought,
Worsted, drove off and did to nothing, perchance.
There may be something quiet o’er His head,
Out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor grief,
Since both derive from weakness in some way.
I joy because the quails come; would not joy
Could I bring quails here when I have a mind ?
This Quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth.
Esteemeth stars the outposts of its couch,
But never spends much thought nor care that way.

It may look up; work up,—the worse for those
It works on!"

Here we have indeed a true glimpse of the "very shallow monster, most poor credulous monster, most puppy-headed monster," described by Master Trinculo, and "the freckled whelp, hag-born" of Prospero. The conception seems founded on the following lines in the "Tempest:"—

"I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, SETEBOS,
And make a vassal of him."

But the quotation at the head of the poem touches the key-note of the whole howling tune;—"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself."

But clever as "Caliban" is, it is a mistake. The subject is exceedingly repulsive, and almost unfit for separate artistic treatment. As part of the strange machinery of a play brimful of characters, Caliban is invaluable; and while his character is abundantly conveyed in the strong touches of the great master, he is always kept studiously in the background. More than once Mr. Browning, in his desire to say the best he can of things, has affirmed that mere beauty is something; but what plea can he set up for mere ugliness—ugliness so extreme as to fill the gazer with instinctive detestation and loathing? What would Mr. Millais make of a gorilla? The poem is a mistake; yet we value it highly, as a true index to the character of the poet's mind. In the excess of his Christian love and sympathy, we have no doubt that he sees some points of sympathy between himself and the whelp of Sycorax. But his error lies here; though the point of sympathy is discernible, it is swamped in the solitary full-length figure of the monster. In Shakspeare, Caliban is far more *likeable* than in Mr. Browning's poem.

One feels quite ashamed to find fault with so mighty a master of psychology as Mr. Browning, who is as far above mere fault-finding as it is possible for writer to be. Nothing is more remarkable in his career than the steady, determined manner in which, regardless of neglect and hostile censure, he has clung to what he considers the right principles of art, without deviating for a moment into unbelief or hesitation. Like the Christian painters before Raphael, he merges the means in the end, deeming fineness of workmanship of less importance than the plain representation of what is true. His Christian feeling guides him at every step, and gives force and meaning to his very roughest outlines. He is the Michael Angelo of poets, with the qualification that he has the advantage of modern progress, and perceives, instead of the Great Terror, the Great Charity. Even when raking the dregs of our contemporary life, and turning up that unmitigated humbug, "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," Mr. Browning shows far more mercy than any one of his contemporary authors—Mr. Dickens, for instance—would have done under the same

circumstances. This *exposé* of spirit-rapping is powerful enough in its way; and it strikes us forcibly that we know who sat for the portrait. But Mr. Sludge is not proper matter for poetry, save from a point of view which Browning touches very lightly in the following passage:—

“I and all such boys, of course,
 Started with the same stock of Bible truth;
 Only,—what in the rest you style their sense,
 Instinct, blind reasoning but imperative,
 This, betimes, taught them the old world had one law,
 And ours another: ‘New world, new laws,’ cried they;
 ‘None but old laws seem everywhere at work,’
 Cried I, and by their help explain’d my life,
 The Jews’ way, still a waking way to me.
 Ghosts made the noises, fairies waved the lights,
 Or Santaclaus slid down on New Year’s eve,
 And stuff’d with cakes the stocking at my bed,
 Changed the worn shoes, rubb’d clean the finger’d slate
 Of the sum that came to grief the day before.

“This could not last long: soon enough I found
 Who had work’d wonders thus, and to what end:
 But did I find all easy, like my mates?
 Henceforth no supernatural any more?
 Not a whit: what projects the billiard-balls?
 ‘A cue,’ you answer: ‘yes, a cue,’ said I;
 ‘But what hand, off the cushion, moved the cue?’
 What unseen agency, outside the world,
 Prompted its puppets to do this and that,
 Put cakes and shoes and slates into their mind,
 These mothers and aunts, nay, even schoolmasters?
 Thus high I sprang, and there have settled since,
 But so I reason, in sober earnest still,
 About the greater godsend, what you call
 The serious gains and losses of my life.
What do I know or care about your world,
Which either is or seems to be? This snap
 Of my fingers, sir! My care is for myself.”

But the worst of this poem is that it proves nothing—lets in no new light upon the vexed question on which it touches. It proves that Sludge is a humbug—that is all, and of course it is gentler with humbug than it might have been; but we know that there are “mediums” in the world, who, so far from being Sludges, are quite cultured enough to love and understand Mr. Browning. The intention of the writer, we guess, was merely to divert himself with a little psychological dissection. And the portrait, besides being grossly ill-favoured, becomes inconsistent with itself when it represents Sludge as talking tenderly about the spirits of infants, and quoting the “Bridgewater Treatises.” It is very like Mr. Browning to make his medium feel deeply conscious of the pathos which is woven in with the hypocrisy of his profession. But it is *not* like Sludge.

The short lyrics interspersed with the longer poems are much better. The best of them is called "A Face," but we shall not quote it. More to our purpose is it to follow Mr. Browning into the Morgue, where the sight of "the three men who did most abhor their life in Paris" the day previous, leads to the utterance of a fine truth:—

"Poor men, God-made, and all for that !

* * * * *

My own hope is, a sun will pierce

The thickest cloud earth ever stretch'd ;

That, after Last, returns the First,

Though a wide compass round be fetch'd ;

That what began best can't prove worst,

Nor what God bless'd once prove accurst."

Out of these weighty lines, perhaps, might be constructed Mr. Browning's answer to certain philosophers, of whom we preambled. The man in whom the Morgue could awaken no sadder reflection than the above, would never, in his theorizing, let mankind stop short at the age of decrepitude. The life of the world, like the life of an individual, "began best," and was blessed by God. That was in the fig-leaf time, when man "knew not vice at all, and kept true state."* Then came knowledge; and for century after century the *intellect* strove wildly, grandly, vainly, after the old faith; but Egypt had the fate of its Pharaohs, and Greece fell. These great peoples, Draperism would argue, proved decrepitude the fate of nations to come. Not so; they attained to the highest possible mental perfection,—and they fell. Divinity sent Plato to show man how much the mere intellect could do in its grand strivings after the immortal; till there came the period when man knew that faith was as ungraspable as an angel's robe by the clutchings of the mind. This was the time for a new dispensation—the time for the coming of that Teacher whose aim was the cultivation of perfect self-abnegation, perfect love and hope, in which lay the strength which intellect sought in vain—the strength of faith. The whole aim of His teaching was to prove that God was right after all; that the strife after knowledge was vain and unprofitable, and that we were better in the humble state, just as we were in the beginning. Egypt fell, and Greece perished, to prove this. When we know this thoroughly we have gained much; and the world learns it much in the same manner as do individuals—by special loss and suffering. Day by day, year by year, century by century, man grows nearer and nearer to the period when faith will put on his wings for him, and he will take flight to the immortal,—with no joy but the glory he sought to comprehend through the knowledge of good and evil. John in the desert might have prophesied that Christ never intended to "return" until this same good time came. Much of this high trust is whispered in "Abt Volger: "—

* Ben Jonson's "Underwoods."

“ All we have will'd, or hoped, or dream'd of good, shall exist ;
 Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty nor good power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
 Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-bye.

“ And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
 For the fulness of the days ? Have we wither'd and agonized ?
 Why else was the pause prolong'd but that singing might issue thence ?
 Why rush'd the discords in, but that harmony should be prized ?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear ;
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians know.”

More of the same teaching is put upon the lips of “ Rabbi Ben Ezra : ”—

“ What is he but a brute,
 Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?
 To man propose this test,—
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

“ Yet gifts should prove their use:
 I own the past profuse
 Of power each side, perfection every turn :
 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole ;
 Should not the heart beat once, ‘ How good to live and learn ?

“ Not once beat, ‘ Praise be Thine !
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :
 Perfect I call Thy plan :
 Thanks that I was a man !
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do !

“ For pleasant is this flesh ;
 Our soul, in its rose-mesh
 Pull'd ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :
 Would me some prize might hold
 To match those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

“ Let us not always say
 ‘ Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gain'd ground upon the whole !’
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry ‘ All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul !’

“ Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reach'd its term :

Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the develop'd brute ; a god, though in the germ.

“ And I shall thereupon
 Take rest, ere I be gone
 Once more on my adventure brave and new :
 Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

“ Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby ;
 Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute, I shall know, being old.

“ For note, when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots—‘ Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.’

“ So still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 ‘ This rage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain :
 The future I may face now I have proved the past.’

“ For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
 Here, work enough to watch
 The master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

“ As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;
 So, better age, exempt
 From strife, should know than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death, nor be afraid !”

It is impossible not to feel that Mr. Browning utters here, under the guises of the musician and the rabbi, some of the dearly-bought experience of his own life. As through the masks of *Æschylus* we catch glimpses of the white faces, agonized with human passion, so here we see the veil lifted occasionally by a quick painful movement, and the earnest eyes of the poet gleam for a moment on his audience. But in these eyes lies no shade of Byronic misanthropy ; they are full of the deep wondrous light which never was in sea or land, and they gaze, not at the feet of clay, but upward.

Those who know the story of the one great loss of Mr. Browning's life feel *how* and *whence* has come to him the serene wisdom, the belief in things good, which is the best and most valuable characteristic of his poetry. Further, out of his great love for and belief in mankind, he takes his readers into his secret, though with a vague reticence that shows how profound and how sacred has been the man's agony. This is in the "Epilogue," the spirit of which is, "I believe *because* I have loved much." How many men have learned this mystery, whereby belief is woven out of love? How many men know that when one loves wholly, he *must* believe? Yet this is the knowledge which it is the business of Mr. Browning, and all great modern poets, to teach. This is the knowledge which is born out of suffering, and which the world has been struggling for centuries to attain. Do we perceive now why Mr. Browning has so much gentleness for human frailty and error? or do we deny what Christ came to prove—that when man has learned to love once, he has learned to love for ever? When the world, in its restless strife, has taught us the truth which Mr. Browning utters in his Epilogue—when our vanished faces, dear to us as *hers* to him, have mingled into the ineffable Face which rose at Bethlehem, and made a visible place for the dim human tribute—when we know that the end of all this wild pageant is to enhance the worth of each individual, from the highest to the meanest of mankind,—

“ Why, where's the need of temple, when the walls
O' the world are that? What use of swells and falls
From Levite's choir, priests' cries, and trumpet-calls?
That one face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Became my universe that feels and knows!”

R. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

NO. IV.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHEN reading a very pleasant paper, entitled, "Through Berks," I found the following observation:—"If I were asked where to travel, I should reply, England." Again,—“The temptation is doubtless great to plunge into a foreign country, to breathe an untried atmosphere, to mingle with an entirely different race.” I perfectly agree with the writer—not that I would debar all who can from visiting foreign lands, be it only to realize the fact that nine out of every ten travellers, men of sense, return with greater gusto and admiration to their own country, of which, by the multitude, so little is really known.

Well do I recollect, as a very humble author, offering, several years since, a mass of MS. to one of our leading London publishers; calling some weeks subsequently to ascertain his opinion as to its merits, he thus courteously addressed me:—

“Sir, I have read your MS. myself, and I am bound to admit the perusal has afforded me not only pleasure, but considerable interest and information. It relates, however, entirely to England—home, in fact,—and I therefore fear the publication would not pay. If you will write me a book, in precisely the same style, about Kamtschatka, Peru, or Persia,—or, in fact, about any foreign land, I will give you three hundred pounds for it. But English people will not read about England.”

As regards myself, nothing gives me more pleasure than reading about my fatherland; but the majority, I fear, prefer “Parmesan” and “Gruyère” to Cheshire and North Wiltshire; consequently these foreign cheeses obtain the best price in the market. Nevertheless, the book was published, and although highly spoken of by the press, nobody read it, simply because they fancied, the subject being England, they knew it far better than the author.

So now let us linger awhile in the East, ere we cross the arid plains of Castile, travel over the snow-clad wastes of Russia, cross the sickening and uncertain seas of the Baltic, or the Gulf of Lyons, enjoy the fertile and luxuriant vales of Italy and France, or visit Austria, Russia, and Poland.

Could my pen speak as my mind freely recurs to the numerous incidents and recollections which float as it were on my imagination, how many a pleasant tale, how many a curious anecdote, could I relate, which appears to escape the memory as it glides over these pages, or as I refer to notes of days lang syne!

In my last number I endeavoured briefly to relate how, under great difficulties, a royal messenger had made a rapid journey from Belgrade to the City of the Sultan.

Now I believe it was Sir Bulwer Lytton who, in one of his pleasan

essays, remarked "that two travellers may arrive at the same inn by different roads and in different company. So two writers can arrive at the same conclusion, though by different paths, and the impression of the journey left on the mind depends on the features of the country traversed, and the companions one has by the way. It is not rendered alike to both travellers, because they must meet at last at the same sign, and conclude their adventures with a chop off the same mutton."

As regards the bearer of despatches, I do not allude to one into whose hands chance may have thrown this onerous and oftentimes most trying duty, but to one to whom it is a constant office; and then I say, that although he travel rapidly, no man travels more practically, if he be he ought to be, a steady though quick observer of nature and of man; in such case, the constant passing through the same country by the same Continental routes ought, nay, does give him a knowledge of places, and the habits and manners of people with whom he is daily and hourly associated, that few others, even those who linger by the wayside, can or ever do obtain.

With regard to Constantinople, doubtless there are hundreds of British officers who served during the Crimean war, who are well and practically acquainted—as well as scores of other travellers—with every part of the city, its mosques, its minarets, bazaars, and dancing dervishes. In no manner, however, do I propose to inflict on the patience of my readers any description or opinion as regards these unquestionably interesting localities. My object is more to convince those who have journeyed there how vast the change—though I fear for the worse, as far as the knowledge of a Turk is concerned—is the present from the past. Murray's Guide-book will possibly point out to those who may henceforth chance to visit the city the objects most worthy of admiration, while I would desire to explain how greatly the advent of railways and steam power have facilitated a journey to the East, and how many the routes which may be pleasantly travelled to accomplish it.

It is late spring, or rather early summer time; but yesterday, as it were, I was reposing at Therapia, beneath the shade of the brightest of green foliage, in that Ambassadorial garden on whose terraces, doubtless, he who crossed the Balkan range in '49 had smoked his pipe of peace and rest after his fatigues. It was the favourite summer residence of one whose name will ever be connected with the history of the past, as regards the administration of Turkey; not less so in connection with the Crimean war;—one to whom the world must justly award the highest diplomatic talents; and, if merit be fairly acknowledged, all honour to him to whom the Turks owe a debt of deep gratitude.

This pleasant summer residence at Therapia is still the property of the British Crown, and here, during the heats of summer, diplomacy finds health and repose from the fresh breezes of the Bosphorus

and the calm beauties of nature by which it is surrounded. I have said that but yesterday, as it were, I sat in the pleasant garden of this most agreeable summer retreat : all nature was at rest, the deep blue ocean, forming the Bay of Byukdere, lay as a mirror before me, dotted over with numerous gay caïques ; while here and there a vessel, forced onward by the rapid current from the Black Sea, floated rather than sailed towards the capital,—the hill-sides or wooded heights framing the charming picture. It was, in fact, one of those bright yet tranquil scenes, which, when we are far away from home, fill us with a quiet pleasure, strangely mingled with sadness.

Beyond the calm Bay of Byukdere the landscape opens on a narrow channel, gliding towards the Sea of Marmora, which joins the Bosphorus, so frequently described, so invariably overrated as to natural beauties. This channel divides, as it were, European Turkey from Asia Minor ; and as I look on the Black Sea in the distance, beyond the limit of its entrance, guarded by the castles or forts called Romeli and Anadoli Karak, what memories of the past, with its war and bloodshed, crowd on my thoughts ! How many a brave and noble-hearted lad, fresh from Eton, Harrow, or Westminster, or any other public resort of education, sailed between these two ancient relics of Turkey as it was, with a young soldier's spirit, high in hope of victory and promotion, never to return, while sadness crushed the mother's heart at home ! Could we but read the thoughts and analyze the feelings, even at the hour that I write these pages—though years have elapsed, and the present, blended with the past, has almost blotted out the word *Crimea*,—we should find sorrow still lingering on many a hearth of which he who came there, no more to receive the warm embraces of home, sweet home, was perhaps the first-born, the only one, and the pride.

“Those happy hours have pass'd away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells.”

But from Therapia to the capital is only thirteen miles ; steamboats, during eight months of the year, ply almost every hour up and down the Bosphorus, touching at different points or villages on the European as on the Asiatic shores of the Bosphorus, as do our Thames river boats. So that you may say you have been from Europe to Asia in less than a quarter of an hour. Unfortunately, this river traffic—if river it can be called—is a monopoly ; and as monopolies are always detrimental to the public welfare, I leave the world to imagine and calculate the gains and the discomforts of a Turkish monopoly. Nevertheless, this mode of visiting either Therapia or Byukdere—the fashionable (odious though the word) summer resort of the mixed aristocracy of all nations who inhabit the City of the Sultan during winter—is, if not the pleasantest, unquestionably the best means of seeing the far-famed shores of the Bosphorus.

These boats also ply with some regularity during the winter season,

though few, I imagine, dare trust themselves to a winter at either Therapia or Byukdere; for were not all the natural beauties by which you are surrounded at midsummer-time converted into practical beasts by the severity and storms of midwinter, I doubt if there be a house at either place weather-proof: for although that which in the East, if not elsewhere, is considered luxury may abound in the palace of a sultan, or a grand vizier, or a wealthy pacha, I doubt if the word Comfort is to be found in the Turkish dictionary; and if so, it is unquestionably neither understood nor acted on.

For my own part, I prefer taking mine ease while reclining in a *caïque* with a small rosewood pipe—filled with simple “bird’s-eye,” though in the land of Turkish tobacco—in my mouth, or trusting myself on the back of a sure-footed pony, and scampering over the hills,—for there is a road so called to Therapia and Byukdere. In such case, however, the trip is marvellously expensive, unless you have a friend who may chance to possess a *caïque* or a pony, which, in the East, means a carriage or a horse; for a *caïque* is literally used as a carriage on the Bosphorus, and the expense of maintaining it with *caigées* or rowers nearly as great. But at Constantinople, as in London, a friend must be a friend indeed who lends you either.

Calmly as you repose amid the scenes I have briefly described, two short hours or less, and you find yourself in the most remarkable scene of noise, bustle, and discontent in Europe,—the capital of the light of the world, his Majesty the Sultan Abdul Aziz. This is the year of our Lord 1864, yet all things in and about Constantinople appear to date from the Crimean war; indeed, when referring to some question of the past, the reply not seldom comes to those who may not previously have visited the Eastern capital, “Oh, you should have been here before the war! All is changed since then.” For my own part—having been there ere the British troops landed at Gallipoli, and twenty times since the battle of the Alma—I can only say, that if the Turks who lived and loved previous to the present century were to rise from their graves, they might possibly exclaim—not, “Oh, Allah be praised!”—but, “Why hast thou so discomfited us?”

Of all the cities on which the bright sun of heaven shines, or the snowstorm casts its desolation and discomfort, I know not one—and I have again and again visited all the capitals of Europe—wherein may be seen so heterogeneous a mass of human beings, particularly on the sabbath, as that which perambulates the “Grand Pièce de Pera,”—the Regent Street, in fact, of the Frank portion of the Turkish capital. Heaven help those who may chance to find themselves amid this mass of folly, extravagance, and vanity! I will not use harsher terms. Happily, most happily, my countrymen—I would certainly add countrywomen—form but a small minority in this, I believe, pleasure-seeking crowd, composed of almost every European nation.

What vile imitations of Parisian bonnets—what shawls and capes of cotton velvet and imitation lace—what flowers and crinolines—what attempts at an elegant *chaussure*—what varnished boots, ostentation, vulgarity, and ill-breeding—crowded together under a glorious sun, or weltering ankle-deep in mud and mire! In fact, I know of no public thoroughfare on earth where a display of spurious wealth—if I may so term it—is more revolting to every sense of pleasure than that to be met with in the crowded streets of Pera, in this the year 1864. In fact, though I would say it in all charity, the stranger fresh from more civilized lands and associations actually shrinks with a feeling of disgust from the mixed crowd amongst whom he finds himself. And were I unkind enough to draw up the curtain and open the street door which admits you into the domiciles of two-thirds of this ostentatiously bedecked and over-dressed assembly, on a week-day, I fear your feelings of admiration, your sense of refinement, would be frightfully shocked by a picture of slipshod discontent, dirt, and apparent poverty, amalgamating in no possible manner with the feathers and the follies of the sabbath.

Moreover, Constantinople at the present hour is one of the most, if not the most, expensive and dishonest cities in Europe, though devoid of luxury and utterly unconscious of comfort; and if the traveller with a slender purse and simple means should venture there, he will soon find that while half the interest in visiting an Eastern city as it formerly existed has vanished, the whole of his means will soon vanish also, and his humble wants be but ill supplied. Let him only presume to remark that he can live with tenfold more comfort, and half the outlay, in any other city in Europe, he will be either laughed at for coming there at all, or told with derision he is neither in London nor Paris.

Tobacco, the Turk's hourly luxury, if not necessity, only a few years since was to be purchased at the rate of about eight shillings an oke, or about three shillings a pound; and this of the best quality: it is now difficult to obtain it with any flavour for less than twenty-five shillings an oke, or about eight shillings a pound. All articles sold in the bazaars of Stamboul are also greatly risen in price, and for the few specimens of Turkish art—such as table-covers, said to be embroidered by female hands; pipes and pipe-sticks, and here and there an ancient relic—once within the reach of moderate means,—objects of luxury, in fact, an exorbitant price is demanded. Who becomes the purchaser? I dare not assert; certainly not the stranger with limited means.

For the benefit of the traveller who may chance to visit the City of the Sultan, I am now desirous, with the most honest and kindly feeling towards those who labour for the bread of life, to speak awhile on the subject of hotels in the Frank portion of the city called Pera. After mentioning the word "hotel," it may seem a paradox that I boldly declare there are no hotels. "No hotels! The fellow must be mad, or how dare he make so false an assertion?" I hear uttered by a thousand

tongues. Calm yourselves, gentlemen; I repeat, there are no hotels,—at least, as I understand the meaning of an hotel—and as you will find to your cost, should chance, or pleasure, or duty, or aught else induce you to look on the minarets of Stamboul, linger for an hour in the mosque of St. Sophia, or make your way amid a motley Sunday crowd at Pera.

There is the so-called “Hotel d’Angleterre,” and the “Byzance,” and the “Hotel de l’Europe,” and the “Orient,” and a host of other hotels, where the traveller may rest without being thankful, or a richer man for his attempt at economy, when he pays his bill, simply that they are one and all “boarding-houses,” and not hotels. This fact I shall endeavour, in a few lines, to make perfectly clear.

You arrive, as all the travelling world must arrive, at Constantinople by steam-packet, unless you have sufficient pluck or curiosity to cross the Balkan range coming from Belgrade. You entrust your precious body in a miserable, dirty boat, or a frail *caïque*, in which, if you be not an Ambassador, a Pacha, or a Royal messenger, you are landed at the Custom-house. After having paid your *caigée*, or boatman, about three times the amount charged by an honest Thames waterman for rowing you about twice the distance, having nothing in your portmanteau whatever but the common necessities of a traveller’s wardrobe, you give *bakshé*—or, in plain English, a tip—to a dirty official, for the unnecessary trouble he has given you. Your belongings are then hoisted on the back of an athletic Turk or Armenian, called a “haumel,”—that is to say, a biped with the power of a quadruped; and having previously selected a boarding-house at which you intend to reside, you follow him as calmly as your natural temper admits through the odious streets of Galata to Pera. Your luggage being deposited, you pay your biped about treble the price of cab hire from London Bridge to the Waterloo station, and then commences the knowledge that you are not at an hotel, but a boarding-house.

This practical, or, I would rather say, pecuniary fact, realizes itself the very moment your portmanteau is placed in the apartment you are permitted to select, which then becomes, as it were, your property during your sojourn in the capital. True that your portmanteau neither eats nor drinks, neither is it necessary that you should eat or drink, or even sleep in this apartment; yet it is absolutely necessary that you should pay so much per diem, precisely the same as do those who take their meals diurnally, and add to the number of sheets and towels which find their way to the weekly wash-tub.

You may perchance have brought letters of introduction to some kind and hospitable countrymen, who possess pleasant villas on the banks of the Bosphorus; you may be well known to the Ministers of the various corps diplomatic; you may be a personal friend of his Excellency the representative of her Majesty Queen Victoria, or your position and amiability of character may secure you attention and hospitality. Gastronomy, if not precisely of Parisian or Belgravian excellence, may consequently be

daily offered to you during a fortnight's residence ; breakfasts, dinners, suppers, even beds, may be placed at your disposal. You accept them, preferring well-bred society and female presence to a mixed company, and not seldom a greasy repast, at a *table d'hôte*—for good, or even eatable butter is a rarity, if indeed, it is ever obtainable, in the East. Nevertheless, your portmanteau is taking its ease at your inn or boarding-house, though you take nothing, save the knowledge that you will have to pay about sixteen shillings a day for having crossed the threshold with your belongings ; while if you do join the gastronomic gatherings at stated times, and find it necessary, for health's sake or from taste or habit, to imbibe a glass or two of indifferent wine at your meals, your sixteen shillings are soon converted into twenty.

On or about the termination of the Crimean war a somewhat amusing story was abroad with reference to one of these boarding-houses, which I believe to have been perfectly correct ; it will serve well to illustrate that which I have written.

An illustrious general, gone from among us, having arrived from Balaklava, was ushered into an apartment in which there were two beds, the landlord at the same time apologizing that it was the only good room he had to offer him. "No need of apology," said the gallant soldier ; "it is clean and airy, that is all I require ; and although I cannot sleep on two beds at once, if the one is too hard or too soft, I can try the other." After a week's residence he called for his bill, when, to his astonishment, he found he was charged for two rooms, two breakfasts, and two dinners daily. In fact, he was requested to pay for two persons.

Having remonstrated on what, with some reason, he considered a great imposition, he was simply informed, that as he had occupied a room with two beds, and there was a great demand for apartments, he prevented others coming to the house. This was conclusive—he paid the bill ; but the following morning he went into the street, and calling to the first ill-clad, hungry, and miserable individual he beheld, he said, "Here, my man, do you want a good breakfast?"

"I believe you, my boy !" would, I fancy, be a free translation of the man's reply. So forthwith the general ushered his guest into the grand saloon, where numerous officers and other travellers were assembled, and begging him to be seated, ordered tea and toast, and eggs and beefsteaks for two. His guest, being of the very lowest order—in extreme poverty, and ill-clad—as may be readily supposed, neither smelt like a moss rose, nor were his hands of that delicate texture which generally bespeaks both civilization and good breeding.

Ah ! had Hogarth been there, what a picture he might have drawn of that assembly!—the various costumes gathered around the breakfast-table, officers and civilians—but, above all, the varied expressions on the faces of those who sat at the board,—young joyous subalterns and captains, homeward bound after the glories and hardships of a campaign and victories

won; the traveller, come for amusement; and various others of all denominations there seated together. Subdued laughter, I fancy, was the unanimous expression, for the general was well known. Not so, however, on the faces of the landlord or the waiters, on which doubtless might have been seen a mixture of subdued anger and consternation, and probably such was the thought of the latter:—

“This my celebrated hotel thus to be humiliated and insulted by the presence of such a guest!” Remonstrance, however, calmly offered, was of no avail. “I yesterday,” said the general, “paid my bill for a week’s board and lodging for two persons; I shall probably remain another week, and if I am to pay the same, I intend to have a guest daily. This gentleman does me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning; I am glad to find his appetite is so good.—Waiter, another beefsteak.”

Laughter rang throughout the saloon, and henceforth, I believe, the gallant officer paid single fare.

I have given this tale simply as I have heard it; doubtless this method of charging was, and may be is, the universal custom of all boarding-houses. I was not present, and I only do justice to the landlord of that to which I have alluded, when I assert him to be a highly respectable person, and most obliging, while his wife is deservedly a general favourite.

In this the year 1864, the two best boarding-houses in Constantinople are those called the Hotel d’Angleterre, and the Byzance. They are both remarkably clean and comfortable, and, as far as in their power rests, the food they offer to their guests is good and plentiful—the cook at the latter decidedly the best. But in spite of all that, the system is bad and expensive, and utterly at variance with the customs of hotels in almost every city in Europe.

With regard to the other hotels or boarding-houses in Constantinople, of which the name is legion, never having been behind the scenes, I can be no just judge of their pretensions, and therefore venture not to draw up the curtain: comparisons are never pleasant—not always correct or charitable, without practical proof. Ere closing the subject, however, I would desire to name that there are two really very pleasant and remarkably clean and well-ordered boarding-houses at Therapia and Byukdere, which during the summer are generally thronged. They are both, I believe, the property of a very respectable Greek, married to an Englishwoman of whom I cannot speak too highly. That at Therapia is perhaps the most agreeable as a residence; you may land at its portals from a caïque, as you do in Venice from a gondola. The view from the windows is charming; the living perhaps the best to be had in the East; and the bathing in the Bosphorus, which flows by the hotel, very agreeable.

MORNING DREAMS.

PARTLY sleeping, partly waking,
 Just when morning chases night,
 Once I lay, with half-closed eyelids
 To exclude the growing light.
 Through the open casement window
 Rose the scent of new-mown hay,
 Mingling with the breath of flowers
 Opening to the coming day.

Save the bees' melodious humming,
 Not a sound the stillness broke
 Till the matin hymns were chanted
 By the birds, as they awoke.
 Yet more lulling than the silence
 Came the whispers of the trees,
 Blending with that gentle music
 As it floated on the breeze.

By degrees, the soft enchantment
 Wrought upon me where I lay,
 Till the limits of my chambers
 Seem'd to change and melt away.
 Then I wander'd 'neath the lime trees;
 Music still I seem'd to hear,
 Sweeter far than bee or bird-song—
 For it fell from lips most clear.

Dark blue eyes look'd kindly on me,
 Speaking words no tongue can tell;
 But they raised a deep emotion
 I remember all too well.
 Ah! how dull, how sad and weary
 All the world around me grew,
 As I roused me from my slumber,
 Wishing that my dream were true!

H. A. C.

THE PRIMEVAL INHABITANTS OF EUROPE.

HAD any one, a few years ago, suggested that discoveries might yet be made which should throw light on the manners, customs, and even history of the uncivilized tribes which inhabited the primeval forests of Europe, long before the Roman legions forced their way into the northern wilds, the supposition would have been thought by most persons absurdly improbable. What species of records, it might well have been asked, could have existed, undiscovered yet undestroyed, through such a lapse of ages? And yet records of those ancient tribes did exist; traces of their houses, of their warlike weapons, their domestic implements, even of their food and clothing, still remained in populous Europe; and when at length discovered, testified as clearly to the mode of life of their former owners, as the ruined cities still to be seen among the forests of Central America tell of the degree of civilization reached by the unknown race who once peopled those solitudes. The very earliest historical accounts of the tribes that inhabited Northern and Central Europe are little older than the Christian era; but the recent discoveries made by antiquarians in the Swiss lakes and the Danish bogs and sand-hills have taught us as much concerning the progress made in the various arts of civilization, in far more remote times, as can be gathered from the cursory notices of the Roman historians respecting those somewhat less barbarous races who were their contemporaries.

It is now known that, many centuries before Cæsar encountered the Helvetii, Switzerland was peopled by a numerous race, who constructed their houses on piles driven into the shallow parts of the lake. In these singular abodes many generations of men were born, lived, and passed away; not without leaving tokens of their existence and of their gradual improvement in the various arts of life. It is ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the earlier lake villages were constructed, and inhabited for many years, by a people ignorant of any metal, whose only instruments were knives and hatchets rudely shaped in stone; and arrows, headed either with the same material, or else with the sharpened bone of some animal. These aborigines, after a lengthened term of years, were invaded by a nation coming from the East, who possessed weapons of bronze. The new comers seized on Eastern Switzerland, burning and destroying all the lake villages there, but did not gain possession of the western part of the country. There the lake people continued to dwell for some time longer, and multiplied considerably, their numbers having, perhaps, been increased by fugitives from the east. They were not slow to avail themselves of the valuable knowledge possessed by the invaders, and soon became the owners of bronze swords, battle-axes, and hatchets. These treasures, apparently, were at first acquired by traffic; but after a while the lake dwellers learnt to compound and cast bronze for themselves.

Many years after the first irruption another nation invaded Switzerland, who came from Gaul, who possessed iron weapons, and had had some communications with the Greek colony of Marseilles. These new invaders, supposed to have been the Helvetii, who afterwards came in contact with Julius Cæsar, possessed themselves of the country, and destroyed all the remaining lake villages.

These conclusions have been deduced from a series of discoveries made in the Swiss lake by Dr. Keller, M. Troyen, the MM. Florel, and other Swiss antiquaries.

The circumstance which first gave rise to investigation was as follows. In the winter of 1853-4, a remarkably dry season, the people of Meilen, on the Lake of Zurich, took advantage of the sinking of the water to reclaim a piece of land from the lake, by throwing on it mud dredged from the adjoining shallows. Mingled with the mud brought up by the dredging machine were several stone hatchets and other implements; and on further examination a great number of wooden piles were found, driven deeply into the bed of the lake, and decayed away to a level with the soil. Among the piles lay numbers of stone instruments, fragments of rude pottery, pieces of charred wood, and one bronze hatchet. The singular discovery excited general attention; and on further explorations being made, similar remains were found in all the large Swiss lakes, and in most of the smaller.

Wherever the wooden piles were observed a variety of articles were soon brought to light,—stone hatchets, chisels, and arrow-heads; bronze swords, knives, and battle-axes; quantities of broken pottery; and the bones of many animals, wild and domestic. The dwellings which the ancient piles had evidently once supported appear in no case to have been solitary, but to have been built in large groups, forming towns and villages, some of which, it has been calculated, may have contained one thousand inhabitants. Not only the size, but also the number of the sites discovered, is remarkable, as many as five-and-thirty having been discovered in the Lake of Geneva alone. Near the lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel piles and other traces of ancient dwellings have been found in the peat at some distance from the water's edge; but there are clear geological indications that these lakes formerly extended far beyond their present boundaries, forming one large sheet of water, and covering the site of the piles. With this one apparent exception, no traces have been found of dwellings on the land earlier than the time of the Romans.

M. Ferdinand Troyen, of Lausanne, who, under the title of "*Habitations Lacustres*," has given a most interesting account of the lake dwellings, remarks that the various articles discovered on the different sites mark three distinct epochs of civilization, to which he has given the names now generally adopted, of the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron.

In many sites, especially in Eastern Switzerland, stone implements alone have been found, without any trace of metal. There are stone

hatchets, rudely shaped indeed, but brought to an edge by long and laborious rubbing; smaller tools, of the shape of chisels, probably used for cutting, in place of knives; and sharply pointed pieces, intended for arrow-heads and spear-points. In many cases these instruments must have been fixed in wooden handles, all traces of which have disappeared; but sometimes horn and bone were employed, and handles of these materials still remain, though rarely with the stone still attached. The branching horns of the stag were most frequently employed for the handles of hatchets, and many pieces have been found cut into suitable lengths, a small spur left projecting, to afford a firmer grasp, and a groove fashioned to receive the blade of stone, which was fixed in its place by a cord, perhaps of the twisted sinews of the same animal, passed through a hole near the thick end of the stone. The chisel-like instruments have occasionally been found fixed into the eye-teeth of large animals. The hollow of an animal's thigh-bone has in one instance been converted into a drinking-cup, but the earliest lake dwellers were acquainted with the art of making pottery, though of a very rude kind, fragments of which have been found in all the sites. Bones of birds and beasts have also been found in large quantities, bearing no marks of workmanship, which had evidently been thrown away when the flesh had been stripped from them.

It is difficult to realize the amount of labour required for the erection of a village on piles when only stone implements were attainable.

First, the hatchets themselves were to be shaped out of hard granite or serpentine; an edge given and a hole bored with only the aid of sand, water, and fragments of stone. Often, as is shown by the pieces found, when the blade was formed, sharpened, and nearly bored through, the treacherous stone would suddenly split across, and nothing remained to the disappointed workman but to throw into the lake, out of his sight, the two now useless pieces on which he had bestowed so much labour, to go in search of another suitable stone, and to begin all over again. After this, with no better instruments than were thus made, trees must have been laboriously cut down, hundreds of piles prepared, sharpened, and driven firmly into the bed of the lake, wherever a shallow place could be found at a convenient distance from the shore; and, lastly, the cabins were raised most likely with some mode of communication among themselves, either platform or bridge.

A curious datum for the size and materials of the cabins is supplied by some pieces of clay, hardened by fire, which have been found on one of the sites. These pieces, smoothly carved on one side, and on the other bearing the marks of interlacing branches, must have formed part of the interior plastering of a cabin, which, therefore, was formed like a hurdle, of branches of trees, woven between upright stakes, and rendered impervious to wind and rain by a plastering of clay inside. From the curve of the pieces of clay, it has been calculated that the cabin was circular, and about fifteen feet across. Remains of canoes, hollowed out from the

trunk of a tree, like those of savages in the present day, have been found near some of the sites of lake villages. The means of subsistence possessed by these aborigines is shown by the immense accumulation of the bones of various animals. Among them, naturalists have recognized the remains of two animals now almost extinct, the urus, or wild ox, now only represented by the wild cattle of Chillingham Park, and the Lithuanian bison, still preserved, by order of the Czar, in a single forest of Lithuania. Several varieties of deer, the bear, the wolf, the wild boar, the fox, and the beaver, with many other animals, furnished the repasts of the primitive lake dwellers; but they also possessed domestic cattle, flocks of sheep and herds of goats, as well as pigs and dogs. Experienced naturalists have observed that the lake dwellers must have succeeded in taming the formidable urus, described as one of the fiercest of European animals, as two distinct varieties have been noticed, one of which bears all the marks of domestication, in its less massive bones and smaller horns, the effects of regular supplies of food, and less necessity for exertion or self-defence. The lake dwellers were probably not fastidious in their tastes, and appear to have eaten freely of the fox and badger; but among the enormous number of bones which have been examined, only a single small bone of the common hare has been found. It is supposed that this animal, forbidden to the Jews, and never touched either by the ancient Britons, as we learn from Cæsar, or by the modern Laplanders, was abstained from by the ancient Swiss, from some motive either of religion or of prejudice. The lake dwellers were not altogether ignorant of agriculture, for among the charred remains of their habitations have been detected parched grains of wheat and barley, and flat cakes of bread, in addition to fruits of various kinds, still recognized by their seeds, wild apples and pears, raspberries and blackberries, hazel nuts and beech-mast. A species of cloth, apparently of flax, plaited instead of woven, has also been found.

The remains hitherto described indicate a very early stage of civilization, but signs of further progress are not wanting. In some sites, where the piles were evidently formed with stone instruments, and where there is a large accumulation of stone hatchets and chisels, tools of bronze have been found intermingled with them. M. Troyen remarks, that these early productions in metal show no trace of inexperienced workmanship, but on the contrary are elegantly shaped and well finished, and could not therefore have been the first attempts of men hitherto ignorant of metal, but must have been the work of another race, well practised in metallurgy. But a mould and a bar of tin, which have also been discovered, show that at a later period the lake dwellers learned to fashion metal tools for themselves. On other sites, again, the piles themselves have been cut by a metal hatchet, which makes a cleaner and sharper incision than one of stone; and where this is the case, stone tools are in a very small minority or altogether absent. The sites where bronze predominates are invariably in Western Switzerland, while in the eastern part of the country a solitary bronze

tool, here and there among a multitude of stone hatchets, indicates that the destruction of the villages occurred at the same time that bronze was introduced. A great advance in civilization was made at the introduction of metal, as is shown in many ways. The operations of agriculture were facilitated by the introduction of scythes and reaping-hooks, and fishing-hooks were used not unlike modern ones. The love of ornament begins to be developed,—the bronze knives are often elegantly carved, and ornamented with lines and circles. The pottery exhibits patterns in red and black; while necklaces, bracelets, chains, and gibelæ, worked in bronze, and sometimes gilded, together with coloured glass beads, prove that their owners did not neglect the decoration of their persons. The vases seem to have been of all sizes, some, but two or three inches across, were probably children's toy-cups; while others, standing above two feet high, had been used to contain household stores, for grains of parched corn and fruit seeds were discernible among the fragments. The large vases were generally rounded at the bottom, and rings of earthenware, of which many fragments were found, are supposed to have been used as their supports. Round pieces of earthenware, with a hole through the middle, perplexed their discoverers for some time, till it was conjectured that they were spinning or netting weights. A netting needle, not unlike a modern one, with fragments of a fishing net, have also been brought up from among the *débris* of an ancient village. But among these evidences of family life and household industry, there are others of bloodshed and warfare. Many bronze swords have been found, elegantly carved, with ornamented handles, which show by their shape, that if the inhabitants of ancient Switzerland were not altogether a smaller race than Europeans of the present day, their hands at least were more slender and taper. But the warlike weapons which most abound are battle-axes, of the shape called by antiquarians the *celtis*, in which the two sides curve round like those of a steel pen towards the lower end, sometimes uniting so as to form a barrel, which receives the handle. Of these weapons large numbers have been found, sometimes with a fragment of the wooden handle still remaining, and in one place a bronze mould for casting them has also been brought to light. In two places only have any iron instruments been found, and these are swords of a different shape from those in bronze, broader and quite straight, with sheaths, of which the leather has perished, and the iron edgings and ornaments alone remain.

These discoveries are the fruit of a long series of laborious and systematic investigation, carried on under great difficulties, almost always under water, and frequently under a considerable depth of peat in addition. Many of the antiquities thus brought to light have been arranged in the Museum of Lausanne, under M. Troyen's personal superintendence, and will greatly interest those who have the opportunity of examining them.

It is probably quite impossible to assign any definite date to the lake villages, but it is clear that they must be of very high antiquity. On the

sites of two lake villages only have any traces of iron been found, and these few iron swords display a totally different mode of workmanship from those in bronze, and were in all probability the work of another nation. Nearly all the remains bear traces of fire, and it seems certain that the lake towns and villages were generally destroyed by conflagration. These facts point to the invasion of another race, who possessed iron, and who conquered the lake dwellers and destroyed their habitations. The direction whence the conquerors came seems indicated by the presence of some coins of the Greek colony of Marseilles, which were found in company with the iron swords, both having probably been dropped into the water at the storming of the town. There is no allusion in the Roman historians to any lake towns of the Helvetii, though such a remarkable mode of building could hardly have escaped notice had it then been employed; and it seems probable that the Helvetii, in common with the other Gauls, possessed iron weapons when they came in contact with the Romans. The latter, therefore, could hardly have been the destroying race. It is more probable that the Helvetii, coming from Gaul, subdued an earlier race, whom they found in possession, and it would be the natural policy of conquerors to destroy places so well calculated for resistance as these lake dwellings. By adopting this supposition we are obliged to claim very high antiquity for the foundation of those lake towns, which are proved, by the accumulation of bones and other remains, to have been inhabited for a long time previous to the Helvetian invasion. Now many of the piles on which these were raised bear the marks of a metal instrument, and we are therefore thrown back far into the pre-historic age, when we try to assign a probable date for the foundation of those other dwellings, which existed through the lengthened period in which metal was unknown.

Two other circumstances may be mentioned which add somewhat to the force of these indications of antiquity. First, in some places where peat has formed, the thickness of the peat through which the remains are dispersed, and which represents the period during which the village was inhabited, is very much greater than that of the peat which has formed since the destruction of the dwellings. But as peat forms with very various rapidity, much stress cannot be laid on this circumstance. Again, where the bottom is free from peat, the piles of those sites where stone tools only were found are worn away by the action of the water to a level with the bottom of the lake, on which they appear like black circles; but where bronze predominates, the piles generally protrude some inches above the soil, though diminished to a mere point, which shows that the villages of the age of stone were destroyed long before the others.

As I have already mentioned, the very earliest bronze tools, those which were found in company with the largest proportion of stone implements, are as well finished as any subsequent ones. It is also remarkable that no copper tools have been found in the Swiss lakes, though it is impossible not to suppose that men must have been well acquainted with

the uses and the working of copper before they learnt to mix it in due proportion with tin, so as to form the more hard and durable bronze.

These considerations show that the first bronze instruments must have been brought from another country, and as only a solitary bronze weapon here and there has been found in the heaps of stone tools among the ruins of Eastern Switzerland, it seems clear that bronze was first introduced at the exact time at which that part of the country was conquered by a hostile race, and probably by the invaders themselves. In that case they must have come from a great distance, or their valuable art would not have been unknown to the lake dwellers, as there was evidently some intercourse between the different parts of Europe. Many of the stone tools are made of a flint not to be found in Switzerland, which it is thought must have been brought from the south of France; and amber has also been discovered, which is supposed to have come from the Baltic. If the lake dwellers would bring from so great a distance such cumbrous articles as pieces of stone (for chips and splinters show that the tools were shaped on the spot), in their eagerness to procure the best possible materials, they would certainly have obtained metal tools had any of their neighbours possessed them. Most of the arts were cultivated in Asia before they were known in Europe, and thence, very possibly, may have come the bronze-armed horde which ravaged Eastern Switzerland.

M. Troyen thinks it probable that the custom of raising dwellings in lakes and slow-running rivers, the object of which was evidently protection from enemies and wild beasts, at a time when masonry was an unknown art, may at one time have been universal throughout Europe. He observes that remains analogous to those of Switzerland have already been discovered in the lakes of Northern Italy, and is impatient for the time when those of England and Scotland shall be thoroughly explored. The crannoges or fortified islets of Ireland present sufficient points of resemblance to the lake dwellings to be claimed in support of his theory, and the antiquities found in the former have much in common with those of the latter, and like them may be classed as productions respectively of the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron. The crannoges were frequently artificial to some extent, being very frequently enlarged, and their surface raised higher above the water, by driving in piles closely together, and heaping earth and stones above. Like the lake dwellings, also, the comparative age of the crannoges may be tested by the workmanship of the piles, whether formed by a stone or a metal instrument, as well as by the remains discovered on the site. A far larger proportion of iron tools has been found in the crannoges than in the Swiss lake dwellings, but this would naturally follow from the former having been inhabited in far later times; for ever since the English conquest crannoges have been used by the Irish chiefs as places of refuge and storehouses for plunder. The ancient weapons of stone and bronze which are not unfrequently found in the Irish bogs and lakes, are believed by the peasantry, from their

diminutive size, to be the work of the fairies, especially the flint arrow-heads, which they call elf bolts, and about which they tell many a wild legend. Antique weapons having the same general characteristics are sometimes, though more rarely, found in Scotland and England.

But Denmark is the country which, after Switzerland, has hitherto furnished the most abundant information to antiquaries. Thinly peopled, and containing many bogs, it is well adapted to preserve uninjured the relics of past generations until diligent search should bring them to light; and the Danish antiquaries have been especially zealous in disinterring and examining whatever might throw light on the former history of their country.

The same succession of the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages, is observable here as elsewhere; but, unlike the Swiss lake dwellers, the ancient Danes appear to have discovered for themselves the art of making and casting bronze. Hatchets of copper have been found, though rarely, in the Danish bogs, and the earliest metal tools are extremely rude and clumsy, the shapes often copied from their old stone implements.

A singular proof of the extreme antiquity of some of the remains is furnished by the trunks of trees, which, growing around the bogs, have at different times fallen in, and been preserved by the peat. The forests of Denmark are now, and have been so far back as history extends, principally composed of beech; but researches in the bogs have shown that there was a time when the beech tree was unknown, and the Scotch fir and the oak successively clothed the country.

The various tools found associated with the different trees have led to the discovery that, during the time when stone tools alone were used, the Scotch fir, now unknown in Denmark, was the tree which most abounded, and that it was superseded by the oak soon after the commencement of the age of bronze. The age of iron, in like manner, corresponds very nearly with the time at which the beech assumed its present place as the principal tree of the Danish forests. Not only does the Scotch fir not grow wild in Denmark at the present day, but it will not flourish there when planted; and when we consider the length of time required for all the changes of soil and climate which must have accompanied so extensive a change in the vegetation, we gain a very high idea of the antiquity of the ancient race which has left such clear traces of its existence.

Other extremely ancient traces of human habitation are found on the sea-shore of some of the Danish isles in large mounds, sometimes 1,000 feet long, and from 3 to 10 feet in height. These mounds, when examined, are seen to consist principally of the bones of animals, the shells of eatable mollusca, and effuse. They are said to be very similar, both in appearance and contents, to the heaps of refuse left by the American Indians near their encampments on the sea-coast. Many stone tools have been found in these heaps, but none of metal.

Some of the shells composing these heaps are not now found in the

Baltic, especially the common oyster, which requires the saltier water of the open sea; yet it evidently flourished there in the remote times when the mounds were formed; and others, as the mussel and periwinkle, which are now dwarfed by the fresher waters, are found in the shell mounds of their natural size, whence it is inferred that the Baltic was formerly less enclosed than at present, and that the sea communicated with it more freely. The ancient dwellers in the Danish isles must have been very uncivilized, for they seem to have subsisted entirely by hunting and fishing, for no bones of any domestic animal except the dog have been found among the vast accumulation of remains. The wild bull, the wolf, the red-deer, the beaver, and the fox, seem to have been eaten by them without distinction, as well as the cod and flounder, and many species of shell-fish.

Yet more ancient than the hunters and fishers of the Baltic islands were the makers of the flint hatchets recently discovered in various parts of France, so rudely shaped that it was at first doubted whether they had really been formed by the hand of man. The Danish, Irish, and Swiss stone tools were brought to an edge by rubbing, and some of the later ones were polished and comparatively well-shaped; but the French hatchets had evidently been formed by the speedier process of striking off fragments with blows of a large pebble.

The greater antiquity of the French tools, as compared with those of Denmark or Switzerland, appears from their having been occasionally found in close proximity with bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, lion, and hyena; animals which, to all appearance, were as unknown in the forests of Europe in the times of the lake dwellers and the formers of the shell mounds, as in the present day, not the slightest trace of them having been discovered among the remains left by either one or the other.

Perhaps the most singular and interesting of all the discoveries relative to the early inhabitants of Europe was made at Aurignac, in the south of France, near the Pyrenees, in 1852. A peasant pursuing a rabbit, traced it to a burrow in the side of a hill, and putting his hand into the hole, drew out, to his astonishment, a human bone. The place was examined, and a cave was discovered, containing seventeen human skeletons, of both sexes and all ages. The entrance to the grotto was closed by a slab of stone, which had been previously concealed by the earth that in the course of ages had slipped down from the hill above. The bodies appeared to have been placed in the cave in a crouching posture, and beside them, according to the custom of many savage tribes, had been laid the weapons and ornaments of the deceased, with provisions for the long journey to the spirit-land. The provisions consisted of the carcasses or separate joints of several wild animals, the bones of which still remained, and naturalists were able to identify among them the remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros, lion, bison, and hyena. No metal tools of any kind were found, but a flint knife, a shell bracelet, and the tusk of a bear, curiously carved, perhaps an amulet, were brought from the interior of the cave. When the

accumulation of earth was cleared away from the exterior, a level platform was exposed to view, just outside the slab of stone which closed the mouth of the cave, and on it lay a quantity of charcoal, several flint knives and bone arrows, and many bones of wild animals, of the same species as those within the cave; but while the flesh seemed to have decayed gradually from the latter, the others were all scattered, split, bruised, and broken. It is supposed that this exterior platform was the scene of funeral feasts, accompanying the deposit of each successive corpse in the cave.

Other caves have been found, both in France and England, containing bones of men and of animals, together with flint tools, but none which were so clearly ancient burial-places. Perhaps it was not every tribe which closed their burial cave with such care, or were so well assisted by nature in the attempt to preserve it; or possibly other caves may still exist, awaiting some chance occurrence to indicate their position.

It is believed that caves sometimes served for the dwellings of the aborigines, as well as for their burial-places, for traces of human habitation have been found in several cases; among others, in one at Mentone, near Nice, where, about ten feet below the floor, the ashes of a fire, and bones of animals, were disinterred by M. Florel, a Swiss antiquary.

A curious series of glimpses at the state of primeval Europe is given to us by all these discoveries; we see the earliest stage of civilization in the fabricators of the flint tools of Aurignac—dwellers in caves or in the rudest possible huts, and with only bone arrows or flint hatchets wherewith to defend themselves against the many fierce animals then inhabiting the forests. The presence of several animals now only found in tropical countries does not necessarily imply a warmer climate than prevails at present; for some years ago, an elephant of an extinct species was found frozen up in an iceberg on the coast of Siberia, and this animal was clothed with thick reddish hair, which fitted it to resist the cold of a northern winter.

In these earliest times there was apparently a considerable degree of uniformity in the manners and way of life of the various tribes of Europe, and probably frequent intercourse among them,—very likely more in the very earliest times, when the warriors of the tribes, in scarce seasons, might be obliged to wander far in search of game, than in later times, when they had their flocks, herds, and corn-fields to protect. It is remarkable that for a time the horse seems to have been the only domestic animal—as it still is—of some of the Tartar tribes, for bones and teeth of the horse, but of no other domestic animal, have been found both in the cave of Mentone and at Aurignac. The possession of horses would of course much facilitate migration.

A second step in civilization is marked by the shell mounds of Denmark. By this time many of the fiercer animals have become extinct, and man has made some slight advances; he still subsists solely by hunting and fishing, and is still ignorant of metals, but he has learnt to shape his

stone hatchets somewhat better, to make rude pottery, to form canoes and venture out to sea in them, for bones of several deep sea species of fish have been found in the shell mounds.

In the Danish bogs, and in the early Swiss lake villages, we see a great step in advance. The inhabitants of the land are no longer wild hunters, but a pastoral and agricultural people, who possess oxen and sheep, who force the fierce urus to labour for them, who cultivate corn and flax, and make cloth. But the introduction of metal is the grand epoch, whence dates a fresh impulse to improvement. Whether, like the Danes, a tribe discovered for themselves the art of working metal, or, like the Swiss, received it from another nation, they must equally have been conscious of immense additional power, and been free to employ the time, which their new tools saved to them in nearly every operation, in increasing their comfort in many ways not hitherto thought of. It is believed that during the age of bronze it became customary to burn instead of burying the dead. There is every reason to hope that cannibalism was never practised in Europe, for no human bone has ever been found split, or bruised, or bearing marks of the rude stone knives, like the bones of animals which have been used for food. In the European forests, abounding with large animals, cannibalism would have been without the excuses that may be made for it in New Zealand and other southern islands, where no large quadrupeds are found.

With the iron age come the first notices of history. We learn from Cæsar, that the Gauls of his time possessed a regular social organization, laws, and a learned caste, and were acquainted with the arts of reading and writing; and the obscure hints that may be gathered from fossils and other remains merge into the clearer information of history. But the knowledge gathered from caves, river beds, and lakes, though fragmentary, and sometimes dubious, has a fascination of its own; for we know the limits of history, but may always look forward to the discovery of fresh pages in the record which the earth has guarded for so many ages.

THE MAN IN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SACKVILLE CHASE."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MEETING AFTER MANY YEARS.

MARL BASKERVILLE and Count Moule are together in the dismal office that looks out upon the dark wall at the back of the Admiralty. Count Moule has come in much haste to Marl Baskerville, to communicate a discovery that he has made respecting the Marchioness of Milltown. The Count, indeed, is quite excited—a most unusual thing with him—as Marl Baskerville remarks,—

"Baskerville, you know that girl has been my pupil?" the Count says, alluding to the wife of the Marquis of Milltown.

"I have suspected as much," Marl Baskerville says, with a cold but meaning smile.

"But until last night I have never been able to discover her antecedents."

"And have you discovered them now? I suppose you have, though, by your manner," Marl Baskerville says, as though he were speaking of a very commonplace and trivial matter.

"I have discovered her father; I have found out who he is," the Count cried.

"Oh, then you must have the wisdom of the fabulous wise child, you know," says Marl Baskerville, laughing cynically.

"Never mind. Suppose I say it's Lord Montalban," almost gasped the Count.

"What!" cried Baskerville, in a tone that seemed a shriek; and his manner changed on the instant.

"Now listen to me, Marl Baskerville, calmly," said the Count, in a low voice. "I have known something of the proceedings of Montalban in his youth, and so have you."

If Count Moule had ever had any doubt as to the expression of those eyes now glaring before him, the present interview must have removed it.

"Lord Montalban was a libertine in his youth," said the Count. "Amongst other exploits, he backed himself to carry off three girls from a boarding-school in Brighton."

How fearfully those eyes before the Count are glaring! but suddenly there comes over them a kind of supernatural calmness.

"The world in which Lord Montalban moved—the world of splendid vice and immorality in which virtue degraded, and innocence destroyed, were looked upon as trophies, even as they are now amongst the same

class,—that world glorified Lord Montalban upon his gallantry, as it was called—his perfidy, as it really was.”

Marl Baskerville is listening calmly now, but Count Moule instinctively feels that it is a terrible calmness.

“Lord Montalban was not successful in his gallant enterprise,” said Count Moule.

“Yes, the demon was,—yes, I say!” cried Marl Baskerville, starting up and striking the table with his clenched hand.

“Not wholly successful,” said Count Moule.

“Go on!” gasped Marl Baskerville, sinking into his chair again.

“He succeeded in carrying off one only,” Count Moule added.

“He did!” cried Marl Baskerville, starting up again; “and now I know, Count, what you are come to tell me. The horrid recital is already eating into my brain; that girl so stolen was the mother of the Marchioness of Milltown. Say, is it not so? Torture me not by suspense, but say that I have anticipated your revelation;—say it, and strike another shaft into my withered heart.”

Count Moule was wholly unprepared for this outburst, nor could he at all understand it; he therefore said,—

“Why this unaccountable excitement, Baskerville?”

“Do not question me. Say, have I anticipated you?”

“You have.”

“I knew it; my heart told me so—my instinct, rather;” and Marl Baskerville put his hand to his face and groaned.

“I cannot understand this feeling on your part, Baskerville, and I will not ask you to explain it. I came here with this intelligence, anticipating a far different reception. You will be calmer presently,” said the Count.

“And the mother, where is she?” Marl Baskerville asked.

“She has never known her mother. She only knows that she also was at school at Brighton,—that she ran away when she was of tender years. I need not say how we met with her here in London; you know that as well, perhaps better, than I do.”

“Yes, yes, poor girl—poor, helpless girl,—murdered, no doubt;—murdered, and by him,” mused Marl Baskerville.

“Murdered!” exclaimed Count Moule; “what do you mean?”

“The mother was got rid of, although the child was not abandoned,” said Marl Baskerville.

“But you do not suspect foul play towards the mother, surely?” Count Moule suggested.

“Foul play! Have you not already yourself told me how she was the victim of foul play,—the foulest, as this Montalban knew well how to play it?”

“Then you knew the mother, I suppose?” said Count Moule.

“I did.”

"And you knew that Lord Montalban carried her off?"

"I did."

"And whither?"

"No; there I was baffled. But you have brought to me a clue to that secret that has rankled in my destroyed heart for twenty years. You have infused new life into the petrification that I have carried in my breast, and which has throbbed a death-watch, but which is called a heart. You have reanimated my soul. Count, we have worked together long and honourably, both."

"We have worked together," said the Count, in a tone of correction, and with a kind of sneer.

"Be it so. We have worked together to the same end, and faithfully to each other."

"True."

"Count, I shall place implicit faith in you for the future."

"Have you not done so already?"

"Yes; but the faith henceforth must be of another kind on your part—a more exalted faith to me."

"Upon my soul, I don't understand you, Marl Baskerville," said the Count. "Of course I came here with this intelligence with a view to the material benefit of us both; but, mind you, I am not going to be a party to any matters that are intended simply to carry out some feelings engendered in years gone by."

"Listen to me, Count: whatever your views are—and, of course, I know to what your observations point,—I will faithfully assist you to carry them out as I ever have done. Do you believe me?"

"I do."

"Surely, then, I may ask for some personal return?"

"Surely you may."

"Then this I ask of you, Count—it is but a small request in return for what I shall do for you, but it must be made,—silence until I break it, silence profound to all the world that you have made this communication to me to-day."

"Give me your hand, Marl Baskerville."

And Marl Baskerville extended his hand to the Count.

"We have been firm friends since we have known each other; we will be firmer yet," said the Count, as he grasped Marl Baskerville's hand.

"We will," fervently replied Baskerville.

"And hear me furthermore, Baskerville," cried the Count. "You know that Montalban is in my toils. The daughter is cumbered too."

Marl Baskerville made no reply, but there was a glare in his eyes which spoke of the intensity of the feelings that were raging beneath.

"Come!" he cried, seizing his hat from the table.

"Whither?" inquired the Count.

"As our first step towards a coming end, to Silvester Langdale's house."

"For what purpose there?"

"As we ride along I'll tell you. Come."

And Marl Baskerville and Count Moule left Spring Gardens together.

They hailed the first cab that passed them, and by Baskerville's direction were driven to the street that leads out of Grosvenor Square into Hyde Park. When they reached the barrister's house they were informed by the lackey that both Mr. and Mrs. Langdale were out of town, as Mr. Langdale was on circuit.

"Tut! tut! I ought to have known that, of course," said Marl Baskerville. "Is there any one that I can leave a message with?" he inquired.

"Perhaps you would like to see Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper?" the man said.

"Yes, I should; let me see her at once," said Marl Baskerville, as he hastily entered the house.

"Step this way, sir, and I will send Mrs. Barnes to you, sir;" and the man conducted Marl Baskerville and his companion into one of the reception-rooms.

"What is the message that you purpose leaving?" inquired the Count, as soon as the man had left the room.

"I scarcely know myself, or I probably shall send no message; I merely desire to ask a few questions."

"Why not have asked them of the man?"

"He would have known nothing of the matters upon which I desire to seek information. The housekeeper is Abel Barnes's wife, and she will probably know what I wish to ask; for you see the man Barnes has been placed as a kind of steward at the place down in the country, and, of course he will tell his wife all he knows, and I want her to tell me of something that he, and consequently she, knows."

The Count did not seem altogether pleased with this course of proceeding, which certainly, in any point of view, looked rather equivocal. He, however, felt that he was wholly embarked with Marl Baskerville, and that he must go through with him whithersoever he might lead.

"Mr. Langdale seems to live in a right noble style," said the Count, smiling.

"He is Lord Montalban's son-in-law," replied Marl Baskerville, "and that is enough for me."

There was not much in the observation, but the manner in which it was spoken indicated plainly enough that not a little of the style and magnificence by which they were surrounded was due to himself.

They were in the recess formed by one of the windows of the room when this short conversation passed. Presently the room door opened, they turned simultaneously round, and Mrs. Barnes entered the room, the

light from the morning sun falling full upon her countenance as it streamed in at the windows. The moment he saw her Marl Baskerville seized Count Moule convulsively by the arm, and, in a voice that was almost inarticulate from the manifest emotion of the speaker, exclaimed,—

“Great Heaven! what do I behold?”

“Baskerville!” shrieked the woman, and sank upon a sofa that stood near her.

“My God, I shall choke!” gasped Baskerville, as he grasped his own throat.

“What can be the meaning of this?” inquired the Count.

“You must have been sent by some fiend that tracks and haunts the path of man, to lead me to this hell! The discovery which you came to communicate to me must have been the prompting of that fiend in order that I should be drawn to this sight, that seems to sear my very eyeballs!”

“He is a maniac; I cannot doubt it now,” thought the Count.

“Why does she sit there, as though she were turned into stone? Three-and-twenty years have not changed her; it has only wrought its change in me, making me the food for mocking demons!” And then Marl Baskerville asked, in a whisper, of the Count—a whisper that was fearful in its calmness, and the tone in which it was uttered,—“Why does she sit there without moving?”

And Mrs. Barnes did sit there without moving, and with her face buried in her hands.

“Do you know her, then?” at length inquired Count Moule.

“Know her! know her!—Do you know me, Harriet Dacre?—do you know me?” cried Marl Baskerville, in a voice made hoarse by excitement.

“This scene is inexplicable to me,” said Count Moule. “Pray be calm, Baskerville. What is the meaning of it?”

“Calm! calm! My nerves are now as a block of ice. Behold!”

And Marl Baskerville, suddenly assuming his disguise of decrepitude, tottered across the room to where Mrs. Barnes was sitting, and taking her hand,—

“Harriet Dacre!”

She turned her eyes full upon him.

“Calm—ay, calm,” he said, as he met their gaze, and returned it only for an instant, however, for he drooped his eyelids as he held that hand.

“Harriet Dacre,” he said, “how long is it since we met? Tell the gentleman how long it is ago.”

Her bosom heaved convulsively as she said,—

“Mr. Baskerville, what is the communication that you have to make to me?”

“The flight, the degradation, the murder, the revenge.”

“You terrify me. In Heaven’s name, what do you mean?”

The woman had wholly misunderstood Marl Baskerville’s allusion, for

she thought it had reference to the flight of Helen Lebar with her son Severn Barnes.

"I have worshipped you—lost and dead—in my decrepitude and age. I find you living, but I find you—what?" and he spoke in a tone of horror. And then he instantly changed his manner and his tone, and letting her hand fall, he stood erect in the centre of the room, and in a voice that seemed almost as though it were joyous he cried,—

"Three-and-twenty years ago you had a charm that was powerful enough to change me and my nature. The charm remains; its power is as strong as ever. From this moment I will be young again—devoted, and to a sacred purpose. Harriet Dacre, your child lives!"

"He does!" she cried.

"He does—*she* does!" exclaimed Marl Baskerville, in a wild tone.

"What?" shrieked the woman.

"Your daughter, the daughter of one who was betrayed—abandoned, and that daughter afterwards abandoned too, but still to reach a destiny that is bright. Harriet Dacre, I am yet to be your avenging fiend."

Count Moule has looked upon the scene like one bewildered, and he is about to interpose, when Marl Baskerville exclaims,—

"Now, Count, I am indeed with you to the death. Come. We have met again Harriet Dacre; it was but this meeting that was required to nerve me to my purpose. Farewell!"

"My daughter!—my child!" shrieked the woman.

"Shall join you soon."

And Marl Baskerville grasped Count Moule by the arm, and literally dragged him from the room, leaving the mother of Severn Barnes in a state bordering on insensibility.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DOUBLE FORGERY.

SILVESTER LANGDALE is in the midst of a full stream of professional prosperity, but there are ominous clouds hanging over him and those with whom he is connected. Embarrassments are pressing round him, but Marl Baskerville is ever at his elbow, warding those embarrassments off, and yet still consolidating them, as it were. Silvester Langdale's wife is not cognizant of those embarrassments, or, at all events, not of their extent, and she is continually, almost unwittingly, accumulating them; for there is no wish that she can form, no desire that she can entertain, that is not at once gratified—even as it has always been from her earliest youth. But of late Marl Baskerville has exhibited a change towards Silvester Langdale, and he has indicated that there must be a different course of proceeding in their transactions for the future. Stealthily, it may be said, has this change been indicated, and Marl Baskerville has urged that the eminent barrister must look to the name of his noble

father-in-law as a prop to maintain his credit. Insidiously has this suggestion been made ; but at length it has become imperative that it should be adopted, and Silvester Langdale finds that he has not the strength of mind to make the necessary appeal to his noble father-in-law. That hesitation, that want of resolution, if Silvester Langdale could but have observed it, was viewed with inward, perhaps with malignant satisfaction, by Marl Baskerville, who, with the sophistry of which he was capable, had argued with Langdale that the matter was merely one of form ; it was a simple plunge, and all would then go well and smoothly. And so Silvester Langdale apparently yielded, and Marl Baskerville seemed instinctively to know that Silvester Langdale had reasoned with himself that within a certain time—he had fatally so reasoned with himself always—he could strike away the chains that were encircling him so gallingly.

The instrument which relieved him from his then pressing embarrassments bore the signature of Viscount Montalban, and Marl Baskerville gloated over the document in his dreary office in Spring Gardens.

The embarrassments of Lord Montalban were equally and as secretly pressing, and Marl Baskerville was the agent through whom they were made active. He also was the evil genius that sat upon the arm of Viscount Montalban, and the same sophistry has produced the same result as in the case of Silvester Langdale, and Marl Baskerville has still farther cause for hellish satisfaction in his secret office. But it is more intensified in the case of Lord Montalban, for the weird money-lender, in the course of his negotiations with the noble lord, has had to inspect the title-deeds to the one solitary estate which Silvester Langdale's father-in-law possesses, and in that inspection he has made a discovery which fills his soul with a new pleasure, a new devilish hope, that makes him adamant in his resolve.

But Marl Baskerville is not impetuous in his terrible purpose ; maniac as he is, he is content to wait till the course of events shall play his game out for him.

Viscount Montalban has sought an interview with his son-in-law, and the object of it is of serious import indeed.

"Langdale," says Lord Montalban, "you have seen the mysterious paragraph in the papers, doubtless, with regard to a case that is likely to arise about the title to an estate that has long been held by one of 'our noble families,'—so the mysterious announcement phrases it."

"Yes, I have ; to what does it allude?" replied Langdale.

"To me," said Lord Montalban, with remarkable calmness of manner.

"To you !" exclaimed Silvester Langdale, in a tone almost of affright ; "how do you mean ?"

"It is my estate that is referred to, and I have been served with notice of an action of ejectment."

"Yours !"

"Mine."

"And upon what grounds is the claim made?"

"You must inspect the deeds yourself—at least, their nature must be laid before you," said Lord Montalban, with hesitation in his manner.

"But do you not yourself know what the ground of claim is?" Silvester Langdale inquired, anxiously.

"All I know is, and I have always known it, that there is some defect in the title; but I have always been given to understand that it was only defective to the extent of preventing my disposing of the estate or encumbering it, which my friends have good-naturedly said was a fortunate thing for me;" and Lord Montalban smiled feebly.

"And who is the claimant now?"

"Our lawyers—Sowerbys—have got the writ, and I do not remember the name."

"I will see them immediately," said Langdale.

"Do," said Lord Montalban.

"I will go at once."

Silvester Langdale rose for the purpose.

"Stop," said Lord Montalban, nervously, "I have something else to communicate to you."

Silvester Langdale observed that Lord Montalban's lip quivered as he spoke.

"Upon this matter?" asked Langdale.

"No, a totally different matter, but one upon which it may, nevertheless, have a most important bearing."

Lord Montalban's hand trembles, and there is a nervous catching of the breath as he speaks, which, as he observes it, makes Silvester Langdale feel nervous too.

"Langdale!"

Lord Montalban utters the name with an evident effort, and then rises and paces the room.

"Why, what is it that agitates you in this manner?" Silvester Langdale anxiously inquires of his noble father-in-law.

"We shall not be interrupted, shall we?"

"No; Augusta is from home this morning."

"I am glad of it, I am glad of it;" and as Lord Montalban says this, he evidently feels a relief.

"Tell me, pray tell me, what is it that you have to communicate; your manner almost terrifies me," said Silvester Langdale, as Lord Montalban continued to pace the room.

"Langdale," exclaimed Lord Montalban, stopping suddenly in the centre of the room, and speaking with an agitation which drove the blood from his cheeks—"Langdale, very shortly there will be a claim made in respect of a bill that has been discounted."

If Lord Montalban had presented some deadly weapon at the breast of Silvester Langdale, he could not have exhibited more horror in his counte-

nance than he did at this communication. He clung to the table for support, and with a scarcely audible voice he said,—

“I know it.”

“You know it!” exclaimed Lord Montalban, in a tone of astonishment.

“I do indeed.”

“Why, why, how could you know it?” asked Lord Montalban, almost scared by the feeling of astonishment which the declaration created.

“How could I know it? I do not understand you in putting such a question to me.”

“Langdale, I have all my life been the victim of misplaced confidence, but I never felt that fate which seems to hang over me until now.”

“Say not so, say not so,” said Silvester Langdale, in a tone of bitter anguish.

“I see how you feel it, Langdale; the disclosure, I knew, could have no other result, but believe me, that you cannot feel more acutely than I do myself.”

“I feel assured of that, indeed I do, and it is that assurance that adds poignancy to what I may truly designate my anguish.”

“Do not, Langdale, I pray you, speak in that strain, for it cuts me to the very heart to hear it,” said Lord Montalban, in a tone that indeed carried conviction with it.

“Strange that he should exhibit such a bearing under such circumstances,” thought Silvester Langdale; “but he is Augusta’s father, and that must be the reason of his forbearance.”

“I have reproached myself,” Lord Montalban commenced.

“Nay, do not do that, pray do not do that, or you will add to the intensity of my sorrow,” said Silvester Langdale, interrupting his father-in-law.

“Generous fellow,” thought Lord Montalban, “he has a noble heart indeed;” and then he said aloud, “Do not take this to heart, Langdale.”

“Would that I could not!” said Silvester Langdale, feebly.

“But if you do, you will only make me feel my position the more acutely,” urged Lord Montalban.

“What is to be done?” asked Silvester Langdale, in a tone of desperation.

“The bill must be taken up, if we move heaven and earth,” said Lord Montalban.

“I bless you for the declaration,” cried Silvester Langdale, fervently seizing Lord Montalban’s hand.

“Langdale, for your open, generous conduct in this matter, I shall henceforth be prouder of you as my son-in-law than I have ever been;” and Lord Montalban spoke as though a huge weight had been lifted from his heart.

“I could not have believed it,” communed the young man with him-

self; "he is indeed worthy to be Augusta's father; it is for her doubtless that he feels."

As though Lord Montalban could read the thought that was passing in Langdale's mind—such was the impression of the young man—his father-in-law said,—

"Not a word of this to Augusta."

"Heaven forbid!" said Langdale, solemnly.

"High-minded man," Silvester Langdale ejaculated to himself.

"Noble-hearted fellow," at the same instant Lord Montalban inwardly exclaimed.

And so were they thus mutually deceived. How little did they dream that each had deceived the other, and that the damning proofs of that mutual deception were in the hands of Marl Baskerville, to rise up yet as a combined vengeance for a wrong!

"Ah, papa, you here?" cried Augusta Langdale, rushing into the room with terror depicted on her countenance;—"what is this, Silvester, that I hear about a claim that is set up to our estate?"

"Your father has just been informing me of it, darling, and I am now going to the solicitors to inquire into the matter."

"But is it so serious as people seem to think it is?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know at all what it is; I am going to ascertain," said Langdale.

"Where is it that you have heard of it, Augusta?" inquired Lord Montalban.

"I called at the Chaumontels this morning, and they are full of it."

"Yes, it is other people's business," said Lord Montalban, cynically.

"Oh, of course they naturally feel a deep interest in such a matter," said Augusta Langdale, reprovingly, "and the Duke had gone down to call upon you about it."

The next minute the Duke of Chaumontel was announced; and he stalked into the room.

"I say, Montalban, what the devil's this about?" was the Duke's mode of introducing the subject on hand, first having courteously recognized Augusta Langdale and her husband.

"Well, that's what I want to know—that's what Augusta wants to know, and that's what Langdale was just going to ascertain," said Lord Montalban, laughing as though they were discussing a very facetious subject.

"Why, it will be all over London in the course of the afternoon," said the Duke.

"Of course it will; it is too good a subject for the gossip-mongers to allow to pass silently," said Lord Montalban.

"Some scheming, pettifogging, rascally low blackguard attorney at the bottom of it, I suppose," said the Duke of Chaumontel, loftily.

"Of course," acquiesced Lord Montalban.

"Hopes to be bought off, I dare say," suggested the noble Duke.

"Hopes to get something by it, of course," said Lord Montalban.

"Well, Mr. Langdale, you will have to appear on behalf of the family, I suppose," said the Duke of Chaumontel.

"If it should ever become necessary that my services should be required," replied Langdale, with a very feeble attempt at a smile.

"How strange, dear Silvester, if you should have to appear in the courts as an advocate in such a cause!" said Augusta Langdale, almost tearfully.

"Oh, let us hope that the family will not have to pass through any such trial," said Silvester Langdale, cheerily.

"I only wish that I could get that pettifogging lawyer before me down at our place, I would give him a trial of a sort that he would never forget;" and the Duke of Chaumontel looked very profound, for he thought he had said a very sagacious thing.

"Well, my Lord Duke, I will go down to Sowerbys', and inquire into the matter, and inform you of it," said Silvester Langdale; and so he wished them good morning, and told his wife not to be despondent, and he would return to her soon.

Shortly afterwards the Duke of Chaumontel and Lord Montalban went out together.

Silvester Langdale proceeded at once to Sowerbys', the solicitors of Lord Montalban, and then discovered that the case had assumed a serious aspect. The title to the estate was undoubtedly defective, supposing a certain then unknown person should be in existence. It was alleged that this person had been discovered, and in order to secure expedition, an issue, small and unimportant in itself, was raised, and would be set down for trial at the approaching assizes. This the Messrs. Sowerby had learnt from information of their own, and they added, that they feared, from the character of the parties with whom they had been in communication, that the case was a serious one.

There were many causes operating upon the mind of Silvester Langdale conducive to a serious mood, as he took his way back to his wife, who was waiting for him in the elegant mansion near Grosvenor Square.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A THEATRICAL CATASTROPHE.

THERE is a brilliant audience assembled in the grand opera-house. It is not designated the grand opera-house, but it is a grand house nevertheless. It is a grand night; the places have been secured for weeks past, and the generally fortunate people who have free admission, and obtain boxes when they ask for them, have been informed that their privileges are suspended, seeing that to continue them just now would be to keep money out of the house, which the said persons would be the last people in the world to do, of course. And the occasion of this brilliant

gathering of rank, fashion, beauty, and fortune, in the grand opera-house is the appearance of the magnificent young tenor who created such a *furor* last season at another house. The Duke and Duchess of Chaumontel and friends are there; the Marquis and Marchioness of Milltown are there, in the box that is immediately opposite to that of the Duchess of Chaumontel. The Marchioness would have that one, because, as she remarked, with intense feeling, it would enable her to look across at that old catamaran, as she would persist in designating the Duchess of Chaumontel; and so, all the time the act drop was down, the lively Marchioness kept her double-barrelled lorgnette fixed upon the box opposite, like a gun which is placed in position to command a channel. This, of course, the noble Duke could not fail to observe; and it seemed to please him rather than annoy him, for he observed to a friend near him, quite glowingly, that "devil take him if the girl hadn't got the right sort of spirit about her."

The announcement of the appearance of Severn Barnes was indeed a great attraction. His celebrity as a vocalist of course was the great point; but there was a kind of under-current of attraction so to speak. It had got whispered about, that the brilliant young tenor had carried off the ward of Silvester Langdale, and had not married her as it was once anticipated he would have done. Most of the good-natured people of Langdale's acquaintance, when they were informed that Helen Lebar had lost all her property, argued that the young lady's guardian need not take the matter so much to heart; for if Severn Barnes had not carried her off, the girl must have become a governess or something of that sort, and fancy what a terrible thing that would have been for poor Mrs. Langdale, Lord Mont-alban's daughter! And they were not all old women either who reasoned in this way. Young and brilliant beauty turned up its nose when Helen Lebar's name was mentioned, and remarked, that if forward things would throw themselves at the feet of brilliant young men, why, they could have but one object in view, and so there could have been nobody but Miss Lebar herself to blame, who after all was but an unknown dependant on Mr. Langdale's family—a dependant or encumbrance, rather, that in some way or other had been rescued from a lawsuit of some kind. Poor, erring girl; in all that brilliant circle in which for twelve months she had moved, she could find not one solitary friend of her own sex to palliate her error; there was not one who, if she should chance to meet her, would not frown her down, and the next instant turn with smiling face and encouraging eyes upon her seducer. There was one, indeed, who thought of the fallen girl, and with a sorrowful heart—thought of her and wept for her, and who, in her secret heart, blessed God that her husband had done his duty nobly by the orphan girl; there was one who was resolved to rescue her, or, failing in that, to preserve for her the welcome of a noble heart, when that inevitable hour should come, when the fallen one should find herself abandoned by her betrayer.

Langdale and his wife were not amongst that splendid audience which had assembled to give the young tenor an enthusiastic welcome, and to act upon the maxim, inculcated even by morality upholders, that with regard to those who are the mimics on the stage, it is better not to look to realities that are behind the scenes. No, there was one box, in all that splendid house, that was empty, and that one box was Mrs. Langdale's.

Severn Barnes might have observed it,—that small square of darkness in the midst of splendour, frowning as it were upon him, even as he was bending low before that hurricane of applause that was raging all over that great house. It was a triumphant moment for him, and he was surrounded by a gorgeous galaxy. His whole soul was in that scene; what if he had observed the empty box? dark as his own ingratitude, he had no place for the reflections it might suggest, even if he could at any time have entertained them. No; he was basking in a glorious sunlight that absorbed his soul, as he stood there upon that glittering stage—a worshipped idol.

The opera was a grand one too; its story was of blighted love, and affection spurned, and Severn Barnes, before those brilliant and tearful eyes that are like shining diamonds yonder all around him, personates the victim for whom those shining eyes shed tears of sympathy. The mimic scene shows the assumed character of Severn Barnes—the prostrate lover robbed of the object of his heart's affection; and so the brilliant eyes and the hearts beneath can sympathize with him deeply, in his assumed sorrow. And with what fervour does he execute the soul-stirring melodies with which the opera abounds! It is the remark of every one in that brilliant audience, that his voice is more bell-like, richer in its volume, than it was last year; and so the opera, through its first acts, flows on mellifluously, and with brilliant *eclat*.

Anxiously, and with great hope, that elated audience look for the great scene that is the bright gem of the opera, and of which the third act may be said to consist. It is felt throughout that richly attended temple of the lyric drama that it must be an operatic glory, and so excitement begins to wait upon anticipation. The soul-stirring strains of the opening of the grand scena have commenced, and every ear in that great house is listening, and seems enrapt. Severn Barnes has evidently reserved himself for this crowning effort of the night; the notes roll from his lips in voluptuous sounds; his voice has risen to its topmost compass; the clear and ringing sound of that highest note is prolonged; the audience is waiting, almost impatiently, for that burst—that whirlwind of applause, that seems to be almost a part of the excitement of the scene, when the voice of the singer appears to be snapped, as it were; it is suddenly stopped, and there is a cry in that brilliant assembly, not of wild applause, but of horror, as the mouth of the vocalist is observed to be filled with blood, and himself gasping for very life-breath on the stage. He is immediately surrounded by those who are in attendance upon the

scene, and is borne from the stage, a ghastly object to those who look upon him.

The town was ringing the next morning with the last blast of fame that should swell out the name of Severn Barnes. His career had been a brilliant one, but it was short indeed; for the necessary medical examinations had revealed the terrible fact of a fracture in the throat fatal to the hope that Severn Barnes could ever shine as an operatic star again.

And Severn Barnes was weepingly attended, fondly and tenderly, by the fair girl he had so wronged, and who had so trustingly given her soul up to him. Happily, her devotion was not without its reward.

Silvester Langdale was, of course, soon made acquainted with the sudden termination to Severn Barnes's professional career, which had commenced so brightly; and he determined, after consultation with his wife, to see Helen Lebar. He was pondering, almost doubtingly, on this determination, and half hesitating respecting it, when all hesitation was suddenly dispelled by the receipt of a letter, which imperatively, by its nature, demanded that the mission should be made.

The ordeal they are seeking is a trial to both Langdale and his wife, for they have never seen Helen Lebar since she quitted their roof. Severn Barnes is in bed, prostrated, not so much physically as mentally, for his calamity is a bitter one indeed. He is being watched tenderly by his victim, when Silvester Langdale and his wife are announced. The mention of that name, of course, adds another pang to those which Severn Barnes is already mentally suffering, and he buries his face in his hands in very anguish. At first, Helen Lebar has a strong repugnance—which, indeed, was but natural—to seeing Silvester Langdale and his wife, until Severn Barnes, in a tone which plainly indicates the prostration of mind he is suffering, tells her that she had better see them, or they might come and see him, and that would be a kind of horror.

The meeting between Helen Lebar and Augusta Langdale is indeed a painful one. For a moment Helen Lebar lingered with downcast eyes; but at the sound of Augusta's voice she looked up, the woman's instincts burst all conventional barriers, and the next instant they were locked in each others arms.

"You do forgive me," at length sobbed Helen Lebar.

"Helen, it is in your misfortune—the misfortune that has but lately come upon you—that we have come to you," said Silvester Langdale; "there is scarcely need of forgiveness now."

"Oh generous hearts! my wrong-doing now looks black in my own eyes indeed," said Helen Lebar, weeping bitterly.

"We will allude to that no more," said Silvester Langdale; "we have to look to the future now, and I bring news to cheer you in your misfortune, Helen; tidings that in their effect will, I hope, restore you to us and to your proper sphere."

"Ah!" exclaimed Helen Lebar, joyously, but almost at the same

instant drooping her head, as though some sudden thought had checked her joyousness.

"I have this day received a letter from the West Indies," continued Langdale, "by which I learn that we were wrongly informed, and that your property was amongst that which escaped the general wreck that devastated the island."

Helen Lebar threw herself upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

Silvester Langdale immediately went to her and raised her from the ground, saying, "Do not give way thus; calm yourself; you see that all will yet be well."

"Come, darling, come," said Augusta Langdale.

"Come! come where?"

"To our home again."

"No, not now, not now," said Helen Lebar, proudly but sorrowfully.

"Not now? why not now?"

"No, my darling friend—my more than sister; ask your own heart the question, and I shall be content with the answer."

No reference had been made to Severn Barnes; his name had not been mentioned at all.

"I cannot understand your objection; is it that you are still infatuated?" said Silvester Langdale.

"Perchance so, if devotion can be so designated," said Helen Lebar, tearfully.

"Devotion!—devotion to an object of deception—devotion to an ingrate—devotion to a shrine wherein lies the blackest treachery! I cannot understand that devotion, Helen."

Silvester Langdale spoke with more energy in his voice than he had previously exhibited.

"Not now, Mr. Langdale, not now; it is devotion to misfortune; it is devotion to a holy love that yet will find itself enshrined in virtue."

"Then you would reward deception?" said Langdale, inquiringly.

"Nay, I would obliterate deception, and in its place establish truth. No, Mr. Langdale, Severn Barnes may have wronged me, but he is afflicted now."

"Just retribution," said Silvester Langdale.

"Be it so, Mr. Langdale, but still there is something paramount even to my present love; the Nemesis you allude to may be the means of introducing justice. The possessions which I inherit are restored to me—let it not be denied to me—oh, you would not deny it to me, Mr. Langdale—to be magnanimous; but, above all, let not the unborn child be the inheritor of retribution for a parent's wrong!" and Helen Lebar again fell upon the neck of Augusta Langdale.

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There is an angel sitting by the bedside of Severn Barnes. That angel soothes his tribulation as she places her hand upon his brow. Her

voice has purified his soul ; through her eyes he can look into the heaven of consolation ; the past is dying away into the shadows, and the future yet may brightly shine through the ministrations of that devoted WIFE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GREAT TRIAL AT THE ASSIZES.

THE assize town in which the trial that is to decide the ownership of the estate which Lord Montalban has for so long a period enjoyed is bustling, and almost in a state of excitement, for it is the morning of the day on which the trial has been fixed to commence. It is a trial that at the moment is interesting the whole country ; for although the immediate issue raised is trivial in itself, it will in reality decide a question that is to the parties interested a momentous one indeed. The quaint old court-house at which the assizes are held, and which is occasionally devoted to all sorts of purposes, from the affairs of a police court up to the solemn ceremonial of passing addresses to the Crown, or sentence of death upon a malefactor, is crowded with a motley gathering. The bar is represented in all its phases, for there is an abstruse chapter in English law to be studied, and so students of all shades and complexions, physical and mental, are there, thronged around that green baize-covered table that is in the well of the quaint old court. There are the Queen's Counsel of the circuit, and the one serjeant thereof ; there are the old men who have grown grey in traversing that circuit for years and years past, and who have never had their hearts gladdened with a brief practice ; there are the young men who are rising at the bar, and the young men who hope to rise ; and, lastly, there is a sprinkling of those who follow and support the great moustache and whisker movement, and fierce, determined, and mostly good-looking fellows they are, and they have some fine whiskers amongst them, notwithstanding the anathema which certain profound old hairless and malignant lips have sought to pronounce against the face of nature. But that which the hand of the barber has not succeeded in suppressing will scarcely be uprooted by the senile maledictions of prejudiced authority. In many respects the judges of our land most worthily adorn the judgment seat, but occasionally there is exhibited upon that lofty seat narrow prejudices, illiberal views, a tenacious stickling for old, and useless, and obsolete forms, which grievously detract from that divinity which should hedge a judge as well as a king.

Silvester Langdale is the leading counsel for the defendant, of course, and if ever counsel felt an absorbing interest in the case of his client, Silvester Langdale did for his on this occasion ; a real interest, a heart-felt, soul-devoting interest and anxiety, and not that kind of interest which in a hateful and degrading dictum was, it is said, once prescribed by a well-known venerable and noble legist, that the advocate in the cause of his unknown client should sell himself, body and soul, commit construc-

tive perjury, become a liar and a cheat, and in all respects identify himself with any crime for which he might be paid to palliate and defend. The advocate, in his private capacity, must be above suspicion; but in his professional character, no dishonour can be too degrading for him to stoop to, provided he is paid for the degradation; that dictum has been issued and endorsed by high authority, and is acted up to rigidly every day.

Silvester Langdale may be said to have been in the position of his own counsel, and to be defending his own right; and in reality there was little necessity for the heavy fee that was marked upon his brief, and which caused the briefless ones around him, who chanced to cast their eyes upon the figure, to heave that sigh which may be taken to indicate that kind of hope which maketh the heart sick.

And Augusta Langdale was in the ancient court-house too, drawn thither by a feeling far more potent than that of ordinary curiosity, and she was in one of the side galleries, where she could see everything with facility, but was scarcely seen herself.

Lord Montalban was in the court too, looking, so the people said, as unconcerned as though he had been in a theatre, and had come to see a comedy. He was accommodated with a seat upon the bench beside the learned judge, in accordance with that glorious principle of English jurisprudence which recognizes no distinction of persons. All, all are equal in the eye of the law; but the law is not exempt from human infirmities, and so its eye is sometimes short-sighted, that of course being one of the well-known because often quoted circumstances over which there cannot by possibility be any control.

There could not, if the parties had had the choice themselves of the whole of the judicial bench, have been a more appropriate judge for the trial of the cause than the one on this occasion presiding in the circuit in which the assize town was situated. He was a stickler for old forms, although he despised beards and those who wore them. He had a wholesome abhorrence of modern statutes, and a lively sense of the paramount importance of old precedents. Time immemorial was an article of his legal faith; modern innovation was with him the principle of dissent. If he had been consistent, and could have squared his legal with his religious faith, he should have been a Jew, or at least a Papist; but as he was neither the one nor the other, he was a member of the Church as by law established; there was his great religious bond of faith, and he looked upon all other creeds as being entitled to the law's palladium, but not to her smiles.

The great cause that was about to be tried was one in which, in all probability, much argument would arise, and so the judge upon the bench was indeed an appropriate presiding functionary, for he was especially happy in all such cases, seeing that if upon any doubtful point there should happen to be no statute law immediately applicable, and his revered time immemorial principle failed to solve the difficulty, he strengthened his mind

by making the law which he wanted. Hence he may be said to have ruled a kind of judicial Jupiter in what is called chamber practice, where he would, with the utmost facility, create law to meet contingencies of any kind : when he was "judge at chambers," *in dubiis* could never be pleaded.

Mr. Baron Coalpoint having taken his seat in the court, bowing respectfully as he did so to Lord Montalban, and profoundly to the gentlemen of the bar who did not wear whiskers, the names of the jury for the great case, which had been specially appointed, were called over. It was a special jury—the speciality of course consisting of the members thereof being better off in a worldly point of view than the members of the petit jury, usually designated common. The principle adopted in the selection of the special jury panel is to take the house, and not the occupier, for the jury list ; at all events, that would appear to be the guiding principle with regard to provincial special juries, and here we have a touching instance of the fine distinctions of our native law. If a man breaks down your hedge, and allows his pig free access to your growing cabbages, you have the cherished privilege of demanding a special jury, specially to assess your damages ; but if the same offender against you should poison by slow and diabolical but occult means, a near relative—say your wife or brother,—the privilege is very properly withheld from you, and you are required to rely upon the doctrine of chances with regard to the degree of intelligence which may happen to pervade the common jury that the functions of the court may have selected to well and truly try and true deliverance make between our sovereign lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar.

The names of the gentlemen of the special jury have been called over, and they have taken their seats, which they find to be very hard and uncomfortable, in the jury-box, and the junior counsel for the plaintiff having opened the record, and then shut himself up, the leader of the circuit opens the case to the jury, and in doing so he informs them that there is a vast and momentous question involved in it, which will require more than ordinary intelligence to decide, and therefore the jury which he then has the honour of addressing had been called together. The conviction he entertains as to the amount of intelligence that the gentlemen of the jury before him possess, is so strong, that it removes that anxiety which he would otherwise feel in having interests of such momentous magnitude committed to his charge, as those which were involved in the case about to be investigated. It was a case in which a nobleman of high standing and long ancestral descent was the defendant, while the plaintiff was a person in humble life ; but still, as it would be shown in the course of the progress of the case, of gentle birth notwithstanding.

"Do you mean, by gentle birth, that she can trace her lineage to any antiquity ?" asked the learned judge, solemnly.

"It will be a part of my case to show that, my lord."

"Very good," said the sagacious judge, in a tone which indicated that he thought a great deal more of the plaintiff than he did before.

The learned counsel for the plaintiff proceeded with his opening address, and informed the jury that the claim of the plaintiff rested upon the terms of a will, which were rather peculiar in their wording, but which in themselves were plain, distinct, and simple enough. It would appear that the estate, which was at present held by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Montalban, had, previous to his lordship coming of age, been in the possession of a somewhat eccentric individual, who by his will had left the property to his son's wife, contingent upon her having a son, and that son living to the age of twenty-one years; in default thereof to go to his brother. The plaintiff in this action was the wife of the son of that old man. It would seem, according to his instructions, that the son of the old man being dead, it would have passed to the brother, in the case of there being no son of the plaintiff, even if there had been no will bequeathing, in the contingency he had mentioned, the estate to that brother. That brother had, it seemed, acted under the will as though no son of the plaintiff had been born, although such son had been born, had entered into the enjoyment of the property, and had finally sold it to the trustees of Lord Montalban, the defendant in the suit. Of course the jury would reasonably ask upon what ground the plaintiff now, after so many years, made the claim which had been placed upon the record. Upon that point he was instructed to prove, that when the son of the plaintiff was of tender age, he was surreptitiously removed from the care of the plaintiff, she herself abandoned, and she had never been able to discover where her child had been taken until lately. By one of those inscrutable agencies by which human justice was frequently worked out, and into which he need not enter, the child, now a young man, had been discovered; and although the plaintiff had failed to recognize, in the young man of full age, the child of five or six years old, yet he—the learned counsel—was instructed that he should be enabled to offer such conclusive proofs to the jury, as to leave no room for doubt upon the subject. The noble defendant was fortunate, not only in having retained the services of, but in being closely connected with, one of the most brilliant forensic advocates of this or of any other age, and to him had been entrusted the defence of this most remarkable, not to say romantic case; all, therefore, that brilliant eloquence, sagacious analysis, and subtle reasoning could do, would be done on behalf of the noble defendant; but still the facts were so indisputable, the evidence that would be adduced would be so conclusive, and the entire justice of the case made so clear, that the jury, under the direction of his lordship, could come to no other conclusion than an unconditional verdict in favour of the plaintiff.

“Was this property long in the family of the testator under whose will the plaintiff claims?” inquired the learned judge, very solemnly looking over his spectacles at the Queen's counsel, who had just resumed his seat.

“My lord, I am instructed that it had been in the family for some

generations," replied the learned counsel, after a few words of hurried consultation to a sharp, wiry-looking individual behind him.

"Oh," said the judge, looking grave indeed; and then, turning to the jury, he said, "I merely asked the question, gentlemen of the jury, for my own private information, and not as being material to the issue that you have to try."

The foreman of the jury bowed very profoundly to his lordship, and murmured something which nobody could hear, while some of the jurymen looked a little confused, as though they were not quite sure whether they ought not to bow to the judge as well as the foreman.

A great deal of time was occupied, first of all, in demonstrating that the will upon which the whole case turned was duly proved, according to law, in the registry court of the Most Reverend Father in God, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; and it having been proved that the will had been duly placed under the holy care of the Right Reverend Father in God, a great deal more time was taken up in a discussion whether that was the proper time for reading the will, even supposing it ought to be read at all, or whether certain witnesses should be examined first, and the last deed of transfer read.

After an elaborate argument upon these points, the learned judge delivered a very oracular judgment upon the point, in which he reviewed certain precedents with which he was acquainted, and which were established at Westminster somewhere about the time of Chaucer, and concluded by saying that, "as in the present case it was quite clear that the will of the testator, who was the former holder of the estate, was the oldest document that appeared in the cause, he could have no doubt that that was the one that ought to be first read. If, however, the learned counsel for the defence should be of opinion that the decision was not in strict accordance with precedent, upon which the learned judge had not the slightest shadow of a shade of doubt, he would reserve the point, and the learned counsel could have it argued before the full court on the first day of term.

Silvester Langdale said he was much obliged to his lordship, but he did not wish to raise the point,—it was of little importance.

"A question of precedent has been involved, let me observe," said the judge, quite awfully.

The technical matters having been duly disposed of to the satisfaction of the precedent-loving judge, the real business of the case commenced by the counsel for the plaintiff calling as a witness the plaintiff herself.

She was a middle-aged woman, upon whose face the unmistakable marks of care were prominently stamped. Her features were prominent, were very marked, and evidently had once been handsome. All the features were large when looked at singly, but they blended harmoniously together in perfect symmetry. Silvester Langdale was irresistibly struck by the countenance the moment he saw it, and the idea that was suggested to his mind was mentally expressed in the observation, "The woman is

not a vulgar claimant." Indeed, such were the very words he used in a note he handed over the table up to Lord Montalban as soon as the plaintiff made her appearance in the box.

Her examination in chief was not a very lengthy one. She deposed that she was the widow of the son of the testator who had bequeathed the estate; that she had had a son, who when about five years old was stolen from her, and of whom she never could obtain any tidings until recently, —and that was nearly the extent of her testimony.

Then came the cross-examination, and that, although it was anticipated that it would be strong, searching, and protracted, was, as it turned out, brief also.

"Now, woman, look at me," said Silvester Langdale, as he commenced his cross-examination.

The request was necessary, perhaps, for she had held her head down during her examination in chief.

As she held her head up and looked in the face of Silvester Langdale, a sudden pallor suffused her own countenance, and there was a wildness in her eyes which was not there before.

"You have only seen this so-called son of yours, you say, lately?" said Silvester Langdale.

"I have," feebly answered the witness.

"Speak up; my lord and the jury must hear you as well as I," cried the counsel for the defendant.

The witness does not speak up as she is desired, but she is gazing upon Silvester Langdale's face as though she were spell-bound.

"Are you mad, woman?" cries Silvester Langdale, in a tone of irritation.

"Oh God! I fear I shall go mad," exclaimed the woman, passionately, and still gazing with intensity upon Silvester Langdale.

"What is the meaning of this strange behaviour?" inquired the learned judge of the witness.

"Remorse, let us hope, my lord—remorse even at the last hour, for the conspiracy to which she has been a party," said Silvester Langdale, energetically.

"Remorse!" exclaimed the woman, "No, no, no; say that it is nature asserting her dominion over the heart—say that it is truth asserting itself irresistibly upon the soul—Oh God! my brain will burst."

And the witness, clenching the iron rail before her, bowed down her head upon her hands.

There was a lengthened pause in the proceedings of the court.

"Now pray be calm," said Silvester Langdale; "when did you discover this son of yours?"

"Not till this moment—my child! my child!" shrieked the woman, and fell senseless in the witness-box.

The utmost consternation and confusion were created in the court by

this incident; the witness was borne senseless away, and the proceedings were of course suspended, and ultimately they were adjourned until the next day.

In the interval it was discovered that the action against Lord Montalban was founded in conspiracy, but the witness who had caused such a sensation in the court was no party to that conspiracy, nor was she cognizant of it. She had been made an instrument of, and a spurious son had been attempted to be foisted upon her; but nature was more potent than artifice.

The solicitors for the plaintiff at first believed that they had been foiled, but upon investigation they found that their game was only being the more surely played. Before the assembling of the court the next day, they had taken steps to deprive Lord Montalban, the noble defendant, of the services of his son-in-law; for they had actually served him with a subpœna as a witness in the cause, and they had taken the same course with regard to old Nicholas Darvill, who lived at no great distance off.

Yes, it seemed ludicrous enough, but Silvester Langdale was compelled to appear in court, not as counsel, but as a witness. Nature in a woman's breast had instinctively revealed a secret that had been buried for twenty years. The actress of the previous day was his own mother—Nicholas Darvill supplied the necessary links in the chain of evidence which connected the brother of the testator of the strange will, the person who had placed Silvester Langdale in his charge twenty years before; and so Lord Montalban's daughter's husband was declared by due course of law to be the real owner of the estate which Lord Montalban now enjoyed.

The verdict in the great cause was adverse to Lord Montalban, and yet he and his daughter and his daughter's husband felt something more than satisfaction; and as Augusta Langdale clasped her new-found mother-in-law to her arms, bright happiness reigned over that strangely united family.

But happiness, even when it is wholly unalloyed, is often rudely checked, even as it is sometimes suddenly produced.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD MONTALBAN AND MARL BASKERVILLE FACE TO FACE.

WHEN Marl Baskerville set on foot the inquiries which resulted in the action at law that we have recorded in the last chapter, he little anticipated the almost astounding result that it would lead to. The issue that he had hoped for was the destruction of Lord Montalban, in whose ruin, of course, those connected with him would have been involved. Count Moule is continually in the society of the mysterious money-lender, and he has of late had opportunities enough of confirming his suspicion with regard to the state of Baskerville's mind, and since the trial, that the man was a morbid

lunatic he had observed more conclusive evidence than before. Marl Baskerville was a lunatic, but his lunacy was characterized by intense cunning, and we might almost add of strength of mind, anomalous and contradictory as the declaration may sound. He was so crafty that at times even Count Moule himself, spite of the unmistakable indications that he had observed, almost doubted that which was a conviction in his mind. The smouldering fire of lunacy was deeply hidden in the recesses of the money-lender's brain, but the Count had observed that now the simple mention of Lord Montalban's name was sufficient to rouse into a fierce flame those smouldering ashes, the remnants of a hope that had long since perished. In all things else the money-lender was still the shrewd, calculating, deep revolving man of the world, and he carried out those schemes in which he was associated with Count Moule, with unerring sagacity and unflinching purpose. This was all that the Count cared for, and so while the occult lunacy of his confederate did not affect those schemes he was content to let it have its way, and to allow it to pass unnoticed and unchecked.

It is some days after the memorable trial, and the Count is with Marl Baskerville in the sombre room in Spring Gardens. They are discoursing upon certain plans which they have had in hand with regard to the Marchioness of Milltown, and there is trouble upon the countenance of the Count.

"The life she has led has been a merry one indeed," he is saying, "but it is clear that it will be a short one."

"Why do you think so?"

"I do not think, I am convinced of it."

"And so am I," said Marl Baskerville between his teeth. "I have watched her, not as you have done—I have looked into her very heart, and you know why; and the instinct that is within me has told me that she is dying. Shall I tell you when the fatal shaft was first hurled?"

"Do," said the Count, ill at ease, for he had reason to fear another paroxysm. He had forgotten that now the name of Marie Wingrave, Marchioness of Milltown, was terribly associated in the maniac's mind with that of Lord Montalban.

"The fatal shaft was first hurled the night that singing boy was destroyed upon the stage. She sickened as she saw her brother's blood gush out upon that stage, although she knew him not as a brother. She has been dying ever since. She was weakened some time ago, they say, by an accident down in the country—she is dying now in the midst of all her splendour. The hand of death is on her, and she knows neither kith nor kin save that brilliant marionnette, her husband. But that ignorance shall not be of any lengthened duration now. I have seen Langdale, and the secret has been confided to him; and he—and he," cried the excited man,—“guess, if you can, what he has proposed.”

"What?" inquired the Count, eagerly.

"Why, he has proposed that we should make the revelation together—

that it shall be done in the fiend's own house, and that it shall strike him down upon his own hearth. Yes, the mother shall be made known to the child, the child shall find a father, and each shall find a Nemesis."

"But how is this proposal to be carried out?" asked the Count.

"Oh, all in hospitable style," chuckled the maniac, hideously. "I am to dine there to-night; ay, this very night, and you are to accompany me."

"No, no, I cannot," said the Count, peremptorily. Had he some vague and indefinable fear shadowing his mind? Perhaps he had.

There is a small but an exceedingly *recherché* dinner-party at Lord Montalban's, and Silvester Langdale is particularly gay thereat. A casual observer might have attributed this perhaps to the fact that he was in reality the lord of the estate which Lord Montalban enjoyed; but that was not the immediate cause of his high spirits. His noble father-in-law was about to be introduced, as he believed, to a new daughter. What a surprise it would be to him!—what a strange and romantic affair it was!—almost as strange and romantic as the issue of the trial for the estate.

How little can any of us look into the future!

Those who were at that dinner-table who knew Marl Baskerville—the Duke of Chaumontel was there, the Marquis of Milltown was there, and others who knew the old man—thought they had never seen him look so infirm. But over the wine he was gay, and seemed unusually loquacious, especially with Lord Montalban, whom he rallied over and over again at what he deemed his failing prowess with regard to the decanter. Lord Montalban was not the man to allow himself to be open to such raillery, and so by degrees he became more than usually excited.

It was near ten o'clock when Marl Baskerville, as though he had suddenly recollected something, said,—

"Oh, by-the-bye, my lord, I have a sort of a revelation; let me have a few minutes' undisturbed conversation with you."

For an instant Lord Montalban looked at Silvester Langdale apprehensively, as though he feared that the required conversation would have reference to subjects upon which he had already consulted his son-in-law, the incidents of which consultation are recorded in a former chapter. As, however, there was an assuring smile upon Silvester Langdale's countenance, Lord Montalban's apprehensions were immediately dispelled, and he led the way to the chamber that looked out upon the park. The lamps were lighted therein. Marl Baskerville had tarried for a moment in the hall, but almost immediately joined Lord Montalban, carrying a small case in his hand. He closed the door of the room, and even bolted it, which, however, Lord Montalban did not observe.

"Now, what's this revelation that you have to make to me?" said Lord Montalban, not altogether feeling at his ease.

"Do you remember your memorable Brighton wager?" inquired Marl Baskerville, standing erect at the table. There was no decrepitude about him now.

"Oh, it's some joke about that, is it?" said Lord Montalban, gaily.

"Concerning that, but no joke respecting it."

"What is it, then?"

"You stole away a young, confiding, loving girl."

"I did what I suppose is done every day," said Lord Montalban, haughtily. "What is the meaning of this, Baskerville, may I ask?"

Lord Montalban, the gaslight is between you and your companion, or you might see the terrible glare that is raging in those eyes that appear to be looking into your very soul.

"That girl so young, so confiding, so loving, had a daughter."

"Why rake up these old stories at such a time as this?" demanded Lord Montalban, in agitation.

"As you had stolen away the mother, so was that daughter stolen away."

"I know it."

"But not whence carried."

"No; whence?" cried Lord Montalban.

"To infamy—to degradation."

"How do you know this? and why have you not made it known to me before?" cried Lord Montalban, in a voice of agitation.

"How have I known this?" shouted Marl Baskerville, drawing himself up to his full height. "That young, confiding, loving girl, whom you like a dastard thing stole away—nay, stir not, you shall hear me,—that confiding, loving girl was my heart's betrothed, my soul's idol."

Lord Montalban looks at the maniac before him as though the man had some secret charm to fix him powerless to the spot.

"By your libertine and wanton act my heart became crushed, my soul dead, and from that hour, Lord Montalban, I swore to track you down."

As with a convulsive effort, Lord Montalban turns as though he would summon attendance.

"Raise your voice to summon aid, as I see is your intent, and I denounce you, Lord Viscount Montalban."

Lord Montalban pauses.

"Ay, denounce you, and drag you in your purple and fine linen to a culprit's cell."

"Baskerville, Baskerville, this is masquerading, surely; what has produced this change in you?"

"Change in me! there is no change in me, but my soul must be relieved to-night. Yes, Lord Viscount Montalban, it is for me at my own will to drag you—a forger—to a culprit's cell."

No wonder that Lord Montalban writhes in agony.

"Nay, more, and you shall not be alone in your degradation. The daughter's husband shall be the companion in infamy of the daughter's father, ha! ha! ha!"

"God! what do you mean?" cried Lord Montalban, in anguish.

"Look upon these slips of paper, Lord Viscount Montalban," said Marl

Baskerville, as he displayed the documents referred to; "they are forgeries both of them; the one is forged by Lord Viscount Montalban, and the other is forged by Silvester Langdale, barrister-at-law, and the name the barrister signs is Montalban."

How bitter is the anguish Lord Montalban suffers now!

"For escape there is one alternative, Lord Viscount Montalban," cried Marl Baskerville.

"Name it," eagerly exclaimed Lord Montalban.

"It is not fitting that you and I should walk the earth together."

Those eyes are living balls of fire now.

"Here in this case are two pistols, the one is charged, the other blank; take your choice the first, and we will end this deadly strife across the table."

Lord Montalban is scared, and his senses are almost gone, as he looks gasping across at Marl Baskerville.

"Dastard, do you hesitate? away, then, to a felon's fate."

"No," shouted Lord Montalban, desperate to madness.

He seized one of the pistols, Marl Baskerville instantly grasped the other; a moment—a flash—a ringing report, and Lord Montalban and Marl Baskerville both lay dead upon the floor.

Marl Baskerville in his mad excitement had loaded both the pistols.

But the dead money-lender had reasoned cunningly in his own mind. If he had drawn the blank pistol Lord Montalban would have stood open to the charge of murder,—the motive, possession of the forged acceptances. If Lord Montalban had drawn the blank pistol, the defence of Marl Baskerville would have been that the duel was forced upon him by the deceased lord, who desired to remove the damning evidence that was in the forged acceptances. Those terrible instruments, as terrible as the weapons with which the mutual slaughter had just been committed, were lying upon the table, no hand to clutch them now.

The report of the two pistols was heard in the room above, and Silvester Langdale with the Duke of Chaumontel and the Marquis of Milltown rushed down-stairs and into the room from which the noise proceeded, and there they at once saw the hideous tragedy that had been enacted.

As though some lucky impulse guided him, Silvester Langdale's eyes instantly fell upon the two acceptances that were lying upon the table, and he almost mechanically seized them. The act of course will be condemned—it was doubtless against the strict code of morals that should guide any honourable mind—so will it be deemed, but it was better—perhaps upon the principle that out of evil good may come—that he should have seized those papers. No one in all this world, save himself, knew of their existence. Only two others had ever known of their existence, and those two were lying stark and dead at his feet. The act, therefore, of seizing those papers was not a strictly honourable one, but it was undoubtedly a natural one, and no human being that is living now would have acted otherwise under the same circumstances. The Duke of Chaumontel and his

son of course were too much horror-struck at the ghastly sight that was before them, to notice the pieces of paper that were on the table, terrible in their import as they were, although harmless enough in appearance, and if they had chanced to have observed them they would have thought nothing of them.

Silvester Langdale saw at a glance what they were, and it was fortunate presence of mind that impelled him to the act of seizing them; and when he was alone some hours afterwards, and with an agitated heart examined those terrible documents, his first impulse was fervently to thank Providence that they had thus fallen in his way. Upon one of the documents he saw his own signature—a signature that he had never written, and then the scene with Lord Montalban came vividly before his mind, and the object of Lord Montalban's visit was made manifest.

The perspiration hung in heavy drops upon his brow as he made this examination. What an awful danger had he escaped! The very thought of the escape seemed almost as terrible as the escape itself.

There is a confused noise of wailing in the house of Lord Montalban, and one long, piercing shriek has been heard to echo through the house; and as the guardians of the public peace enter, Silvester Langdale is bearing the inanimate form of his wife up the staircase. The guardians of the public peace observing this, and having been informed that dreadful murder has been committed in the house, are under the impression that Silvester Langdale is bearing away the body of the victim, and one of them intimates that probably the gentleman is not aware that the body ought not to be removed.

“Go in there, man,” said Silvester Langdale, pointing to the chamber of massacre; and thither the officers of the night go, and are of course utterly at a loss, under the awful circumstances of the revelation, what to do; when it strikes one of them that perhaps it would be as well to send for the divisional surgeon, and this suggestion was about to be acted upon by another officer, who was eager to be the first to carry the dreadful news out of doors, when the medical man of Lord Montalban's family, who had been sent for, arrived. He at once pronounced that life was entirely extinct in the bodies of both Lord Montalban and Marl Baskerville, and nothing remained but for the inquest to be held.

We need not trace the course of woe in that house of mourning. The inquest was duly held, the evidence merely proved that the witnesses knew nothing of the matter, and the jury could only arrive at an open verdict. The newspapers teemed with discussions of the awful tragedy; the writers one and all came to the conclusion that the two men had simply fought a duel across the table; long homilies were read upon duelling and the code of honour, and the matter gradually died out of the public mind until it was entirely overshadowed by some new horror.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LAST SCENE IN THE LIFE OF MARIE WINGRAVE.

THE gloom of the terrible event that happened in Lord Montalban's house is becoming less in its intensity as time wears on—time, the great obliterater, whose unerring finger rubs out inscriptions upon brass and crumbles panegyrics that are proclaimed in marble out into obscurity—whose unseen hand smooths out the sad remembrance of a dread calamity, and pointing onward to the future, turns sorrow into hope. Augusta Langdale is changed in this short time; not in her beauty—not in the sweet graces of her mind, but in the attributes that were a kind of contrast to her nobleness of heart and purity of spirit. The calamity that had fallen upon her house had chastened her, and as she once could not brook denial of any desire, no matter what, that she might form, so did she now strive hopefully to suppress all those desires which reason, coming to her aid, always now told her should not be indulged. She was no longer an extravagant wife, as she once was, to an indulgent husband. Her fragile fingers no longer were engaged in forging chains upon her husband, that night, in years far off as yet, crush him down to ruin. That husband, happily, was no longer a man in chains. The dread calamity in Park Lane had worked a salutary change in him more striking than in the case of his wife. The experience of a life had been proved to him in a few short hours, and now he was free—free in his heart and soul, erect before the world—a man.

And other changes have taken place in that family circle—and changes still are imminent.

The gay throng in Rotten Row goes on in its shining and glittering stream little changed to the observers on the shores of that bright stream; the people are the same therein, but those whom we have noted specially in this our record of their lives are no longer there, and may shortly, in their absence, be quite forgotten.

The name of Marie Wingrave has died out of all remembrance, and now that of the brilliant Marchioness of Milltown is beginning to fade into oblivion of the forgotten past.

It is fading fast away, through that darkened chamber that is not far away from the gay scene, that chamber from which the glaring light is now excluded, as the death shadow is deepening therein.

Oh, what a change is there presented! When we saw thee last, Marie Wingrave, Marchioness of Milltown, thou wert glittering in thy beauty in that gay opera-house in which thy brother, then unknown, was suddenly struck down by a retributive agency. The world of fashion was shining all around thee, and its glory seemed to be concentrated upon thee. The brilliant throng that looked upon thee, saw thee not as the reckless adventuress, but the fortunate beauty raised to a great estate, and through their eyes they paid thee and thy surroundings homage, even as they would

have spurned thee if from thy great elevation thou hadst had a sudden fall. Of such is that bright world of fashion,—

That world insatiate, in whose harsh decrees,
Black wrongs prescriptive rank as pageantries ;
Where mystic deeds the rights of reverence claim,
In tyrant Custom's oft-polluted name.
Deluded hopes, crushed aspirations, these
Are small amidst thy thousand miseries.

Is that gasping creature with terribly conspicuous and still glistening eyes, whom we now see emaciated upon a luxurious couch, the once gay, thoughtless, and brilliant ornament of Rotten Row—at once shunned and eagerly sought after, flattered and vilified, denounced and courted ? Is that the once bright Marie Wingrave, the sparkling Marchioness of Milltown ? O Fate, art thou but another name that Nemesis should bear ?

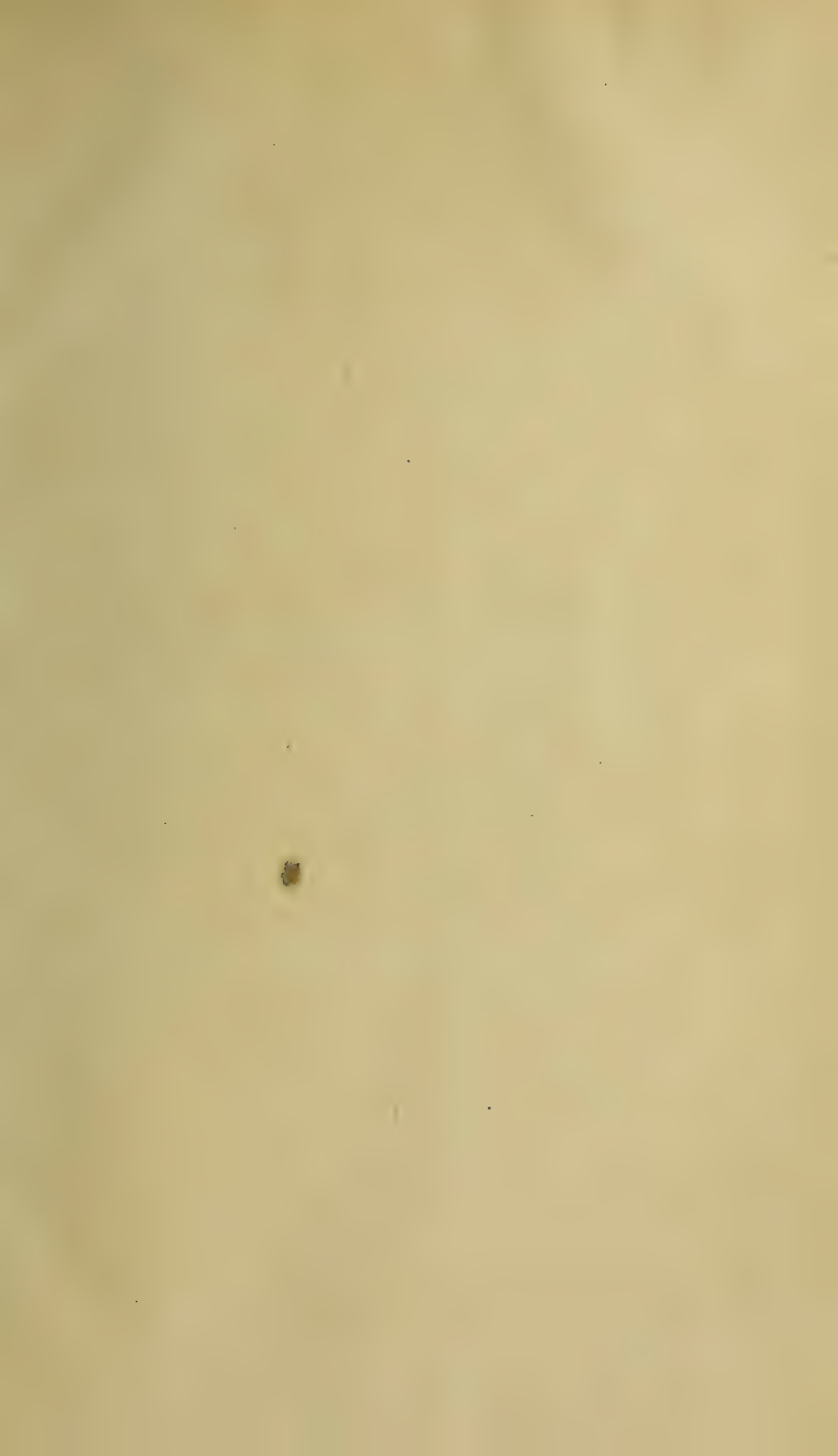
Strange assemblage around that bed of death—a strange union of family ties that bed of death has now cemented ; for in that chamber, besides the professional adviser of the great ducal family, are Augusta Langdale and her husband, Severn Barnes and his wife, and the mother of the dying girl who lies gasping in their midst.

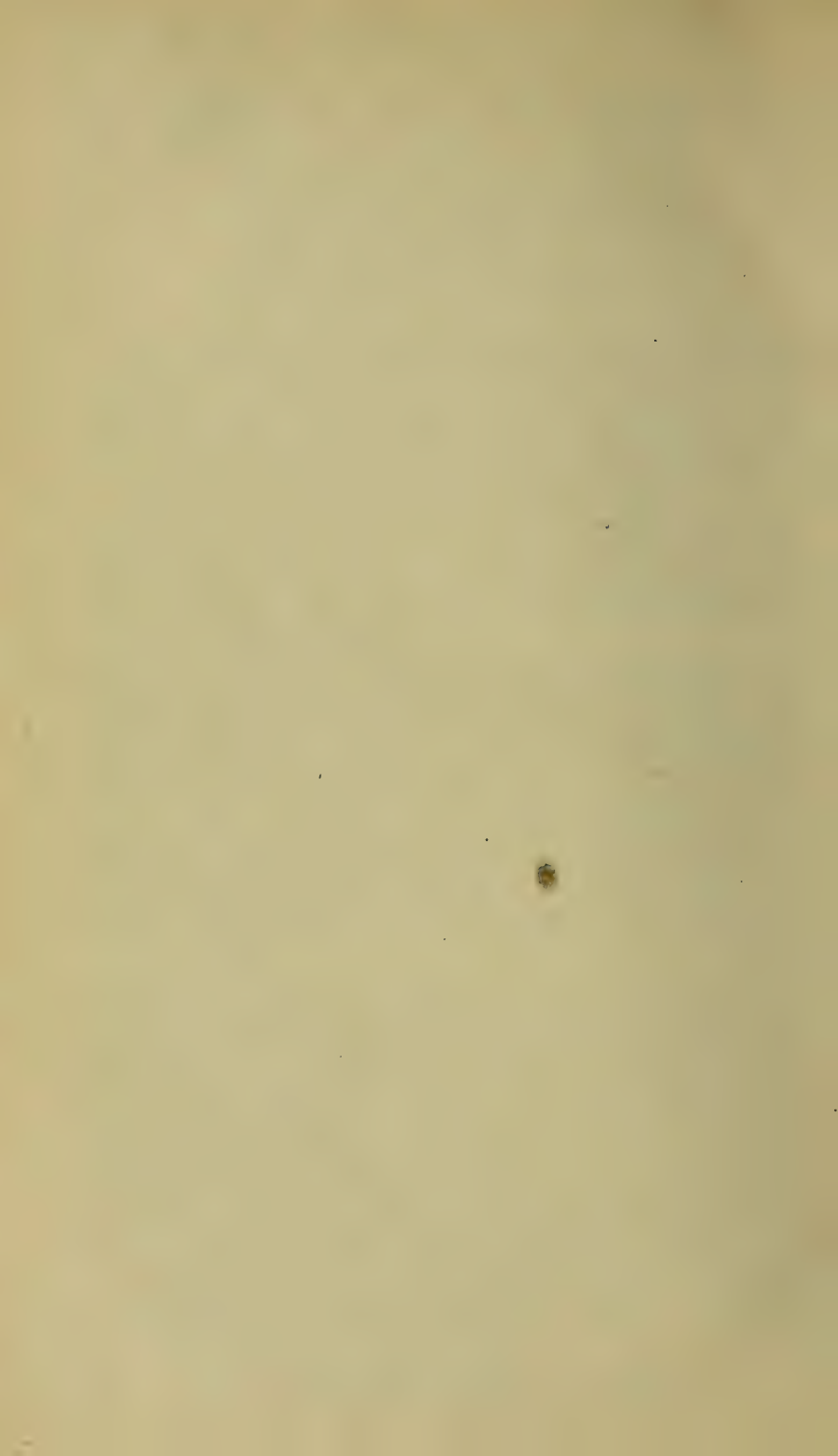
There is a feeble, almost inarticulate voice whispering from that bed of death, and a small tapering hand is directed to the side of the couch ; the dying sister would wish to clasp her sister's hand even as she dies, and such the whisper that the dying voice conveys, and still it has another dying hope to gratify ; another small attenuated and snowy hand is held out on the other side, and the dying sister whispers that she would wish to clasp even while she dies a brother's hand ; and so Augusta Langdale and Severn Barnes, on either side of that couch of death, take each a feeble hand, but ere they can raise it to their lips, the unerring mandate issues, and death shuts out the world from those unclosed eyes that still seem gazing on that scene of grief.

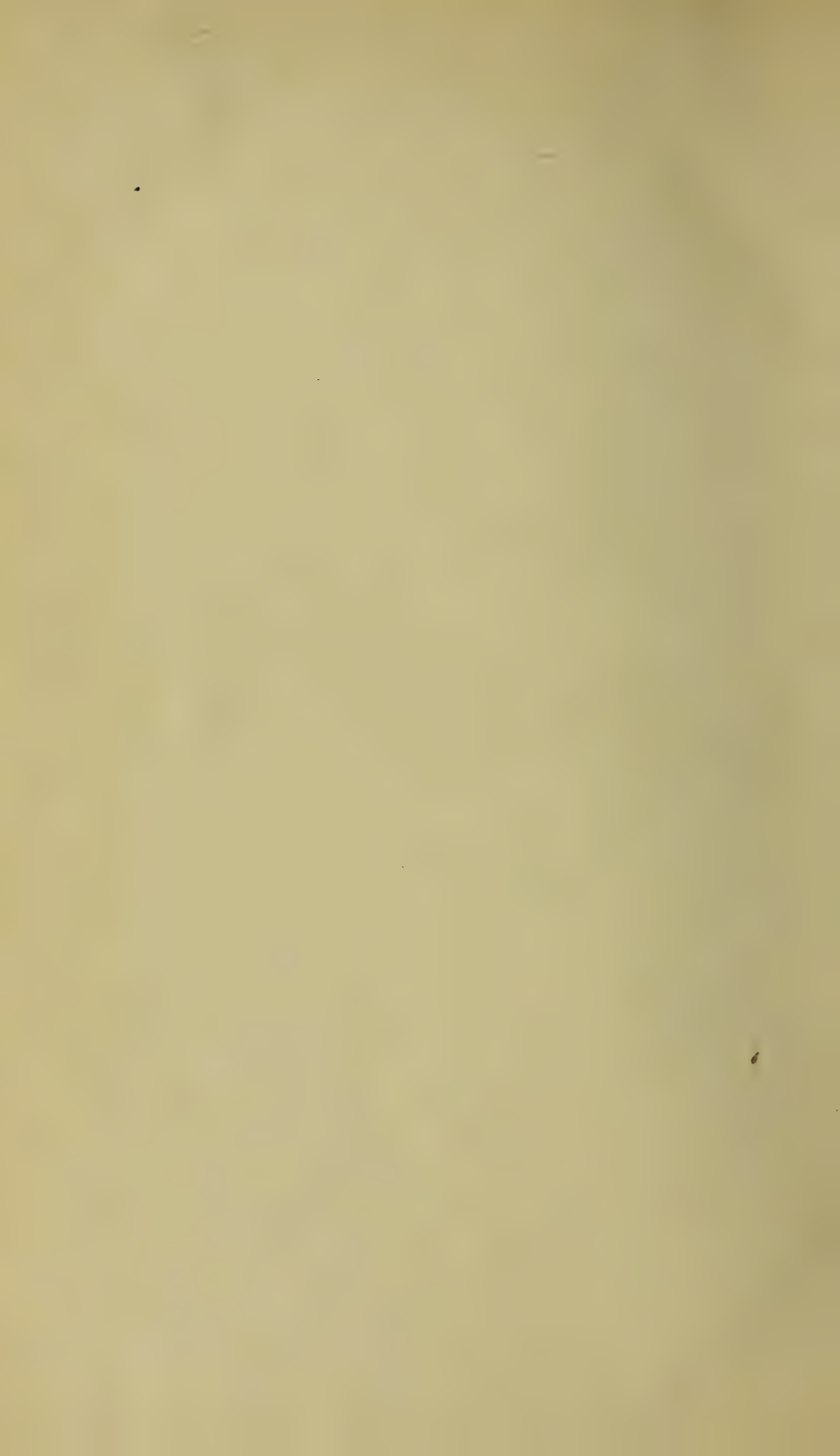
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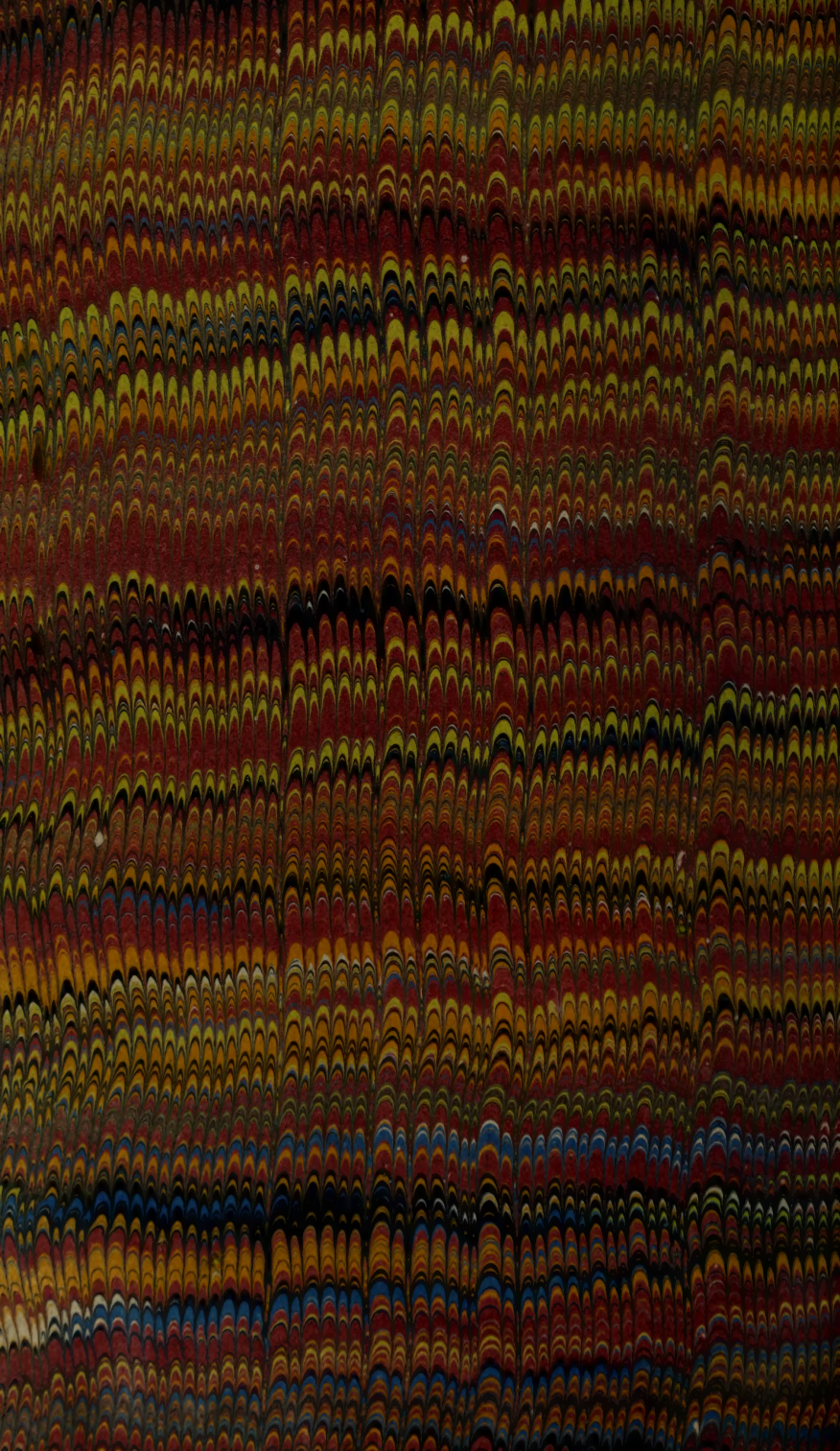
Our story is told. Silvester Langdale still continues the fortunate man, and is now a man of fortune ; indeed, strikingly demonstrating the truth of the old adage ; but he is no longer a man in chains. Bitterly has he learnt that he might strain good fortune, and he has become wise in time, and looks proudly towards that official life for which he in all probability is destined.

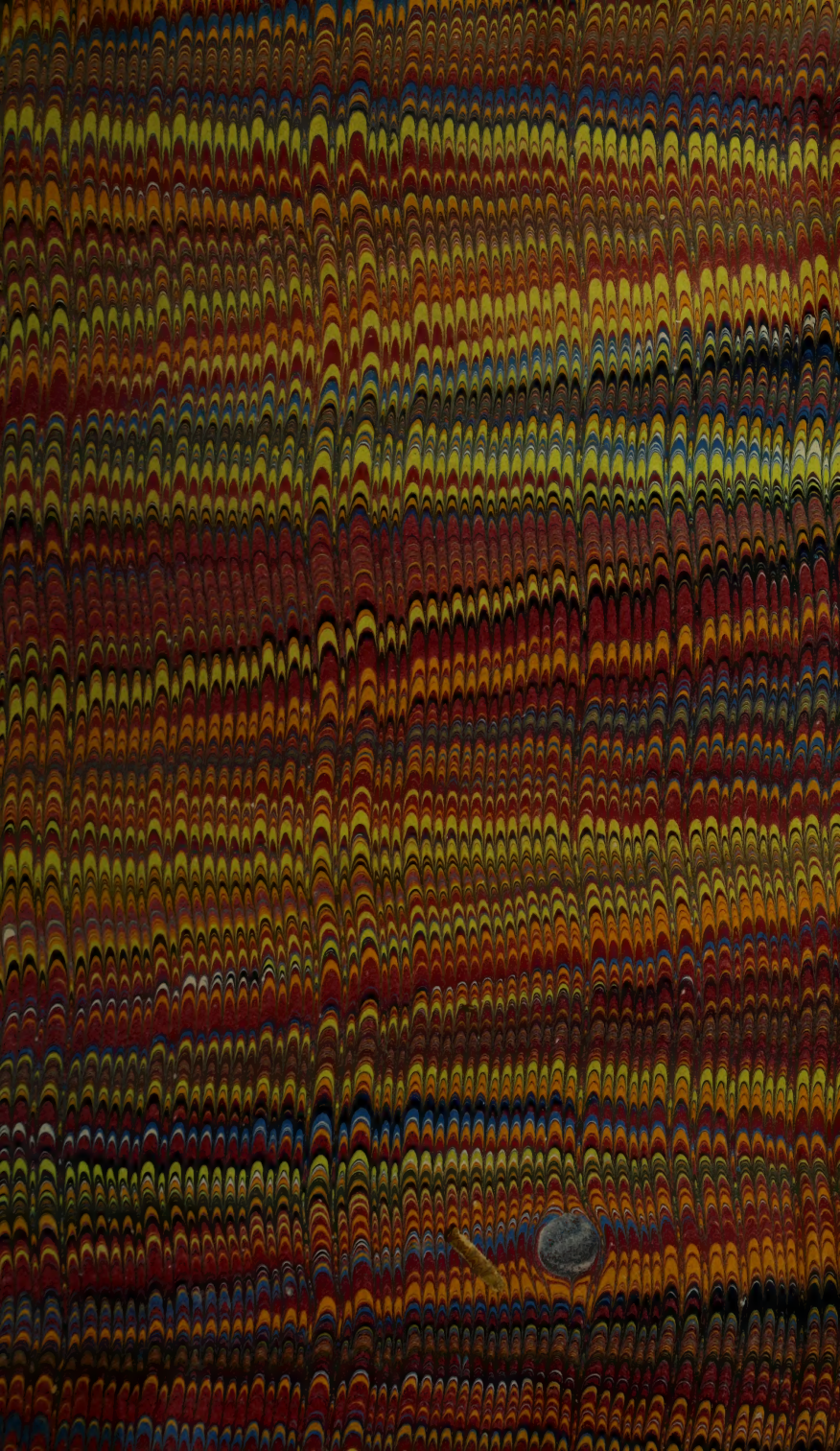
The Duke of Chaumontel has been heard to say that he always thought his daughter-in-law must have had gentle blood in her veins, but he must take care that the young fool (meaning his son) does not make such a mistake again. That brilliant young nobleman does not at all take his wife's death to heart ; he had indeed practically abandoned her when she became ill, and at the very moment that she was dying he was taking a faultless new suit of clothes out for a drive in the Park.











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